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REMINISCENCES

OF

MICHAEL KELLY,

OF THE

KING'S THEATRE,

AND

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

INCLUDING

A PERIOD OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY;

WITH

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF

MANY DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,

POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND MUSICAL.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1826.

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TO THE KING.

SIRE,

I MOST RESPECTFULLY, AND DUTIFULLY, LAY AT THE FEET OF MY SOVEREIGN THE MEMOIRS OF A LIFE WHICH HAS DERIVED ITS HAPPIEST, AS WELL AS PROUDEST PASSAGES, FROM HIS ROYAL CONDESCENSION AND PATRONAGE.

YOUR MAJESTY RULES OVER MILLIONS OF AFFECTIONATE SUBJECTS, ALL BOUND TO BLESS YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS NAME FOR BENEFITS, EITHER CONFERRED OR SECURED; BUT, OUT OF THAT MULTITUDE, NOT ONE HEART CAN BEAT WITH A MORE FERVENT SENSE OF OBLIGATION, THAN THAT OF THE VERY HUMBLE INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY PERMITTED, THUS PUBLICLY TO SUBSCRIBE HIMSELF,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

EVER GRATEFUL, AND DUTIFUL

SUBJECT AND SERVANT,

MICHAEL KELLY.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
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ERRATUM.

Page 110, line 21; *for* "natural daughter," *read* "wife."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

REMINISCENCES

OF

MICHAEL KELLY.

THE following Memoirs of an active life have been thrown together, somewhat in the manner of a journal; incidents are recorded as they occurred, —scenes are retraced which have long since passed, —and characters recalled to literary life which have long quitted this sublunary stage. I aim at nothing but setting down facts as I remember them; and thus deprecating the severity of criticism by a candid avowal of my object, proceed, without further preface or apology, to my narrative.

I was born in Dublin.—My father, Thomas Kelly, at the period of my birth, was Master of the Ceremonies at the Castle, and a wine merchant of considerable reputation in Mary Street. He was

known for his elegant and graceful deportment, and no lady would be presented at the Irish Court, who had not previously had the advantage of his tuition. My mother's name was M'Cabe; she was of a very respectable family in the county of Westmeath. At a very early age, she was placed for education in a Roman Catholic convent on Arran Quay. My father (who was of the same religious persuasion,) having a young relation placed also at this convent; when visiting *her*, had many opportunities of seeing Miss M'Cabe, and the results of those meetings were,—a mutual attachment, an elopement, and a marriage. Her father, who was extravagantly fond of her, soon pardoned the runaways, and, as a proof of the sincerity of his forgiveness, added to it £.5,000, which was considered no mean fortune in those days!

My father and mother were both excessively fond of music, and considered to sing with taste: all their children (fourteen in number) evinced musical capabilities, and I, the eldest of the family, was, at three years old, daily placed with the wine on the table, to howl Hawthorn's song in Love in a Village, "There was a Jolly Miller," for the entertainment of my father's company; for company, unfortunately for his family, he had every day; and no man in the city, so justly renowned for hospitality, gave better dinners or better wine.

At the age of seven I began to learn music. My first master's name was Morland;—he was the very prototype of his namesake the painter; a wonderful genius. But dissipation was his idol, and he who might have selected the very best society, preferred that of the lowest orders. He was continually in a state of whiskey-punch intoxication.—He would sleep all day in a cellar, and I have often heard him say, somewhat *nationally*, that his *morning* began at eleven o'clock at *night!*

His first visit was generally to our house, for he was partial to my father, or rather to his currant whiskey, and so anxious was my father that I should receive instruction from him, that I have been kept up till one o'clock in the morning on the mere chance of getting a lesson. My improvement under him was rapid, and before I had attained my ninth year, I could execute with precision and neatness Schobert's Sonatas, which were then all the fashion. I also possessed a soprano voice, on which my father was determined to bestow every possible cultivation. My first singing masters were Signor Passerini, a native of Bologna, and Signor Peretti, who was a *vero musico.* He was the original Artaxerxes when the opera of that name was first performed at Covent Garden; he taught me the beautiful air, "In infancy our hopes and fears," which was composed for him, and it made an

impression on my mind never to be forgotten.—He had a fine contre altro voice, and possessed the true portamento so little known in the present day. He also taught me the song of Arbaces, "Amid a thousand racking woes," which I executed with the greatest facility: but the songs which delighted me most were, "Oh too lovely, too unkind," and "Oh, why is death for ever late?" I never sang those without tears. Another great favourite of mine was that in Lionel and Clarissa, composed by Galupi.—By the way, all the Lionels of the present day think proper to omit that fine song; perhaps they are right, and for the reason once given to me by an Irish post-boy, whom I was scolding for not driving faster; he turned round, and exclaimed, "By Jasus, master, it is not an easy thing to work hard."

I was sent, with my brother Patrick, to the best academy in Dublin, kept by Doctor Burke, a clergyman of the Church of England. He was a worthy man, and considered an excellent scholar. His daughter was one of the first piano-forte players of the day. The late Mr. Francis Goold, and Mr. Thomas Goold his brother, the Irish barrister, were on the same form with me. At a beautiful villa, which their accomplished father had near Dublin, I frequently spent the vacations with them. Mr. Goold was an excellent judge of music, of which

he was very fond, and all the men of genius then in Ireland used to meet at his house on Sundays. Kane O'Hara, the ingenious author of Midas, had a puppet-show for the amusement of his friends; it was worked by a young man of the name of Nick Marsh, who sang for Midas and Pan. He was a fellow of infinite humour; his parody on "Shepherds, I have lost my love," was equal to any thing written by the well-known Captain Morris; and with many others of equal merit, will be long remembered for the rich vein of humour which characterises it. The love of company, joined to a weak constitution, condemned this truly original genius to an early grave, regretted by all who knew him. In the performance of this fantoccini I sang the part of Daphne, and was instructed by the author himself; the others were by other amateurs. It was quite the rage with all the people of fashion, who crowded nightly to see the gratuitous performance.

About this time I changed my singing-master, and was placed under Signor St. Giorgio, who was engaged at the Rotunda; his voice was not powerful, but he possessed exquisite taste. He was an honest man, and married a widow with large property, previously to which, he, Signor Carnevali, Signor Micheli, and Signor Sensi, got a £.30,000 prize in the lottery, a piece of good fortune of which

he was very deserving, and I believe is still living to enjoy.

Trifling occurrences during childhood often influence our future lives. I recollect once, when returning from a visit to a relation of my mother's, I saw Signor St. Giorgio enter a fruit-shop; he proceeded to eat peaches and nectarines, and at last took a pine apple, and deliberately sliced and ate that. This completed my longing, and while my mouth watered, I asked myself why, if I assiduously studied music, I should not be able to earn money enough to lounge about in fruit-shops, and eat peaches and pine apples, as well as Signor St. Giorgio. I answered myself by promising that I would study hard; and I really did so;—and, trifling as this little anecdote may appear, I firmly believe it was the chief cause of my serious resolution to follow up music as a profession; for my father had other views for me. His intention was to place me under Surgeon Neale, one of his oldest and most intimate friends, who, independently of his profession, ranked as one of the first violin players of his time; he had a most powerful hand, and his tone, expression, and taste, nothing could surpass.

His celebrity for playing Correlli's and Geminiani's music was so great that, singular to say, in the year 1787 he was commanded by King

George III. to go to London, where he had the honour of performing before His Majesty several times, and His Majesty expressed the greatest approbation of his extraordinary powers. He was a constant visitor at our house, and took great pains with me, particularly in the song of "Prudente mi chiedi," in Metastasio's opera of Il Demofoonte, which was composed by Vento, and sung by the famous Mansoli, at the King's Theatre many years before*.

Dublin, in those days, had to boast of much musical excellence. The greatest performers in Europe, who came to London, were engaged there in the summer season by the governors of the principal charities, who were also managers of the Rotunda Concerts. I can remember at different times that Mr. and Mrs. Barthelemon, (Barthelemon was a fine performer of the old school, on the violin,) Le Vacher, Pepe, La Motte, Cramer,

* When I was first at Florence, I had the gratification of hearing that great and celebrated performer sing it, which he did at the particular request of Signor Veroli and myself. I also sang it to him with the English words, "Oh, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses," and he seemed much pleased. Having returned to Italy with a princely fortune, Mansoli purchased an estate within a few miles of Florence, where I dined with him: he spoke of England with admiration, and expressed great gratitude for the attention and applause he received at the Opera House, and in concerts.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARAS

Salomon, Pinto, and all the most celebrated violinists of the day; not forgetting two Irishmen, honest Sam Lee (father to Mr. Lee, who now keeps a music-shop in Dublin,) and Mr. Mountain, who also kept a music-shop, and was an excellent violin player, and a very worthy man*.

They also brought Ritter, the finest bassoon player I ever heard; Crosdil, on the violoncello, who was unrivalled on that instrument, and is still alive and merry; and though last, not least, Fischer, the great oboe player, whose minuet was then all the rage; he was a man of singular disposition, and great professional pride. Being very much pressed by a nobleman to sup with him after the opera, he declined the invitation, saying, that he was usually very much fatigued, and made it a rule never to go out after the evening's performance. The noble lord would, however, take no denial, and assured Fischer

* Mr. Mountain, who formerly led the Covent Garden Band, and at present leads that of the English Opera with so much ability, is a son of this gentleman. His wife, Mrs. Mountain, was for many years a principal singer at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, where she was deservedly a great favourite. Mrs. Billington was an ardent admirer of hers, and spoke of her talents with unfeigned praise. She has retired from the stage, I sincerely hope with competence and happiness. A son of Mr. and Mrs. Mountain is in the service of Government, in the Admiralty.

that he did not ask him professionally, but merely for the gratification of his society and conversation. Thus urged and encouraged, he went; he had not, however, been many minutes in the house of this consistent nobleman, before his lordship approached him, and said, "I hope, Mr. Fischer, you have brought your oboe in your pocket."—"No, my Lord," said Fischer, "my oboe never sups." He turned on his heel, and instantly left the house, and no persuasion could ever induce him to return to it.

The singers, or, as they are now called, vocalists, at these concerts were numerous; among them were a Miss Jameson, a pupil of Doctor Arne, who sung "The Soldier tired" with much applause; and Mrs. Cramer, (first wife of the celebrated leader, and mother of John Cramer and F. Cramer, the esteemed successor of his father, celebrated for his performance on the piano-forte, and compositions for that instrument;) a beautiful woman, a charming singer, and a distinguished professional favourite of Tenducci, Leoni, and Rauzzini.

Speaking of Signor Rauzzini, whose name is familiar to all who have lived in the musical world, it may not perhaps be considered irrelevant to say a few words of his early career. He was a native of Rome, and made his first appearance on the stage there, at the Teatro della Valle. He

was a great musician, had a fine voice, was very young, and so proverbially handsome, that he always performed the part of the Prima Donna; —at that period no woman was permitted to appear on the stage at Rome*. His reception was highly flattering, and he afterwards performed in all the principal theatres in Italy. The Elector of Bavaria, who expended immense sums on his Italian opera, invited him to Munich. His success at that court was, as usual, unqualified. But, alas! his beauty was his bane! an exalted personage became deeply and hopelessly enamoured of him, and, spite of his talents, it was suggested to him that a change of air would be for the benefit of his health. He took the hint, and left Munich: he then engaged himself at the Italian opera in London, where he attained the highest reputation both as a singer and composer; and his acting in Pyramus, in the opera of Pyramus and Thisbe, was so fine, that Garrick has often complimented him on it.

I was now taking lessons from Doctor Cogan† on the piano-forte. His execution on that instrument

* The present Pope has, I perceive, issued a *veto* against the performance of women on the stage, to take effect after the 1st of January, 1826.

† Doctor Cogan is still living in Dublin; he has good health and independence, and is an hospitable worthy fellow, highly esteemed by all his connexions.

was astonishing, and his compositions, although not generally known in this country, possess great merit. The whole phalanx of musical talent which I have mentioned, frequently visited at my father's house, and I was so fortunate as to be taken great notice of by Rauzzini, during his stay in Dublin He gave me lessons, and taught me several songs, particularly that beautiful air of his own, which he sang divinely, "Fuggiam da questo loco, in piena libertà," which the late Mr. Linley introduced into the Duenna, with Mr. Sheridan's words, "By him we love offended."

Rauzzini was so kind to me, and so pleased with the ardent feeling I evinced for music, that, previously to his leaving Ireland, he called upon my father, and said, "My dear Sir, depend upon it your son will never follow any profession but that of a musician; and as there is no person in this country who can give him the instruction he requires, you ought to send him to Italy. He is now at the time of life to imbibe true taste, and in Italy only is it to be found. If you send him to Rome, let him study under Latilla; if to Naples (the better place of the two) send him to either of the Conservatorios;—the head master at St. Onofrio is Monopoli*; at the other, La Madonna

* Monopoli was a sound musician; his church music was in great repute in Italy. Stephen Storace was one of his favourite pupils.

di Loreto, Finaroli is master. This celebrated Conservatorio produced Scarlatti, Duranti, Porpora, (at that time the greatest of all singing masters,) Pergolesi, Jomelli, Cimarosa, Paesiello, and a long list of celebrated men: let him go there, and depend upon it he will one day repay you for it."

This advice made a deep impression on my father, particularly as a similar opinion had been given by Sir William, then Mr. Parsons, the late musical composer and magistrate of Bow Street, who had studied music in Italy, and was, at the time I speak of, in Ireland on a visit to his friend and patron, Mr. Henery.

My father consulted my mother, who would not hear of such a proposal. She had but a few months before parted with my brother Patrick, for whom my father had procured a cadetship in India—and I cannot but think of my mother's kind feelings towards me, with affection and gratitude—as for my brother, poor fellow, we never saw him more. He was esteemed a brave soldier; and was much beloved for his goodness of heart and companionable qualities, for he sang sweetly, and with great taste; but poor Patrick was cut off in the flower of his youth,—he was killed at the storming of Seringapatam, when a captain in the East India Company's service.

About the period at which Rauzzini gave my father the advice I have mentioned, Mr. Ryder, the comedian, brought over a singer, of the name of Webster, to Smock Alley Theatre; with him came a lady whom he called his wife, but who was really the wife of Battershill, a musical composer, from whom she had eloped with Webster. She was a fine-looking woman, and played Lucy, in the Beggar's Opera, and Jenny, in Lionel and Clarissa; but however, charming as she was, she soon left Webster, and Mrs. Baddely came to supply her place.

My father had a private box at the theatre, and my mother, passionately fond of theatricals herself, often took me to the play. From the time I first saw him act, nothing ran in my head but Webster, unless, indeed, it was the desire of going on the stage. I used to look at him with wonder, when he was performing Macheath; and those who recollect him in that character will agree with me that it certainly was a masterly performance. He had a fine figure, with a marked and rather handsome countenance; his voice was a fine baritone, with a sweet falsetto, of which, being a good musician, he made a judicious use, particularly in "The Charge is prepared;" indeed, I think it impossible that his performance of this character can be surpassed. Whatever little credit and indulgence I received when I performed Macheath, at

Drury Lane, I owe in a great measure to my recollection of him in the part; and I avow the same obligation to his Lionel, which was a *chef-d'œuvre.*

About the time of which I am now speaking, a third theatre sprang up in Fishamble Street, under the Lord Mayor's licence; the managers were Vandermere and Waddy, who had deserted from Smock Alley, and taken with them a large portion of the company. To oppose them, Ryder brought over Michael Arne to produce Cymon: his wife performed in it, and it brought great houses. But Arne, not content with being one of the greatest musical geniuses the world ever produced, wished also to possess the philosopher's stone; and, fancying himself a great alchymist, actually took a house at Richmond, near Dublin, and, neglecting all his pupils, gave himself up to a scientific search after gold. The consequences were ruin and a spunging-house. He was under articles to compose an opera for Covent Garden; and my father, knowing this, sent him in his confinement, a piano-forte, supplied him with wine, &c. and while in "durance vile," he composed some beautiful music. In return for this kindness, he gave me a lesson every day, and, after his release, continued particularly attentive to me.

It was also about this period that a Portuguese, who called himself Il Cavaliero Don Pedro Martini,

came to Dublin: he played the Spanish guitar delightfully, and succeeded in ingratiating himself with the Duke of Leinster, Earl of Westmeath, Lord Belmont, and most of the leading people. He persuaded them that Dublin and Edinburgh were the only capitals where there was not an Italian opera, and proposed to engage Smock Alley Theatre, and bring a comic Italian company, to give operas twice a week. He consulted my father on the subject, who, conceiving the scheme likely to succeed, gave him encouragement, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

The Portuguese procured a large subscription, took the theatre, and brought over the company, amongst whom were La Sestini, the best buffo of the day, Signor Pinetti, a Venetian, a most excellent actor, Signor Fochetti, a powerful primo buffo, with a fine bass voice; Signors Savoy, Peretti, &c. &c. and a second and third woman. Signor St. Giorgio conducted at the piano-forte, and Signor Georgi led the band, which was strengthened by many performers from London. The etiquette was, that the band in the orchestra, as well as the company in the boxes and pit, should be fully dressed. Bags and swords were then the order of the day: the prices were, boxes and pit, half-a-guinea; first gallery, five shillings; and the upper one, three shillings.

The first opera was L' Isola d' Alcina, composed

by Gazzaniga; there was some beautiful music in it. Pinetti, who in Italy was celebrated for his performance of French characters, played the Frenchman in the opera admirably.

The next opera was Paesiello's La Frascatana; the houses were unusually crowded. La Buona Figliuola, Piccini's popular opera, was put into rehearsal at the express desire of some of the old conoscenti who had seen it performed in London. Lovatino was the cavalier, (and I am informed, never was equalled in singing "E pur bella è la Cecchina;") Morigi, the German soldier; Micheli, the gardener; Savoy, the Count; La Samperini, Cecchina, &c. &c.

Expectation was on tiptoe to hear this opera in Dublin, as it had been quite the rage in London; when a circumstance occurred which threatened its being laid aside; namely, the severe illness of Signor Savoy, who was to have performed the Count, a part of the greatest importance to the opera, and written for a high soprano voice. As there was no professional man to do it, the Portuguese turned his thoughts towards me, and offered my father his own terms, for I was well versed in the Italian language. He was backed in his application by the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Conolly of Castle Town, and several others, who were ever kind and partial to me. They all seemed to feel

assured that if I undertook the part, I should gain both credit and emolument. This induced my poor father to listen to them; particularly, as he had made up his mind to send me to Naples, and was actually in treaty with the captain of a Swedish vessel, bound thither, to take me as a passenger.

I was delighted when I found that I was to perform on the Italian stage, and counted every tedious moment while studying the part. At length, however, the awful night arrived! The house was crowded, and I received great applause. I had a powerful treble voice, pronounced Italian well, and was tall for my age, and acquitted myself beyond the most sanguine expectations of my friends. The opinion the foreign musical men gave of my abilities, of course, weighed greatly in my favour.

A circumstance now took place, which had nearly terminated my theatrical career. Il Cavaliero Portuguese, who had given the company to understand that he had all Peru and Mexico at his command, turned out to be a needy Chevalier d'Industrie, and would not pay them. They all struck; "point d'argent, point de Suisse," was their motto. Pinetti, when he found he could get no money, set off for England with Fochetti, and without those two principals, it was impossible to get up an opera; so the rest of the Italians followed their leaders, dispersing, some to England, others to Scotland, &c. &c.

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Ryder, who then had Crow Street Theatre, had entered into a fresh engagement with Michael Arne for three nights, to revive Cymon. Mrs. Arne (his second wife,) was a sweet singer, and being also a very pretty, petite figure, was very popular in Silvia*. They thought that I might be an additional attraction, and proposed to my father that I should play Cymon the three nights, and choose any character I pleased for the fourth, which should be given to me free of all expense, as a remuneration.

My father considered very wisely that, as every thing was arranged for my voyage to Naples, it was as well for me, or rather for him, (for *I* thought of nothing but the rapture of again shewing myself on the stage,) to accept the proposal.

I played Cymon three nights, and on the fourth, Lionel, (or, properly speaking, Master Lionel,) for

* The first wife of Michael Arne was a scholar of Doctor Arne's, at the same time with Miss Brent, for whom the Doctor composed the character of Mandane, in Artaxerxes. It is said that Doctor Arne translated Artaxerxes from the Italian of Metastasio into English; if he did, it was highly to his credit, for some of the thoughts are rendered beautifully; one for instance, from Mandane; in the Italian it is,

"Si piange di piacer come d' affanno."

which is translated thus,

"Pleasure may start a tear as well as grief."

Dibdin composed his Leonora in the Padlock for the first Mrs. Arne, when Miss Wright.

my own benefit. The house was crowded in every part. I was successful in my songs, and acted the part decently, recollecting well all the points Webster had given in it*.

On the first of May, 1779, with an aching heart, I parted with my father, mother, and family, and sailed on board a Swedish merchantman, accompanied by a young Irishman, intended for the Roman Catholic church; and with a fair wind, left the kind and hospitable shores of my native country, and I may safely say, quitted it with no little fame; for although not fifteen, I had earned

* The opera was cast thus :—

Lionel, ...	Master KELLY,
(Being the last night of his appearing on the stage previous to his going to Italy.)	
Sir John Flowerdale, . . .	Mr. HEAPHY.
Jessamy, ...	Mr. O'KEEFE,
(The celebrated dramatic writer.)	
Harman, ...	Mr. GLENVILLE.
Colonel Oldboy, . . .	Mr. WILDER.
Jenkins, ...	Mr. BARRETT.
Lady Oldboy, ...	Mrs. HEAPHY.
Diana, ...	Miss JAMESON.
Jenny, ...	Miss TISDAL.
Clarissa, ...	Mrs. ARNE.

The Band :—At the piano-forte, Michael Arne; Leader, the celebrated Pinto. First oboe, Mr. Bartlett Cooke, father to my friend, Mr. T. Cooke, of Drury Lane Theatre, whom I greatly esteem for his private worth, and high and diversified talents.

sufficient money to pay for my voyage to Italy, and for my maintenance and musical education for some time after my arrival there.

I was so fortunate as to have letters of recommendation to Sir William Hamilton, at that time English *chargé d'affaires* at the Court of Naples, and to Father Dolphin, a Dominican friar, who was to be my "guardian, protector, and guide."

As good piano-fortes were in those times scarce every where—in Italy particularly, my father bought a grand one, made by one of the first London makers, which turned out in every respect excellent, and which, with a few books, English and Italian, he gave me. My mother furnished me with plenty of good sea store, ten guineas in my pocket, and a gold watch. I had besides, a letter of credit, which I was to deliver to Father Dolphin, who had instructions to pay my allowance according to circumstances.

The following occurrence which took place during my voyage, I would omit, if it could not be well authenticated both in Naples and Dublin.

My father had a small country house near Drumcondra, with an extensive garden; his gardener, whose name was Cunningham, had a son, a very fine young man, who was a great favourite

with all the family, and received many marks of kindness from my father, which he repaid to me when a child, by continued acts of affection. Poor Jack, however, degenerated, became a drunkard, associated with depraved companions, and left my father's service; shortly after, he was implicated in a burglary, tried, and transported to America. This made a grievous impression on me at the time, as I recollected, with gratitude, the apples and plums which had been gathered for me by poor Jack Cunningham.

My voyage took place during the American war, but the ship I was on board of, being a Swede, was under a neutral flag; yet, in the Bay of Biscay we were hailed by an American privateer. Our captain lay to, while a set of the greatest ragamuffins my eyes ever beheld, boarded us. They swore the vessel was under false colours, and proceeded to overhaul the captain's papers, and seize every thing they could lay hands on. A sturdy ruffian began to break open my piano-forte case with a hatchet, which, when I saw, I *manfully* began to weep, and cry out, "Oh! my dear piano-forte," &c. &c. The cabin boy, who was about my own age, called out, "For God's sake, don't cry, MASTER KELLY." The chief mate of the privateer, who was quietly perusing some of our Captain's papers, on hearing these words, turned round, and looking stedfastly

at me, said, "Is *your* name Kelly?" I answered "Yes." Do you know any thing of a Mr. Thomas Kelly, of Mary Street, Dublin?" said he.—"He is my father," was my reply. The young man immediately started up, ran to me, clasped me in his arms, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Don't you remember me? I am Jack Cunningham, who, when you were a little boy, nursed you and played with you." He seemed quite overcome by the unexpected meeting, and made the most affectionate inquiries about my family, when, after examination, the Captain finding that our vessel was really a neutral, left us. Jack again embracing and blessing me, took leave of me, and we soon lost sight of them. I never heard of him more. The next day we were boarded and examined by an English sloop of war, and our Captain gave information of the route of the American, which I honestly confess, if I had fancied it could have hurt poor Jack Cunningham, I should have been mightily sorry for.

To those whose health would be benefited by sea-sickness, I can safely recommend the ungentle exercise of the Bay of Biscay;—there is little chance of failure. After we left it, however, we had very fine weather for some time, and the islands of Minorca, Majorca, and the coast of Africa, though at a great distance, were noble objects.

When we had passed the Island of Ischia, we encountered a tremendous storm: actually alarmed by the violence of the tempest and appearance of the sea, which ran mountains high, I retired to my cot, and spite of terror and sea-sickness, fell fast asleep. I was awakened by the cabin-boy on the following morning, the 30th of May, 1779, who, to my great joy, told me that we were in the Bay of Naples.

The astonishment and delight I experienced when I got on deck, can never be effaced from my recollection. The morning was beautiful; I was restored to health, and safe in the wished-for port.

The Bay, full of shipping, the Island of Caprea where Augustus and Tiberius once held their revels; to the West the Isles of Procida, and Ischia, the picturesque and varied scenery of Pozzuoli, Posilipo, so celebrated for La Grotta del Cane and Virgil's Tomb, the King's Palace at Portici, the Campagna Felice, the Castle and Fort of St. Elmo *,

* The Castle of St. Elmo is the strongest fortification the Neapolitans have. It stands on an eminence, said to command the finest view in the world; near it, lower down, stands the Carthusian convent of St. Martino. The fraternity are supposed to be very rich, and are celebrated for the excellence of their gastronomy. Their confectionary, wines, and dinners, are of the first order, but only to be got at by a card of admission from the Prime Minister; this is delivered to a lay brother, who shews

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the terrific Vesuvius, the delightful coast of Tarentum, the Castel a Mare, and the City of Naples, with its numerous palaces and convents, have beauties far, far beyond my feeble powers of description.

Before we entered the Mole, the officers of health came on board, and gave us the pleasant information, that as there was a report that the plague was raging on the African coast, we must perform quarantine before we were suffered to land.

An old tatterdemallion was put on board our vessel, to prevent our escaping to the shore: he

the bearer the chapel and all that is curious, after which, he is invited to an excellent repast, for which they are forbidden to receive any remuneration.

In consequence of the great height of the Castle of St. Elmo, vessels can be distinguished at an immense distance. This is rendered of great utility to the mercantile part of the community, by means of signals made, according to the custom of all sea-ports, from the Castle on the approach of any vessel; these signals consist of balls of great size, projected into the air, the number of which signifies the description of vessel; whether frigate, sloop of war, merchantman, &c. &c. at the same time the colour of the nation to which she belongs is hoisted. Thus, a merchant, while transacting business in any part of Naples, may know what ships, and of what nations, are entering the Bay, long before they reach the Mole. The first object of my attention every morning, was the signal station, and my first walk was on the Mole. The sight of an English vessel was a reward for days of watching.

was an inexhaustible source of amusement to me; for although his clothes were all in tatters and patches, and spoke "variety of wretchedness," he wore his hair in an enormous bag, and carried a tremendously long sword by his side, of which I now almost wonder he did not give me a taste; for, if the truth must be told, I was very mischievous, and he, a particularly good subject for my mirth.

When Father Dolphin heard of my arrival, he came alongside, accompanied by another Friar, and a Mr. Fleming, a cadet in the Irish brigade, a worthy good Irishman. He was my daily visitor; and, what with the wines which we purchased from the boatmen, the delicious fruits, and good society, our bondage was not altogether unpleasant. Added to all the other *agrémens*, was the beautiful prospect around us; alongside of us was a Venetian vessel also under quarantine, on board of which were several Italian singers, dancers, &c. on their way to the theatre at Palermo, and two brothers, very fine French horn players; besides many other passengers. In the evening they danced or sang on deck, and played duets on the French horns, while the Mole was crowded with all ranks of people to enjoy the sea breeze; so that the whole scene was delightful.

At length the time of our release arrived; and

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my friend, accompanied by another Irish gentleman, called Plunket, also a cadet in the Irish brigade, (in one of the regiments of which his elder brother was Colonel,) took me on shore to an hotel near the Largo di Castello, kept by an Irish woman, married to a Neapolitan, an egregious rogue, but who possessed the pleasing art of speaking English very well.

I ordered a hair-dresser, at that period an indispensable appendage to a man's establishment; and shortly a very well-dressed person, with his hair in a bag, and a sword by his side, entered my room; on inquiring his business, he informed me he was the barber, come according to orders, to adorn me alla moda di Napoli. I at first felt abashed at the idea of employing so fine a gentleman in such a capacity, but I soon became reconciled to the national gaiety; for the very beggars, with hardly any clothes to their backs, had ragged bags tied on their hair.

Accompanied by Fleming and Plunket, I went to hear mass at the church of San Giacomo, and after this, made my first visit to the worthy Father Dolphin. He was prior of the Convent of St. Dominick, a fine pile of building, close to the gate through which runs the road to Capua, and also to the Conservatorio of La Madonna di Loreto. I found him in his study, which opened into a

spacious garden, and every thing around him breathed piety, benevolence, and content; he was about seventy years old, but full of health and activity.

He received me with the greatest kindness, and after reading my letter of credit, introduced me to two Friars of his order; one of them, called Plunket, whom I often see in London even now; the other, named M'Mahon, whom I saw the last time I was in Dublin, at the Friary in Denmark Street; they were both Irishmen, as I need hardly mention, considering their names.

The first advice the Father gave me, after taking some chocolate and snow water, was to present my letter to Sir William Hamilton, and to make up my mind in which Conservatorio I should like to be placed. He gave me the choice of three, St. Onofrio, La Pietà, or La Madonna di Loreto. At St. Onofrio, Signor Monopoli was the head master; at La Pietà, Signor Sala, who had never produced a melody worth hearing, though the first counterpointist of the day; and at La Madonna di Loreto, Finaroli, a first-rate composer of church music. He had also written several serious operas; and several great composers were his scholars, amongst them was Cimarosa.

Having heard Rauzzini speak of him as a great master, I gave the latter the preference; but

Father Dolphin desired me to ask the opinion of Sir William Hamilton, and be guided by it.

I immediately waited on Sir William, and presented my letters; when he had read them, he received me most kindly, and assured me that he should be happy to give me any advice as to the line I ought to pursue, and render me every service in his power.

Sir William having invited me to dinner that day, I returned, and was introduced to the first Lady Hamilton. The taste and partiality for music of this highly-gifted person, are too well known to need a remark from me. At that period she frequently gave concerts, to which all the best performers were invited. She was herself considered the finest piano-forte player in Italy.

After dinner, at which I had the honour of being introduced to the late Duke of Bedford, there was music. The celebrated Millico accompanied himself on the harp in the charming canzonetta, "Ho sparso tante lagrime;" his singing was enchanting. I was asked, and sang Rauzzini's song, "Fuggiam da questo loco," and "Water parted from the sea," accompanying myself on the piano-forte. I seemed to give general satisfaction, and Signor Millico, in particular, said many kind things. He told me he had often heard Tenducci sing "Water parted," in England.—Signor Borghi, who was afterwards

stage-manager at the Pantheon, when the Opera House was burned down, had just arrived from England, and was also of the party*.

At parting, Sir William desired me to call upon him at eight o'clock the following morning; I did not, however, arrive till a quarter before nine. On entering the breakfast room, I found with him Mr. Drummond, his physician, and a couple of antiquaries; his table was covered with cameos, intaglios, and lava. As soon as I entered the apartment, he said, "My good boy, you were to have been here at eight; it is now three quarters of an hour past;" and added, looking very seriously at me, "if you do not learn to keep time, you will never be a good musician." Through life, I have recollected that hint.

When we were alone, he desired me to give him a candid detail of my views and intended pursuits, and which way my own inclinations lay. I told him all the circumstances which had preceded my leaving Ireland, and that my father's wish and intention were, that when I had finished the study of composition in Naples, I should return to England, and become a composer and teacher. I also told him that I feared the profession,

* The operas at the Pantheon were conducted by the Duke of Bedford, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. William Sheldon, an eminent solicitor, and a worthy man.

towards which my own inclinations strongly led, the stage, would be my father's aversion. With respect to money, I informed him that my annual allowance, while pursuing my studies, was to be two hundred Neapolitan ounces, (80*l.* English) to be paid monthly by Father Dolphin.

When we spoke of music, I mentioned my wish, that Finaroli should be my master; he said, "My good lad, it is impossible to choose a more able instructor, or a better man. I know him intimately, and will introduce you to him, and recommend you to his care; but when you begin, you must bear in mind that nothing is to be done without steady application: your inclination for the stage you must smother for the present; your youth, and the unsettled state of your voice, should preclude all thoughts of that; a year or two may do much for you."

"However," he continued, "as it is natural for you to wish to see the sights of Naples, take a fortnight's pleasure. Your friend Fleming is a worthy man; he speaks the language, and knows where every thing remarkable is to be seen, and no doubt will take care of you. Give my compliments to the worthy prior, and ask his permission; and recollect, as Gay says, 'to-day for pleasure, to-morrow for business;' when once we begin, we must work hard."

He shook me by the hand, and saying, "be prudent," gave me a purse of twenty ounces, to pay, as he said, for my calashes.

I repeated this conversation to Father Dolphin, who entirely approved of Sir William's advice; and giving his consent for a fortnight's pleasure, with his blessing and best wishes, advanced me *six ounces*, which *he* thought an ample disbursement for my *menus-plaisirs* during that period. Mr. Fleming consented to accompany me in my rambles, and I was as happy as an emperor.

To commence;—we dined at the St. Carlino tavern, opposite the King's palace; we had an excellent dinner of maccaroni stufato, bouilli, stewed veal, fried calamara*, a roasted chicken, salad, cheese, fruit, biscuits, two bottles of wine, a cup of coffee each, and a glass of chasse caffé, with iced lemonade, &c. for eighteen-pence each.

* The Calamara, or Ink Fish, is as great a favourite with the Neapolitans, as it was with the ancient Romans. An Italian told me that he had once eaten it many years before at Brighton; I was for several seasons inquiring for it there in vain. At length an old fisherman brought me one;—even *he* had never heard of its being eaten, or eatable, for when caught there it is always thrown away. It is quite black, but when washed, near a pint of ink comes from it, and it appears like snow; when fried, it eats like a veal cutlet, and is a great luxury. On the 25th of September, 1819, I had one, and my friends, who partook of it, said it was delicious.

But as George Colman says in his Mountaineers, "Those days are past, Floranthe." If they were not, what a delicious place of residence would Naples be for my old friend Pope, who joins to his talents as an artist and an actor, a share of judgment, experience, and taste in culinary matters almost unequalled.

The next morning we went to Portici, and slept. We saw the theatre at Herculaneum, which had been buried sixteen centuries; and passed under vaults to view it by torch-light;—while wandering about the galleries, I was of course obliged to express surprise and pleasure; but in truth I wished myself away, for there were neither singers nor dancers, nor pretty women there, and I never had any taste for antiques.

We returned to sleep at Portici; the next morning, we had an excellent breakfast of ham, fresh figs, and a bottle of lagrima Christi *. After discussing which, Fleming and myself mounted our donkies, and, accompanied by our guides, began the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. We passed through fields covered with fig and mulberry trees, and our

* As I was brought up a rigid Roman Catholic, I was shocked at the name given to this delicious wine; but in time my scruples were overcome, and now often take a bottle with my esteemed friend, Mr. Savory, of Bond Street, who has some of a superior flavour, imported by himself from Naples.

guide pointed out the favorite retreat of Pergolesi, the great composer. Here he was said to indulge his fatal tendency to melancholy; yet, perhaps, had he not been of that melancholy temperature, he would not have composed his celebrated "Stabat Mater dolorosa," or his intermezzo, "La Serva Padrona," both of which I heard with such delight at Naples.

He died at the early age of twenty-seven; it was supposed by poison, given by a brother composer, jealous of his transcendent talents *.

We had some conversation with the hermit who lived on the mountain; he was a Frenchman, and said to have been formerly a hair-dresser in London; whether this be fact or not, I cannot say; the subject was much too delicate to touch

* I never heard the following truly poetic lines, written by Mr. Rogers, author of the Pleasures of Memory, set to music and sung with exquisite pathos by my ever-lamented friend Mrs. Crouch, without thinking of poor Pergolesi's untimely death.

> "Go, you may call it madness, folly,
> You cannot chase my gloom away,
> There's such a charm in melancholy,
> I would not, if I could, be gay.
>
> "Ah! did you know what pensive pleasure
> Rends my bosom when I sigh,
> You would not rob me of a treasure
> Monarchs are too poor to buy."

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upon with a recluse in such a situation. The mountain seemed in a most villainous humour, emitting flames and large bodies of lava. I soon had enough of it, and was right glad to find myself once more at Portici, with a supper of red mullet, &c. before me:—the next morning we returned to Naples.

The two following days we dedicated to Baja, and its burning sands. The view of Naples, and indeed every thing except the people, was luxurious and beautiful;—they were wretched. One miserable object pointed out the different situations of the villas of Cæsar, Mark Antony, and Cicero. All this was, I knew, very fine, and very classical; but to me, at that period, a complete bore: it was not my *gusto* to "shun the busy haunts of men," nor of women; and a petticoat in a populous street in Naples, was to me the finest sight in the world; but I had no wish to accomplish the Neapolitan proverb,—Vedi Napoli e poi mori *; *i. e.* see Naples, and then die.

* This Neapolitan saying has two meanings attached to it:

"Vedi Napoli e poi mori,"

"See Naples, and then die."

Again,

"Vedi Napoli e poi Mori,"

"See *Naples*, and then *Mori*."

Mori is the name of a little island near Naples; which island the Neapolitans think so beautiful that no place after it is worth viewing.

Our next visit was to Pos'lipo, and the Grotta del Cane. The Grotta di Posilipo, which leads to it, is so dark, that even by daylight, torches are necessary; the peasantry, when driving their cattle through this subterraneous passage, which they are obliged to do when going to or leaving Naples, call out to each other, "Keep to the rock side," or "Keep to the sea side," to avoid coming in contact.

We ascended the mountain of Posilipo, and entered Virgil's tomb; saw the stoves, the sulphureous vapours of which rise from the earth, and are so hot that eggs may be boiled in them.

At a little distance from the stoves is the Grotta del Cane; the keeper of the dog, who is the great actor of the scene, orders the poor animal to lie down in the cave; the vapour acts upon it almost instantaneously; the body swells, the creature falls into strong convulsions, and after a violent struggle, appears dead. The keeper then draws him out into the open air, which speedily restores him, and he very wisely takes to his heels. This paltry and cruel experiment astonished me exceedingly at the time.

We now went to the Capo del Monte, and dined there with a friend of Fleming's. We were told that the king's intaglios and cameos were kept there;—our host shewed us some fine pictures, by Schidoni (a pupil of Correggio). His passion and

forte were to paint the Lazzaroni, who swarm about the Chiaja and Santa Lucia, and the Largo di Castello. They are a fine hardy race of men, and it is calculated, amount to fifty thousand. It cannot be ascertained how the greater number of them find subsistence, as those who work at all will only do so to earn as much as will keep them from starving. With scarcely any covering, they sleep on the steps of the church doors, or in the street. Their favourite spot, however, is the Largo di Castello; there they literally swarm, and pass the whole day playing the game of *mora*; or, by way of variety, listening to some ragged fellow near the Mole, who recites lively stories from Boccaccio, in the Neapolitan jargon, and perhaps sings the verses of Tasso, or Ariosto, or details the feats of Masaniello, the rebel fisherman.

All the time he exhibits, they sit round him with fixed and mute attention. I have myself often stopped to listen to the half-naked improvvisatore, and have been delighted by his dry humour and inimitable gesticulation. After entertaining them for hours, he thinks himself repaid amply, when they give him a coin called a callo (about half a farthing) each*.

The game of mora is played by two persons; they both hold out their right hands, with their fingers extended, then each

The Lazzaroni are dreadful thieves; but theft they mildly denominate sleight of hand. I once saw one of them pick a gentleman's pocket of a handkerchief at one end of the Largo di Castello, and offer it to him for sale at the other; yet had the pillaged man, or any other person, spoken, or even made a motion expressive of displeasure at the barefaced infamy of the action, it is a thousand to one but that he would have been stillettoed on the spot. They are indeed such a formidable and united body, that the King himself finds it politic to persuade them that he feels flattered by being called their *captain*.

It is remarkable, that notwithstanding the vices of these people, and the extraordinary cheapness of wines in Naples, I never, during my sojourn there, witnessed a single instance of intoxication*.

contracts one, or as many of his fingers as he likes, calling out at the same time the number which he guesses will be the amount of his own and his adversary's contracted fingers, this they both do at the same moment, and very quick; whoever guesses rightly, scores one, which is done by holding out one finger of the left hand; the game may be five or ten, or more as agreed upon.

* The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness in abhorrence. A story is told there of a nobleman, who, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of his saying, that when he

The Neapolitans are proverbial for their gesticulation: if you ask a man in the street what o'clock it is, he looks at the sun, and by his fingers makes you understand the hour, but does not condescend to speak. The natives of every part of Italy are perfect mimics; and the strongest indication of either menace or revenge you can receive from an Italian, is to see him bite his thumb at you. Our immortal Shakspeare was well aware of this, when he wrote the quarrelling scene between the servants in the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet; there, Gregory, Capulet's servant, says, "I will bite my thumb at him; which is a disgrace to them if they will bear it."

Malone, the commentator, says, that this mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in England in our author's time; as Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church, says, "What shouldering, what jostling, what jeering, what bitings of thumbs, to beget quarrelling;"—yet I think it but fair, to

committed the deed, he was intoxicated. He received the offer with disdain, and exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family, by confessing the disgraceful crime of intoxication!" He persisted, and was executed!

What a pity this poor fellow had not lived a few years in England or Ireland—we manage those matters better!

suppose that Shakspeare knew it was also an action adopted to "beget quarrels," in Verona, where the scene of the play lies, otherwise the coincidence would be remarkable.

Another trait of national character, which Shakspeare has ably displayed, is in the Merchant of Venice. In former times, as in the present, a Neapolitan nobleman was extremely proud of his horses, and made them the principal topic of his discourse. In the scene where Nerissa recounts the names of her various suitors to Portia, she says, "First, there is the Neapolitan prince;" Portia replies, "Ay, that's a colt indeed, he doth nothing but talk of his horses."

The mode of living of the Neapolitans at first was disagreeable to me. They are very early risers; and at noon flock to the coffee houses, shops, promenades, &c.; the streets are crowded with monks, abbés, mountebanks, and lawyers *. Twelve o'clock is their usual hour for dinner, after which they take the siesta, rising usually an hour or two before sunset, and repairing again to the coffee houses to eat ice, which is in Italy beyond

* It is calculated that in the kingdom of Naples only, there are twenty thousand lawyers, most of them younger branches of the nobility, whom poverty condemns to the bar. There is no nation, however large, in which so many lawsuits are carried on.

conception fine. Their chocolate, melons, grapes, peaches, &c. are delicious; my favourite was the harlequin, which is a mixture of all, served up in a silver cup, piled like a pagoda, which cost then only twopence English.

Even the Lazzaroni have their cooling luxuries; at the corner of every street, there are stalls, belonging to venders of water melons, iced and lemonade water, crying out, "Bella cosa è l' acqua fresca!" (What a beautiful thing is fresh water). For a novo callo (half a farthing), a man, at the time I am speaking of, could get a large glass of iced water, with the juice of a lemon, and a slice of water melon in it.

The favourite drives of the nobility are the Molo, and along the shore to Posilipo; there they enjoy the sea breeze in their carriages. It is only the very commonest people who go on foot; a Neapolitan gentleman would be branded with disgrace, if he were caught committing the heinous misdemeanour of using his own legs.

Some of their equipages are very handsome; all had two running footmen, who ran before the carriages with incredible speed; many of the richer nobility had four.

My Lord Tylney, who had resided in Italy for many years, and spent his princely fortune between Florence and Naples, appeared on the drives on gala

days, in great splendour; I have seen him drawn by six beautiful English cream-coloured horses! he had four men before his carriage, and a great number more behind.

His Lordship gave splendid dinners, concerts, and balls, which were frequented by all the English of consequence resident at Naples. I have seen there Sir William Hamilton, Lord Bristol, who was also Bishop of Derry, Lord and Lady Maynard, and a number of fashionables of different nations.

After having taken my full swing of sight-seeing, and having spent Sir William's money, in and out of calashes *, I thought it full time to wait upon him. I accordingly did so, and received his promise to introduce me the following day to Finaroli, which he did.

Finaroli was a light, sprightly, animated little

* Calashes are to be found at the corners of all the principal streets in Naples. A calash is a small narrow gilt chair, set between two wheels, and without springs, drawn by one horse, which is guided by a cord tied round its nose, without bridle or bit. The driver, who usually wears his hair in a net, sometimes sports his night-cap, with a gold-laced hat over it, gets up behind, and, to do you honour, endangers your neck, driving helter-skelter through the streets, even through the Toledo Street, the longest and most populous one in all Naples, I think as long as Oxford Street, and actually swarming with friars, lawyers, and Lazzaroni. All the time he bellows, with the lungs of a Stentor, "Make way there for my Lord Anglais!"

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man, about fifty: he heard me sing, and was pleased to say, I evinced promising abilities; he took me to see his Conservatorio, in which there were between three and four hundred boys; they studied composition, singing, and to play on all instruments. There were several rooms, but in the great school-room, into which I was introduced, there were some singing, others playing upon the violin, hautboy, clarionet, horn, trumpet, &c. &c. each different music, and in different keys. The noise was horrible; and in the midst of this terrific Babel, the boy who studied composition was expected to perform his task, and harmonize a melody given him by his master. I left the place in disgust, and swore to myself never to become an inmate of it.

I acquainted Father Dolphin with my feelings on the subject, and the dislike I had to walk in the processions after the host, and wear the dress, which all who enter the Conservatorio must do*.

On his representing this to Finaroli, he answered,

* On or after the 17th of October, the boys of the three Conservatorios are obliged to attend morning and evening, for nine days, at the Franciscan Church in their dresses. It is by attending this festival, and performing without remuneration, that they are exempt, by the king's permission, from all taxes on provision and wine, which are paid by every other class of inhabitants.

"I have taken a liking to the boy, and will receive him as an inmate: he shall have a small apartment on the ground-floor of the house where I live, and eat at my table. In addition to this, he will have the benefit of visiting the Conservatorio daily, and receive all the advantages of a scholar, without being obliged to put on the dress or perform the duties."

My English piano-forte was of little use to me, as Finaroli had made it a *sine qua non*, that I should give up all thoughts of being a performer on it; indeed, all Italian masters think it highly prejudicial to the voice.

My master introduced me to the directors of the different theatres, and I had the *entrée* of them all.

At San Carlo's are performed grand serious operas, (the other three theatres are for the opera buffa,) the first I saw there was Metastasio's Olimpiade, the music by Metzlevisic, a German of great musical celebrity. I thought it very fine, and the performance exquisite.

The celebrated Marchesi, the first soprano, performed the part of Megacle; his expression, feeling, and execution in the beautiful aria, "Se cerca se dice l' amico dov' è," were beyond all praise. Ansani, then the finest tenor voice in Europe, was there; and Macherini his wife, was the principal

female singer; she had a very sweet voice, but small, and of limited compass; the Neapolitans called her "La cantante con la parruca," from her wearing a wig, in consequence of her head being shaved during illness, previous to her engagement; but they liked her in spite of her wig!

Nothing could surpass the splendour of the spectacles they produced, or the beauty of their ballets. Le Pique was their first ballet master, Rossi the second,—both great artists. Madame Rossi was the principal female dancer amongst a crowd of talent.

The first ballet I saw was Artaxerxes. Le Pique, the Arbaces; Madame Rossi, Mandane; and Artabanes, Richard Blake, an Irishman, who went abroad very young, and had become a very fine pantomime actor, and was considered the best grotesque dancer of his day.

The decorations of this ballet were magnificent; one in particular struck me. In the opera of Artaxerxes, on our stage, in the scene where Artabanes makes Arbaces exchange swords with him, and receives the bloody one, he comes on at the side scene, which is very poor. In the ballet, the scene is placed in the middle of the stage, the galleries over each other, with apartments opening into them, are before you; you see Artabanes rush out of the chamber of Xerxes, having murdered him, and fly

across the different galleries, pursued by the guards of Artaxerxes, with lighted torches; he makes his escape by a private door into the royal gardens, where he meets Arbaces.

The manner in which this scene was managed, was powerfully effective. I cannot conceive why, on our theatres, it might not be equally so, except, indeed, that the stage at San Carlo is of an immense size, capable of bearing and working any machinery, and besides, opens at the back towards the sea, and because it seems that the English theatres would not risk the expense.

The "Rape of the Sabines," and "La Disfatta di Dario (the defeat of Darius), were also splendidly got up, as ballets. In the latter, in the battle between the armies of Alexander and Darius, eighty horses were introduced, and the whole arranged with the greatest skill. There were four hundred persons employed in it. I recollect there was a comic ballet, called the "Achievements of Don Quixote," in which my friend Blake shone conspicuously as Sancho Panza.

Four times in the year this magnificent theatre is illuminated; viz. on the evening of the birth-day of the King of Spain, and on those of the King, Queen, and Prince Royal of Naples.

In this vast edifice there are seven tiers of boxes; in the front of each box is a mirror, and before each

of those, two large wax tapers; those, multiplied by reflection, and aided by the flood of light from the stage, form a blaze of splendour perfectly dazzling.

Each box contains twelve persons, who have commodious chairs, &c.; at the back of each of those, on the principal tiers, is a small room, where the confectioner and pages of the proprietor wait, and distribute sweetmeats and ices to the company in the boxes, and any of their friends in the pit, whom they choose to recognize.

There are sixteen rows of seats in the pit, forty seats in each row; they are fitted up with stuffed cushions and rests for the arms, like chairs. When any one takes a place for the night, he receives a key of it; and when he leaves the theatre, he locks the seat up again, and returns the key.

On all gala days, the King, Queen, and all the Court attend in full dress; at which times the *coup d'œil* is magnificent*.

The Teatro Fiorentino is the most fashionable for the comic opera; it is about the size of the little theatre in the Haymarket. The first opera I saw there was the "Italian in London," (from Voltaire,) composed by Cimarosa. From this drama the

* This fine theatre has been since destroyed by fire; but I understand that one, if possible more splendid, is built on the same spot.

elder Colman took the plot of his comedy of the "English Merchant."

They had at that time excellent performers. The celebrated Genaro Luzzio was the primo buffo, and the principal female, La Coltellini, was delightful, both as a comic actress and singer.

At the Teatro Nuovo, another comic opera house, but by no means as good as the former, acted the celebrated Cassaciello, the idol of Naples. Whenever he appeared on the stage, the house was in a tumult of applause; and though he gave his recitation in the Neapolitan jargon, there never was a greater favourite, nor one more deserving of favour.

There were also two principal female singers, the Benvenuti, sisters and beauties; one of them had to boast of having in her train, the young Marchese Sambuco, son of the then prime minister of Naples.

Here I saw the first representation of Paesiello's comic opera, "Il Socrate Imaginario," (The imaginary Socrates). Cassaciello performed Socrates to admiration. I was informed that Garrick, having seen him in Naples, on his return to England, said, that the best comic actors he had ever seen, were Cassaciello in Naples, Preville at the Comédie Française in Paris, and Sacchi, the harlequin, at Venice.

Another theatre, called Il Teatro del Fondo,

had closed before my arrival in Naples. It is considerably larger than the two of which I have just spoken—the principal buffo, named Buonaveri, was an excellent actor as well as singer. He had lately returned from Russia, where he had amassed a large fortune. The tenor singer was Signor Mengozzi, a sweet voice, replete with science and great taste. But the delight of the Lazzaroni, and the common people in general, was Jean Cole, the famous Pulcinella. He performed twice a day in a little theatre called Saint Carlino, on the Largò di Castello. The house was always crowded; and even the King and Court frequented it, to enjoy his comic powers.

Whatever Jean Cole said, was received with rapture. Once, when the King was at the theatre, he was performing in the piece, called "Pulcinella in Disgrazio,"—"Pulcinella in Disgrace;" in the midst of a dialogue with another actor, he exclaimed, "Oh, Naples! Naples! dear, dear Naples! beautiful Naples! I shall never see thee more! How happy I was in thee! My royal and gracious master, the King, used to order maccaroni, lagrima Christi, and other dainties to be sent to me; but, alas! that is over! he has forgotten the good custom, and poor Pulcinella! oh! poor Pulcinella!"

The King laughed heartily, and taking the hint,

the next morning sent Jean Cole a massive silver tureen filled with maccaroni.

Carlino, of the Comédie Italienne, in Paris, was an actor in Jean Cole's line, and equally celebrated and followed. He likewise performed twice a day. He had an extraordinary facility in seizing and introducing the flying gossip of the moment. The report of the day always found an evening circulation through Carlino.

But I apprehend that I am wandering a little from my subject; considering the subject to be myself, that, perhaps will be forgiven: however, to return to Naples—I continued to go on attentively receiving instructions. By day I studied with avidity and ambition, but in the evening followed my own devices, or was kindly introduced by my master to families of distinction. I was honoured by the patronage of the Princess Belmonte, Princess Ghigi, the Duchess of Castel Duoro, Marchese del Vasto, Marchese St. Marca, and a long list of nobility. In their houses every evening after a little music, a Faro, or Basetta bank, was held by the proprietor of the mansion. They also played at Berabis, or Lotteria. Indeed, the whole delight of the Neapolitans, high and low, seemed to be gambling of one sort or another.

The house I frequented with the greatest pleasure, was that of La Signora Moretti. She was a very

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charming person, and (which was not her least recommendation to *me*) an excellent judge of music, and a good singer and performer on the piano-forte. I frequently had the pleasure of meeting there the celebrated composer, Cimarosa, who had been the favourite scholar of my master, Finaroli. It was a great treat to hear him sing some of his comic songs, replete with humour and taste, accompanying himself. Amongst other professors frequently assembled there, I saw, one evening, Signor Di Giovanni, who many, many years afterwards, was my deputy stage-manager at the King's Theatre, and who had just then returned from Poland.

About the month of July the King and Queen usually went to Posilipo, and in fine weather had concerts in the open air. To one of those I was taken by Sir William Hamilton, who did me the honour to introduce me to their Majesties as a lad from Ireland, come to study music in Naples. The first question the King asked, was, "Ne; siete Cristiano?" "I say, are you a Christian?"—"I hope I am, Sire," was my reply. Shortly afterwards he commanded me to sing an English song, and I put forth my strength in "By him we love offended," from the Duenna. Her Majesty then ordered an Italian air, and I sung "Ho sparso tante lagrime;" they seemed pleased, and her Majesty, after asking me with great affa-

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bility, how I liked Naples, where I lived, who was my instructor, &c. invited me to take some ice and a glass of Maraschino. I need not say with what pleasure I obeyed the command, nor how much my young mind was elated at her Majesty's condescension.

Her Majesty had a fair complexion, and beautiful hair. It was said at Naples, that she bore a strong resemblance to her mother, Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany. I confess I did not think her particularly handsome. She had the character of a busy meddling woman, and the reputation of governing the King and kingdom completely; indeed, in all matters of business he was accustomed to refer to her, saying, "Go to the Lady, she understands affairs better than I do;" and judging by all I ever heard on the subject, he *was in the right!*

The King was very tall, near-sighted, with very light eye-brows, and remarkably fair hair. He was very partial to theatricals, and when he went to Caserta (one of his palaces), in which there was a beautiful little theatre, he often condescended to act in burlettas with the Queen. They uniformly took the parts of the principal Buffo and Buffa; the graver and more important characters were filled by the Lords and Ladies of the Court.

His Majesty was a man of excellent heart, of

which the following well-known, well-authenticated fact gives proof:—

When making a tour of Italy, his brother-in-law, Joseph II. Emperor of Germany, met him at Milan. Joseph's acuteness led him to suggest many alterations in the internal government of the kingdom, most of which would have been improvements; but some of them, although very advantageous to the revenue, threatened to press somewhat hardly upon the subject. "I flatter myself I live in the hearts of my people," was the king's reply; "and I never will disturb their happiness by any thing which looks like oppression. I find in my dominions numerous natives of other countries, many poor and wretched; but in all the cities I have visited, I have neither seen nor heard of one Neapolitan in a similar situation,—a proof, as I think, that they find more comfort and encouragement in their own country than elsewhere, which illustrates the old Neapolitan proverb:—"Chi sta bene non si muova," (Those who are well should not change).

Had this monarch possessed the advantages of a common education, he might have done much for his country; but it was with difficulty he could even write his name, and, consequently, he left every thing to the Queen, the Marquis Tanucci, his former and but too indulgent tutor, and the Chevalier Acton, an extremely clever man and minister,

and, above all, as it was said, a great favourite with Her Majesty.

The King, uneducated as he was, was proportionably fond of field sports; he was perpetually hunting, shooting, or fishing, in which exploits he was usually accompanied by Sir William Hamilton, to whom he was very partial. Upon these occasions His Majesty would go out into the Bay, with a large escort of fishermen, and not return until a quantity of fish was caught, which was sent to Santa Lucia (the fish-market), for sale. The convents had the first choice, the remaining part went to the best bidder, and the money arising from the sale was distributed amongst the poor.

Another of his amusements was, the game of Pallone, which he often played in a court built for that purpose, in the Largo di Castello; and any person decently dressed, was admitted to see him. One day, when I was amongst the spectators, he came to me, and asked whether I had ever seen the game played in England. But skilful as he was at this amusement, he performed one feat which surpassed all competition;—I mean, the eating maccaroni, of which he was very fond. This exhibition, I honestly confess, surprised me most of any thing I had ever seen either of a king or a subject. He seized it in his fingers, twisting and pulling it about, and cramming it voraciously into his mouth, most

magnanimously disdaining the use of either knife, fork, or spoon, or indeed any aid except such as nature had kindly afforded him.

In the month of August, 1779, which will be remembered, for their lives, by all those who chanced to be in Naples at that period, happened one of the most terrific irruptions of Vesuvius that ever was recollected by man. At that time, a great fair was held in the Piazza St. Ferdinando, and the Largo di Castello; I was at the fair when the mountain first began to throw forth its lava, and, during the whole duration of the irruption, I was permitted to be near Sir William Hamilton, and this was indeed a most fortunate circumstance for me, for, independent of his scientific knowledge, he was respected by all the better classes, and a favourite with the Lazzaroni into the bargain, who often lamented that so good a man *must* be eternally punished, since he was a heretic.

Vesuvius continued to throw up such abundance of lava, that had the wind been in a different direction, Naples and Portici must have been swallowed up; for, on the opposite side, whole villages, vineyards, &c. were destroyed. During two days the scene was most appalling,—horror and dismay were in every countenance, and despair in every heart.

The Lazzaroni, as usual, appealed to their patron saint and protector, St. Gennaro, and went in a

body to the palace of the Archbishop of Naples, to demand the keys of the church where the figure of the saint is kept, that they might carry him off, and place him *vis-à-vis* to the villanous mountain; well convinced, that at the bare sight of his wooden countenance, it would cease roaring! The Archbishop, however, having intimation of their approach, and thinking, with Falstaff, that "the better part of valour is discretion," retreated by a private way in his carriage, and set off for his palace at Capua, too far distant to be followed by the Lazzaroni on foot. Indeed, his Eminence had good reasons for supposing, that had those mirrors of integrity got possession of the saint, they might, when he had quelled the mountain, have carried their gratitude so far as to ease him of the weight of diamonds and other precious gems with which his head and body were covered: a species of toilette to which his Excellency was wisely unwilling to subject his Saintship.

The Lazzaroni finding themselves disappointed, held a council, and I saw them in an immense body march to Posilipo, whither the King and Queen had retired, determined to force the King to order the Saint to be given up to them. The King appeared on the balcony to address them, but in vain; the Queen also *(enceinte)* came forward, but without avail. The royal guard and a Swiss regiment

were ordered to disperse them; but they were not to be intimidated; neither entreaties nor menaces could divert them from their purpose. "The Saint! the Saint! give us up our Saint!" was the universal cry. Just as popular fury was at its height, a man appeared, whom, the moment they saw, the wolves became lambs; the mob fell on their knees before him bareheaded and in total silence. He addressed them in the following conciliatory manner:—

"What do you come here for, ye infamous scoundrels? Do ye want to disturb your Saint, in his holy sanctuary, by moving him? Think ye, ye impious rascals, that if St. Gennaro had chosen to have the mountain silent, ere this, he would not have commanded it to be so? Hence! to your homes, ye vagrants! away! be off! lest the Saint, enraged at your infamous conduct, should order the earth to open, and swallow you up!"

This soothing speech, aided by a kick to one, and a knock on the head to another, (fairly dealt to all within his reach,) dispersed them without a single murmur! So that what the supplication of their Sovereign, backed by the soldiery, could not effect, was accomplished by one man, armed indeed with superstition, but with nothing else!

This man was Father Rocco, well known to have possessed the most unbounded power over the lower

orders in Naples; of no Saint in the calendar (St. Gennaro excepted,) did they stand in such awe as of Father Rocco. He was a sensible shrewd man, and used the power he possessed with great discretion. He was much in the confidence of the Chevalier Acton, and the other Ministers.

Previous to his time, assassinations were frequent at night in the streets, which were in utter darkness; and the Government dared not interfere to have them lighted, lest they should offend the Lazzaroni; but Father Rocco undertook to do it. Before each house in Naples there is a figure of a Madonna, or some saint, and he had the address to persuade the inhabitants that it was a *mortal sin* to leave them in the dark!

I was myself a witness of the following ridiculous scene. One evening a groupe of Lazzaroni were very attentively playing at their favourite game of *mora*; beside them was a puppet-show, in which Punch was holding forth with all his might. Father Rocco suddenly appeared amongst them. The first step the holy man took, was to sweep into his pouch all the money staked by the gamblers; then, turning to the spectators of Punch, he bawled out, "So, so, ye rapscallions! instead of going out to fish for the Convents and support your families, ye must be loitering here, attending to this iniquitous Punch! this lying varlet!" Then

lifting up a large wooden cross, suspended by huge beads round his waist, he lustily belaboured all within his reach, lifting up the cross at intervals, and crying out, "Look here, you impious rogues!" "Questo è il vero Pulcinella!" "This is the true Punch, you impious villains;" and strange as this mixture of religious zeal and positive blasphemy may appear, they took their thrashing with piety, and departed peaceably like good Catholics. I got out of his way with great alertness, feeling no desire to become a disciple of such a *striking* school of religious instruction.

On the 8th of September, however, I saw a religious procession which was truly beautiful. The King and Queen, with the Court, attended by a large body of the military, crowds of monks, the boys of the Conservatori, &c. went, as they do annually, to pay their respects to La Madonna del Piè di Grotta. All the balconies of the houses in the streets through which they passed were hung with tapestry, rich silk, satins, &c. and the sight was really striking and magnificent.

Another interesting ceremony, la Festa della Nouvena, took place nine days previous. The peasantry and shepherds from Abruzzo, Calabria, and Apulia, upon this anniversary, come from the mountains in their sheepskin dresses, playing on their various instruments, some on the Zampogna,

(a kind of bagpipe,) others on the Colascione. This instrument is the common one in the Neapolitan dominions, and is something like a guitar, having however only two strings, tuned fifths to each other. These shepherds visit all the churches, and play their famous *pastorale* there, and at all the principal noblemen's houses. During Christmas the processions are to be seen, in which they perform; amongst their pageantry they have moveable stages, the machinery connected with which is admirable, representing the birth of our Saviour, the Virgin, &c. all as large as life. The expense of some of these processions is enormous; and the "properties," as they would be theatrically called, are constantly left in families as heirlooms.

As my master, whose church music was highly approved of, conducted the principal church festivals, I was allowed to sing at many of them, being a *Christian*, or, as I have before explained it, a Roman Catholic. I was delighted at this, not for the lucre of gain, (although they pay their singers liberally,) but because the nuns of the convents where the performances take place, send round trays full of delicious sweetmeats, made by themselves. Such traits of female attention were peculiarly gratifying to me at that period.

The profession of a nun, as indeed many tra-

vellers have described, is a most magnificent and impressive sight. If the lady be of a noble and rich family, the luxury displayed on the occasion is excessive; she is covered with diamonds, all of which, if she does not possess them herself, are borrowed or hired for the occasion.

Finaroli told me an anecdote so illustrative of the ridiculous punctilio and vanities which sometimes mix themselves with this solemn act, that I cannot forbear repeating it.

The young and beautiful daughter of the Duke de Monteleone, the richest nobleman in Naples, was destined by her family to take the veil; she consented without a murmur to quit the world, provided the ceremony of her profession was performed with splendour; and a *sine qua non* was, that Cafarelli, the great soprano singer, should perform at it. It was represented to her that he had retired with a fine fortune to his estate, in the interior of Calabria, and had declared his determination never to sing again. "Then" said the reasonable young lady, "*I* declare *my determination* never to take the veil unless he does. He sang six years ago, when my cousin was professed; and I had rather die, than it should be said, that she had the first singer in the world to sing for *her*, and that I had not!" The fair lady was firm; and her glorious obstinacy was such, that her

father was obliged to take a journey into Calabria, when, with much entreaty, and many very *weighty* arguments, he prevailed on Cafarelli to return with him to Naples. He sang a *salve regina* at the ceremony; and the Signora having gained her point, cheerfully submitted to be led, like a lamb to the sacrifice, to eternal seclusion from the gay and wicked world.

In justice, however, to her taste it must be said, that Cafarelli was one of the greatest soprano singers Italy ever produced. He was a Neapolitan, and the Neapolitans were very proud of him. He amassed a great fortune, and purchased the Dukedom of Dorato for his nephew, and built a magnificent palace for himself; over the entrance to which, was inscribed—

AMPHYON, THEBAS,
EGO, DOMUM.

At the period of which I am now speaking, there were amongst the English at Naples, a Mr. Stewart and family. He had taken a house for three years; but he and his family were going to spend the ensuing carnival at Rome. On my accidentally saying that, had my means permitted, I should have rejoiced at the opportunity of seeing that city in their company, Mr. Stewart most generously offered me a seat in his carriage, and a cover at his table, and to bring me back, free of

all expense. I confess, my heart beat with joy at the proposal! I flew to my master and the good Father Dolphin, to obtain permission for this delightful journey, which was granted, and with a few zecchinos *on account*, from the latter, completed my happiness. My friend Fleming went with me to the Molo* to get my Neapolitan ducats exchanged for Roman scudi; and on the following morning, December 26th, with a heart as light as my pocket, I found myself seated in an excellent travelling carriage, with the worthy Mr. Stewart, his amiable wife and sister; a courier before, and a Neapolitan carriage with the servants and luggage behind us;—and truth to say I never felt more perfectly happy in the whole course of my existence.

We passed the first night at Terracina, a dangerous place to sleep at during the summer months, as it is then rendered dreadfully unwholesome, by what the Romans call the "*mal aria*." All the inhabitants who have the means of doing so, leave it during that period. We however escaped,

* Near the Molo is the money market, where there were stalls, in which the owners sat with wooden bowls before them, filled with the coin of every nation in the world; there, for a small premium, the traveller might obtain the current cash of the nation he was about to visit; and this in many instances was more convenient than a letter of credit.

and arrived in Rome the following evening, and drove to the Piazza di Spagna, where the English usually took up their abode. The Spanish Ambassador always resided there, and it was so completely his territory, that he could grant protection, even in cases of murder! Whether in compliment to the Spanish Embassy, or the English society, I know not, but *unprejudiced ladies* were, in those days, not suffered to live in any other quarter of the city!

The day after our arrival, we went to the Corso, where the sports of the carnival were going on. There was to be seen the whole population of Rome, high and low, rich and poor, *en masque*; the nobility and ladies in their most slendid equipages, all masqued, throwing sugar-plums to the motley groupe below, which was composed of mountebanks, pulcinellas, cardinals, harlequins, &c. with music, dancing, singing.—In short, I was in a delirium of pleasure! Every evening, we visited the theatres:—there are two for serious operas, the Aliberti and the Argentina, where the best performers are always found; indeed, should the manager attempt to introduce any thing inferior, woe be to him! and, as these theatres are only allowed to be open during the carnival, he is obliged to pay enormous salaries to procure the first singers; for the Romans will have the

best or none. There are also two theatres for comic operas, La Capranica and La Valle.

The Romans assume that they are the most sapient critics in the world; they are, certainly, the most severe ones:—they have no medium,—all is delight or disgust. If asked whether a performance or a piece has been successful, the answer, if favourable, is, "è andato al settimo cielo,"—"it has ascended to the seventh heaven." If it has failed, they say, "è andato all' abbisso del inferno,"—"it has sunk to the abyss of hell." The severest critics are the Abbés, who sit in the first row of the pit, each armed with a lighted wax taper in one hand, and a book of the opera in the other; and should any poor devil of a singer miss a word, they call out "bravo, bestia,"—"bravo, you beast!"

It is customary for the composer of an opera, to preside at the piano-forte the first three nights of its performance, and a precious time he has of it in Rome. Should any passage in the music strike the audience as similar to one of another composer, they cry, "Bravo, il ladro,"—"bravo, you thief; or, "bravo, Paesiello! bravo, Sacchini!" if they suppose the passage stolen from them, "the curse of God light on him who first put a pen into your hand to write music!" This I heard said, in the Teatro Aliberti, to the celebrated composer Gazzaniga, who was obliged to sit patiently

at the piano-forte to hear the flattering commendation.

Cimarosa, who was their idol as a composer, was once so unfortunate as to make use of a movement in a comic opera, at the Teatro della Valle, which reminded them of one of his own, in an opera composed by him for the preceding carnival. An Abbé started up, and said, "Bravo, Cimarosa! you are welcome from Naples; by your music of to-night, it is clear you have neither left your trunk behind you, nor your old music; you are an excellent cook in hashing up old dishes!"

Poggi, the most celebrated buffo singer of his day, always dreaded appearing before those stony-hearted critics; however, tempted by a large sum, he accepted an engagement at the Teatro della Valle. He arrived in Rome some weeks previous to his engagement, hoping to make friends, and form a party in his favour; he procured introductions to the most severe and scurrilous, and thinking to find the way to their hearts through their mouths, gave them splendid dinners daily. One of them, an Abbé, he selected from the rest, as his bosom friend and confidante; he fed, clothed, and supplied him with money; he confided to him his terrors at appearing before an audience so fastidious as the Romans. The Abbé assured him, that he had nothing to fear, as *his* opinion was looked up to by

the whole bench of critics; and when *he* approved, none dare dissent.

The awful night for poor Poggi at length arrived; his *fidus Achates* took his usual seat, in his little locked-up chair in the pit. It was agreed between them, that he was to convey to Poggi, by signs, the feeling of the audience towards him;—if they approved, the Abbé was to nod his head; if the contrary, to shake it.—When Poggi had sung his first song, the Abbé nodded, and cried, "Bravo! bravissimo!" but in the second act, Poggi became hoarse, and imperfect; the audience gave a gentle hiss, which disconcerted the affrighted singer, and made him worse: on this, his *friend* became outrageous, and standing up on his chair, after putting out his wax-light, and closing his book, he looked Poggi in the face, and exclaimed, "Signor Poggi, I am the mouth of truth, and thus declare, that you are decidedly the worst singer that ever appeared in Rome! I also declare, that you ought to be hooted off the stage for your impudence, in imposing on my simple and credulous good nature, as you have done." This produced roars of laughter, and poor Poggi retired, never to appear again, without even exclaiming, "Et tu, Brute," which he might most appropriately have applied to his guardian crony.

A circumstance something like this took place at

the Teatro Argentina. A tenor singer of the name of Gabrielli, brother of the great female singer of that name, was engaged there. Before he had got through five bars of his first song, the critics began to hiss and hoot, (and very deservedly so, for he was execrable), saying, "Get away, you cursed raven!" "Get off, you Goat!" On which he came forward and addressed the audience very mildly, "You fancy you are mortifying me, by hooting me; you are grossly deceived; on the contrary, I applaud your judgment, for I solemnly declare to you, that I never appeared on *any* stage without receiving the same treatment, and sometimes much worse!" This appeal, though it produced a momentary laugh, could not procure a second appearance for the poor fellow.

A description of the magnificent buildings of Rome is not what is expected, perhaps, in memoirs such as these; yet it is impossible to speak of that magnificent city without noticing the splendid structures which every where strike the eye of a stranger.

The church of St. Peter appeared to me so magnificent, that our St. Paul's seemed but an epitome of it, though built on the same plan. When the Pope chaunts the Te Deum, assisted by the choir, and in some parts by the whole congregation (generally possessing good voices and fine ears), the

effect produced is certainly sublime; but it is in the Pope's chapel only, one can hear in perfection the divine music of Palestrina.

Like all strangers, I of course visited the Coliseum, the Palazzi Corsini and Borghese, with their magnificent gardens, the Villa Albani, the Vatican, the Pantheon, and all its superb antiquities. Before I left Naples, I was so fortunate as to procure a letter from a Dominican friar to Father M'Mahon, a Capuchin, and a very worthy countryman of mine; who kindly became my guide, and explained every thing to me. He conducted me to see the house where Raphael had resided, in the Via Cornari —to the Via Gregorina, where Salvator Rosa and Gaspar Poussin both had lived, and also to the Trinità del Monte, where Taddeo Zucchero died. He had begged his way to Rome, but was rich enough before his death to build some of the most superb palaces in that city. On the Trinità del Monte, Mengs had also dwelt, and painted the walls of his own bed-chamber. His apartments were afterwards inhabited by Angelica Kauffman, when she finally left England.

We went to the church of the Saint Onofrio convent, where lie the remains of Tasso, whose incomparable genius produced his Jerusalem Delivered before he was thirty years of age; and who, it is said, composed verses at seven years old! The

sight of the beautiful palace, Via Colonna, the dwellings of Propertius and Virgil, near Porto St. Lorenzo, and the gardens of Mecænas, finished our researches.

Amongst the living sights, I frequently saw in his carriage his Eminence Cardinal York, brother to the Pretender, but whom the Romans called brother of the King of England! He bore an excellent character, and was charitable in the extreme, particularly to any English who claimed his protection*.

Mr. Stewart, his family, and myself, in our way back from Rome, passed a day at Frascati. I was

* Father M'Mahon told me a comical story of a countryman of ours, a Mr. Patrick O'Flanagan, who having been wrecked at Genoa, travelled on foot to Rome, to beg assistance of Cardinal York; and got the Cardinal's porter, who was a Scotchman, to present his Eminence with the following conciliatory letter.

May it please your Sanctity,

I was cast on shore at Genoa—travelled on foot to Rome. Hearing of your Holiness's humanity to poor Irishmen—for thirteen years I served his Britannic Majesty, King George the Third in the navy. God bless and prosper him to boot. I hate and detest the Pope and the Pretender, and I defy them and the devil and all his works, and am,

Your Sanctity's obedient servant,

PAT. O'FLANAGAN.

Pat waited until the Cardinal was going out to take his morning's ride, when he threw himself on his knees before his Eminence, who laughed heartily at his elegant epistle, and ordered him twenty Roman crowns.

delighted with this village, the scene of Paesiello's beautiful comic opera, called La Frascatana, particularly as it was the first Italian opera I had ever seen in Dublin.

We returned in safety to Naples, Mr. Stewart proceeding to his house in the Chiaja, and myself to my worthy master, Finaroli. He seemed pleased to see me, and expressed a hope that I would now attend steadily to my studies. My mornings were devoted to the Conservatorios and festivals which were daily celebrated in the different churches. My passion for music amounted to adoration, and as at my time of life, good or bad taste was easily imbibed and fixed, I was fortunate in never hearing any but of the most superior kind, and performed by the first professors of the age. My evening I passed generally at one of the theatres, if not so fortunate as to be engaged to Sir William Hamilton, or at some of the great houses, where I had been introduced. I must say, that at the time I speak of, to be a native of Great Britain, was a *passe partout* all over Italy! indeed the name of Englishman was held in such reverence, that if two Italians were making a bargain, it was clenched by one saying, "I pledge myself to do so and so on the honour of an Englishman." This was considered more binding than any oath they could swear. I am sorry to say that the feeling which

then existed towards my countrymen has become almost extinct; and am still more sorry to be obliged to admit, that in the many disgraceful scenes I have witnessed, the Italians were not always in fault.

Amongst the many great musical professors at this time at Naples, was the celebrated Schuster. He was the favourite scholar of the renommé Hasse, Maestro di Cappella to the then Elector of Saxony. Schuster, though a very young man, had been sent for from Dresden to compose for Pachierotti, at the theatre St. Carlo. The opera chosen was Metastasio's "La Didone abbandonata." I recollect his taking me to a rehearsal, which was a crown and sceptre to me in those days. The opera was received with enthusiasm, particularly the rondo, sung divinely by Pachierotti, "Io ti lascio, e questo addio," which was afterwards introduced in the musical entertainment of "The Flitch of Bacon," with the English words, "No, 'twas neither shape nor feature," adapted to it by my worthy friend Shield. La Didone drew crowded houses, but the rondo was the magnet; indeed, Pachierotti's singing it, was supposed to have raised a violent flame in the bosom of La Marchesa Santa Marca, one of the most beautiful women of the Neapolitan court. She was said to be of a very *susceptible* nature, and to have fallen desperately in love with the pious Eneas,

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARA

which love he honestly returned; this, though very pleasant to the parties themselves, was by no means relished by a certain Cavalier Ruffo, who had been cavalier servente to the Marchesa, but was fairly dismissed by the rondo. He did not choose to lose his mistress to that tune, and meeting Pachierotti one evening on the Molo, (the fashionable promenade of the Neapolitans to taste the sea-breeze,) he overwhelmed him with abuse, and struck him! Pachierotti drew his sword, and being as good a swordsman as a singer, soon wounded and disarmed il Cavaliere. He immediately reported the affair to the minister il Marchese Sambuco, who submitted the matter to the King. His Majesty was pleased to approve of Pachierotti's conduct, and it was hinted to il Cavaliere, that if he attempted further outrage, himself and family might find cause for repentance in the loss of their places at Court. This was decisive, and the affair dropped. But Pachierotti, who lived in perpetual fear of assassination, though engaged for two seasons, gave in his resignation on the score of ill health at the end of the first; and acting Eneas for the last time, left the fair Marchesa to play Didone at her leisure!

But to return to myself.—It is really curious to observe upon what trifling circumstances the greatest and most important events of our lives depend. I was walking one evening, with my

friend Blake, through the Strada di Toledo; and when passing some billiard-rooms, he recollected that he was likely to find a person in them whom he wished to see. We went up stairs, and in the room found the famous soprano singer, Signor Giuseppe Aprile, who was allowed to be the greatest singer and musician of the day. He was called by the Italians, and indeed every where, " Il padre di tutti i cantanti,"—the father of all singers. Blake introduced me to him, and he very kindly invited us to take chocolate with him the next morning. When we went, he received us with great cordiality, and after hearing me sing, said, " This boy has both taste and expression, and I think so well of his abilities, that if his friends approve of it, I will take him with me to Palermo, and instruct him without any remuneration; indeed, I have no doubt but that in a short time I can make him capable of earning his bread any where."

Blake was delighted at my receiving through his means such an offer from so great a man. I was charmed at the prospect of seeing the capital of Sicily, and Sir William Hamilton and the good Father Dolphin were as pleased as either at the happy prospect opening before me, and cheerfully gave their consent to my going. Our departure was to take place in four months. In the interim, Aprile made me solfeggiare with Signor Lanza, (father to

the Lanza who was said to be the instructor of Miss Stephens.) He was an excellent singing master, and was afterwards brought into this country, with his family, by the Marquess of Abercorn, for the purpose of instructing his daughters, and lived with his Lordship's family at the Priory.

Previous to our going to Palermo, Aprile went to see his family at Abruzzo; and at the same time to conduct a musical festival at Gaeta, and took me with him. The best professors in the kingdom were engaged, and I had the honour of singing a salve regina. The festival was most splendid, and had Aprile been the greatest potentate on earth, he could not have been more caressed by his townsmen than he was.

Gaeta is four days' journey from Naples; and as we slept each night at a convent, I had a good opportunity of witnessing the luxurious mode in which the monks of Abruzzo lived. It beggars all description; they and their convents are proverbially rich, and their country abounds in all good things, especially wines, which are indeed excellent. After the festival was over, and we had remained a week at Gaeta, we returned to Naples, not forgetting in our way back our nocturnal visits to the holy fathers, who repeated their hospitalities.

On our return, I continued my attention to

Aprile, who gave me a lesson every day, and almost every day an invitation to dinner; he seemed much entertained by my boyish mimicry—a talent which I possessed at that time in no mean degree. I went with him to visit the miracle of St. Gennaro or Januario, in the Cathedral; the King and Queen, in state, attended his Saintship. There were two immense orchestras erected in the church; and all good professors, vocal and instrumental, were engaged to perform upon these occasions. The Archbishop prays, or appears to pray, while the Te Deum is sung. He then displays a phial, which contains the congealed blood of St. Gennaro; towards this he holds up a large wax taper, that the people may perceive it is congealed. The miracle consists, as every body knows, in this blood dissolving before the congregation, and is supposed to be performed by the saint himself. As soon as it is liquified, the Archbishop roars lustily, "the miracle is accomplished!" The Te Deum is again sung, and the whole congregation prostrate themselves before the altar of the saint with gratitude and devotion, and every face beams with delight.

On one of those miraculous days, I witnessed a ludicrous scene. It happened by some accident, that the Archbishop could not make the miracle work. The Lazzaroni and old women loudly called on the Virgin for assistance. "Dear Virgin Mary!

Blessed Madonna! Pray, use your influence with St. Gennaro! Pray, induce him to work the miracle! Do we not love him? Do we not worship him?" But when they found the Saint inexorable, they changed their note, and seemed resolved to abuse him into compliance. They all at once cried out, "Porco di St. Gennaro!"—"You pig of a Saint!"—"Barone maladetto!"—"You cursed rascal!"—"Cane faccia gialutta!"—"You yellow-faced dog!" In the midst of this, the blood (thanks to the heat of the Archbishop's hand,) dissolved. They again threw themselves on their knees, and tearing their hair (the old ladies particularly), with streaming eyes, cried, "Oh! most holy Saint, forgive us this once, and never more will we doubt your goodness!" Had I not been an eye-witness of this scene of gross superstition and ignorance, I really could not have given credit to it.

Time, which flies the faster the longer we live, wore on rapidly even in my young days, and the period approached at which I was to leave enchanting Naples, where "Wit walks the street, and music fills the air." Sir William Hamilton continued his kindness towards me, and procured many letters of introduction for me, in addition to those which he himself gave me to the Prince Villa Franca Paternò Budera, and Petrapersía his son, the Duke of Verdura, and the Duke St. Michele. I was greatly

grieved at quitting the friends I had acquired, particularly my faithful companion Fleming, and a Mr. Cobley, a young man who was in a mercantile house in Naples. Many years after, I had the pleasure of meeting him at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Haydon, of Plymouth, when we talked of our youthful pranks, and "fought all our battles o'er again," not forgetting the innumerable bowls of punch we had drunk on the Mole, at the house of the pretty widow Mac Mahon, who had one great attraction in my eyes, in addition to those of her person. She let me score, and I did "score, and spared not;" and the consequence was, that being born with a natural genius for drinking punch, I got pretty deep into her books; not into her bad books, however, for I paid her honourably before I left Naples.

Aprile, his brother, Giuseppe, a valet de chambre, and myself, embarked on board a polacre, commanded by a Trapani Capitano, and set sail for Palermo, at which place, after a tolerable passage, we arrived on the evening of the third day; though we suffered much by sea sickness, it was two days before we were allowed to go on shore. While enduring this delay, a number of young men swam near our vessel, while bathing. The Sicilians are reckoned the most expert swimmers and divers in Europe; consequently it is their favourite amuse-

ment; and they are so accustomed to it, that they are able to remain several hours in the water. The Captain of our polacre told me, that swimming actually formed part of the education of a Sicilian, and that with them it was an acquirement of equal importance to reading or writing.

When we were released we went to the only tolerable hotel in Palermo, kept by a Madame Montano, a saucy old French woman. However, we were soon released from her den, and conducted to an excellent house taken for Aprile, in the Strada del Cassaro, near La Porta Felice.

La Strada del Cassaro is a beautiful street, and four others leading from it, called Le Strade dei Quattro Cantoni, are also very fine, and contain the palaces of the first nobility. At one end of the Cassaro is the Palace of the Viceroy, a ponderous piece of architecture; and at the other are the Flora Gardens, and the Porta Felice itself, which opens to the Marino.

Aprile had the goodness to appropriate a comfortable apartment in his house to my use, and I determined to make the best of my time, and the favourable opportunities which presented themselves. I studied between five and six hours every day, with the greatest assiduity; my voice fell gradually into a tenor, and in a short time I could execute several songs which had been composed for

wo celebrated tenors of that day, Ansani and David. I delivered the letters of introduction which I brought from Naples, and was generally well received by those to whom I delivered them, particularly by the Duke St. Michele, and the Prince Val Guarniera; with these noble and kind friends, I was permitted to pass much of my time. The Duchess St. Michele was accomplished and beautiful, and sang delightfully. The Duke spoke English fluently, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, and our old dramatic authors. Indeed, I was surprised to find so many of the Sicilian nobility had studied English. They had a Casino, called the "English Casino," to which none were admitted who could not, at least, make themselves understood.

The Palermitans are all fond of music, and every evening there was an Accademia di Musica held at some private house. I was usually invited to these: to be the scholar of Aprile, and an Irishman, were sufficient; but I was besides considered a christian.

Every good has more or less of evil to counterbalance it, and amongst all my comforts, I found the climate of Sicily warmer and more oppressive than that of Naples; indeed, when the sirocco blows, it is almost insupportable. As a proof that this is actually the case, the indolence and torpitude

of the people during its continuance may well be adduced; they are perfectly dreadful, and are greatly increased by the seclusion in which every body necessarily live; the doors, window shutters, and verhandas being almost hermetically sealed, and all business and visiting at an end. Such is the opinion which the natives have of its baleful influence, that I once heard a Palermitan dilettante say, when obliged to allow that some music composed by his favourite Pigniotti, was bad—"Well, I suppose I must admit it is bad; but perhaps he composed it during the sirocco!"

When the tramontane or north wind returns, every thing resumes its gay and beautiful appearance, not excepting the ladies, who in general have brilliant black eyes and eye-lashes, and a fine, energetic, vivacious expression of countenance. Their costume is very becoming, and in the street they wear the black veil, after the Spanish fashion; in the evening, they dress much in the French and English style, that is, the higher orders, who on their gala days wear a profusion of diamonds. All ranks, however, are fond of ornament, the very poorest loading their throats with gold chains, &c. &c. In no country in the world are the women more fascinating. In their hospitality, and liveliness of conversation, they reminded me of the ladies of old Ireland! but when they dance, their atti-

tudes and movements are—what shall I say?—inspiration itself. I soon began to find myself too susceptible to their winning ways, and my young heart resembled a target, in which almost every shot told.

I was astonished at not finding any female servants in Palermo; and when I expressed my wonder, an Irish friend of mine accounted for the fact by stating, that all the *maid* servants in that part of the world, were *men*. It is said, that if the girls were suffered to go out as servants, they could not procure husbands:—all Italians, the Sicilians in particular, being very jealous *before marriage*.—This is hardly to be wondered at in Palermo, for there are a number of beautiful women among the lower order, which, "I am ashamed and sorry, sorry and ashamed" to say, made me every Sunday very religiously pay a visit to the tomb of Santa Rosalia, on Mount Pellegrino, where those good Christians go dressed, "in all their best," to pay their respects to their sanctified protectress!

But while I am retracing the beauties of the ladies, I am forgetting my pursuits and my master. The opera chosen by Aprile for his début, was Sarti's "Alessandro nell' India," (the jealous Poro being a favourite character of his.) The Prima Donna, La Signora Agatina Carara, was much dis-

satisfied with his choice, and the result was, *bella! horrida bella!* Parties ran high! Aprile, justly considered as the greatest of all artists, had a strong faction; La Carara, one of the most beautiful women of her day, and a fine singer, had abundance of partisans, besides being protected by the committee of noblemen, five in number, (for there was a committee *there)*. With them she played her cards so cleverly, that each supposed himself the favoured lover; but in all these little delicate arrangements she had an able and experienced, if not very respectable ally, in her husband! He, worthy soul, had but one weakness; an inordinate love of gold, and the bearer of such arguments had every thing to hope from the sweetness of his disposition. I never knew any man who could bow so gracefully, or quit a room with a better air, when a nobleman called upon his cara sposa;—fortunately he was fond of taking long walks, and never was known to return home at an unseasonable hour.

The theatre being closed every Friday evening, Aprile was usually invited to concerts at private houses, and, as a matter of course, I went with him. At these parties, *playing* was almost as popular an amusement as singing, for a Faro bank was always held after the music was over. There was frequently very high play at many houses. Sup-

pers are also introduced, of which fish formed a very important feature. Their moreau, a species of eel, is delicious, and only to be procured in this part of the Mediterranean; their tunny fish and pesce spada (sword fish) are very fine; and their ices, which they serve up in all shapes, are exquisite, as well as their Malavisa wine, the produce of the Liparian Isles. Since I am touching on the subject, I must say, the best suppers were given by the Princess Villa Franca, and the Prince her husband, an old man, who was good tempered and affable, while his consort was young and perfectly beautiful; their palace at the Seven Hills, a short distance from Palermo, was magnificent, and always crowded with visitors during the vintage, when all is life and pleasure.

Aprile had an invitation to pass a few days at the country residence of his patron, Prince Val Guarniera, in the neighbourhood of La Bageria; near it, amongst many other noblemen's houses, was one, I sincerely hope, the only one of its kind in Europe, belonging to Prince B ———, a sort of maniac; the impression it made upon me will never be effaced. On entering the hall, I saw the heads of beautiful women, and the bodies of the most frightful animals; and the body of a man with the head of a mastiff. The family statues were all fancifully clad in suits of different co-

loured marble, with red stockings and black shoes. The roofs of the apartments were lined with looking glass, so that if five or six persons were moving about a room, it appeared as if an hundred were walking on their heads. Each pane of glass in the windows was of a different colour, and even the clock in the hall was stuck into a giant's body! yet the rooms themselves were beautiful, paved with fine marble, and containing a profusion of china, and objects of taste and *virtù*. The prince's dressing-room was filled with figures of snakes, scorpions, and other disgusting animals; in short, his whole life seemed devoted to the study of the horrible and disgusting.

I was particularly taken notice of by Prince Paternò, a man of superior wit and talent; as well as by the Duke of Verdura. The Prince Petrapersía also favoured me with his patronage and friendship; he was a very handsome man, famous for his strength and activity, and spoke excellent English. When he was going to visit his estates in Catania, Aprile gave me permission to accompany him, on condition that I returned in a fortnight; we set out with a great retinue of servants, and six of his Highness's body-guards, who, I verily believe, were banditti! However, they were faithful to *us*, and conducted us safely to the palace of the Prince Budero, his Highness's

father. After remaining there three days, we continued our journey to Catania, to see the Prince Biscaria, who resided in one of the most superb palaces in all Sicily. I was astonished to see such a structure built nearly at the foot of Mount Etna, liable, at all times, to be swallowed up by an eruption. The Prince wished me to ascend the mountain, which, however, no persuasion could induce me to do. I was content to view it at an humble distance. I had no ambition to be deified, like the heathen philosopher, for throwing myself into the great crater; nor had I even curiosity enough to visit Il Castagno di centi Cavalli; I was more anxious to see Syracuse, Dionysius' Ear, and the scene of the Transformation of Acis; but, however, we contented ourselves, after enjoying the Prince Biscaria's hospitalities for a few days, with returning to Palermo, where we found the whole population alive, making preparations for the grand fête of Santa Rosalia, which was to take place in a few days.

On the 12th of July, the saint's natal day, the annual festival commenced. From Aprile's house, in the Strada del Cassaro, we had a fine view of the procession, which commenced at five in the evening, and passed from the Marino to the Porto Felice: all the military in and about Palermo were assembled to protect it. Among them, on the present

occasion, were a Swiss regiment and the Irish brigade, a fine set of men. The car on which the saint was carried, was an enormous machine, drawn by forty mules, richly caparisoned, with twenty postilions in blue and silver: near the bottom of the car was a large orchestra; the musicians placed in rows above each other, the whole interspersed with a precious assortment of angels, saints, artificial trees of coral, orange, lemon, &c.; and surmounting all, on the dome of the car, and as high as the houses themselves, stood a large silver statue of the saint herself. The procession lasted till eight o'clock, when the illumination on the Marino commenced, the whole chain of which continued a mile in length. Imagination can picture nothing so splendid as the fire-works which were then displayed. On the sea stood an immense palace of fire, and all the shipping, gallies, &c. were brilliantly lighted up.

The second day commenced with horse-racing, of a nature to an Englishman extremely strange. The horses, eight or ten in number, have no riders, but stand in a row, held by their fine manes by grooms; they are almost covered with ribands of different colours: the grooms find it difficult to restrain them till the signal is fired from the Corso.

At the sound of the cannon, they start with the

fleetness of the wind, and the sight is really beautiful. The conqueror is led back in triumph, and hailed with trumpets, kettle drums, and the shouts of the populace, who vociferate, with all their might, "Viva il bel cavallo! viva mille anni!" (May the beautiful horse live a thousand years!) All this time, the noble animal stalks majestically through the Corso, as if conscious of his triumph, and the applause bestowed upon him. I have seen races in many countries, but none which gave me such true delight as those in Palermo. On the third night, the Marino, the Flora Gardens, and the four gates of the city were illuminated. There was music in the Chiesa Grande, where four large orchestras were erected, which contained all the principal musicians in the island, and many from the kingdom of Naples, both vocal and instrumental; the whole was under the direction of Aprile, and there was my first regular appearance. I sang a mottetto, composed by the celebrated Genario Mano. Aprile had taken great pains with me in it, and appeared fully satisfied with my execution of it*.

* It may not be thought unworthy of remark, that the first and only native of Great Britain that ever sang at that festival, or, indeed, in any church in Sicily, was myself. The circumstance was considered so extraordinary, that Aprile had my name and country inserted in the archives of the church.

I think when the church was completely illuminated, the walls, pillars, and roof ornamented with artificial flowers, gold and silver paper, interwoven with the lights, nothing earthly could surpass the *coup-d'œil;* the eye absolutely shrank from the splendour of the blaze.

I continued my old routine with my master; and going to the parterre of the theatre one evening, on seeing an empty seat, I sat down. A very pretty woman sat next to me, with whom I entered into conversation. At the end of the first act of the opera, a young gentleman, who, I afterwards found, was the Marchese St. Lucia, and the professed cicisbeo of the lady I was speaking to, came to me, and said, "How dare you, you insolent fellow, place yourself in a seat that belongs to me?" I answered truly, that had I known the seat to be his, I would not have taken it. His reply to this pacific speech, was a thump on the head, which I repaid with interest. But in an instant, I was seized; and, for the heinous crime of returning a blow, was hurried to prison, and left there amongst culprits of every description. My entrée seemed to create a bustle amongst them, and I felt myself a personage of importance.

About a dozen of them messed together, and invited me to sup with them; and I can say, with justice, I never passed a more jolly night in my

life! They had some good pesce spada for supper, and plenty of wine. They sang, and told laughable stories. One of them had been a captain of Calabrian banditti, previous to which, he had been the hero of the pickpockets on the Largo di Castello at Naples. He told us many of his exploits, and something of his education. When a boy, he had been placed at a school, where his trade was regularly taught. A large figure, made of straw, was placed in the middle of a room, about which were arranged watches, trinkets, pocket handkerchiefs, &c. &c. The master of the school (and a very great master of arts he was), stood by and gave instructions. No one was allowed to be an adept, or fit to take the field, till he could rob the figure without being observed, or deranging a single straw.

They recounted many anecdotes; the following one of the celebrated Gabrielli, though well known, I cannot refrain from repeating, as she had, in consequence, remained several days in the very room we then occupied. Gabrielli, though beautiful, generous, and rich, had a most capricious temper. She was the idol of the Palermitans; notwithstanding, one evening, on which a new opera was to have been performed, as they were going to begin, the house being crowded, and the Viceroy and court present, she sent word she had a head-ache, and

could not perform. Every endeavour of the manager and her friends to induce her to fulfil her duty, only rendered her the more obstinate; and even the threat of a dungeon, from the Viceroy, had no effect; at length, after exhausting every other method to restore her to reason, a guard seized and conducted her to prison. She told the captain of the guard, with the greatest sang froid, "Your Viceroy may make me cry, but he shall not make me sing." After remaining two days in confinement, she was released. But while in prison, she feasted the prisoners sumptuously, and on her departure, distributed a large sum amongst the poorer class of them. It was said that she never would have returned to the theatre had she not entertained a penchant for the manager.

This affection of her's commenced in rather a strange manner. When she was performing at the theatre St. Carlo, at Naples, and living in great splendour with Count Kaunitz, the manager wrote to her, requesting to know what terms she would accept for singing one season at his theatre at Palermo. She answered, "If you will build a bridge that will reach from Naples to Palermo, I will sing for you, not else;" to which he replied, "Madam, if you can recollect, and will give me a list of ALL those on whom you have bestowed favours, in the course of your life, I will build the

bridge you mention; not else." She was puzzled, and the negociation dropped; however, when they met, shortly after this free and easy beginning, they became excellent friends.

I was detained in prison for three days, and was only liberated through great interest. I returned to my master, who received me with his usual kindness, and applauded my spirit for not receiving a blow without returning it. The termination of his engagement approached, when he proposed returning to Naples. He called me to him one morning, and after hearing me sing half a dozen songs, in which he had taken great pains in my instruction, said,—"The time of our separation is approaching; your talent will now procure you an engagement in any theatre in Europe. I have written to Campigli, the manager of the Pergola theatre in Florence (he was also a sort of agent, and was, at that time, in correspondence with, and furnished every Italian opera in Europe with singers, dancers, composers, &c.); he will be glad to see you, and under his care and patronage you cannot fail of success, because you have the peculiar distinction of being the only public scholar I ever taught. A Syracusan polacre will sail in a few days for Leghorn, in which I will procure you a passage, and will give you several letters of recommendation; and so, God bless you, my good boy!"

I was overwhelmed with melancholy at the thought of leaving my kind, liberal, and great master. He was a man of the most honourable and independent mind I ever met, and considered an excellent scholar. He took great pains to explain Metastasio, and other great Italian poets to me, and particularly inculcated a love of truth, and a horror of committing a mean action. I may truly say, with Nicodeme, in the French play, "*Le maître qui prit soin de former ma jeunesse, ne m'a jamais appris à faire une bassesse.*"

I prevailed on him to accept, as a remembrance, the piano-forte I brought from Ireland;—it was my only possession, but I declare that had it been worth thousands, it would have been his; my love and gratitude to him were so strong*.

The day arrived when I was to leave my beloved master. He amply provided me for the voyage,

* Many years afterwards, when dining with my dear and lamented friend, the late Lady Hamilton, at Merton, I had the pleasure of hearing of this circumstance from the illustrious Lord Nelson, near whom I had the honour of being seated at table. He said, "Mr. Kelly, when in Naples, I have frequently heard your old master, Aprile, speak of you with great affection, though he said, that when with him, you were as wild as a colt. He mentioned, also, your having given him your piano-forte, which, he said, nothing should induce him to part with." I confess I was much gratified by the repetition of this trifling anecdote.

and paid my passage, giving me, at the same time, thirty Neapolitan *ounces*, which were sufficient to take me to Florence, where I might expect an engagement. After taking an affectionate leave of me, he sent his faithful valet Giuseppe, a Milanese, who had lived with him several years, in the boat with me, to see me safe on board. Giuseppe was a worthy creature, but as vain of his hair-dressing as the elder Vestris was of his dancing, and flourished his comb with as much grace and dignity as *le Dieu de dance* moved the *minuet de la cour*. Poor fellow, he shed tears at parting with me, and said,—"Farewell, Signor! remember your attached Giuseppe; in whatever part of the world you may be, if embarrassed, write to me, and I will go to you. *I* can live any where, for in classical hair-dressing I will yield to none, however illustrious; and thank heaven! in these days, the comb takes the lead of every thing."

The wind was fair, and we set sail from beautiful Sicily, "where Ceres loves to dwell." I was dreadfully sick during the first day and night, and obliged to keep below. The second, I went on deck, and had a view of the Lipari Islands, famous for their delicious wines; Stromboli, their chief, was out of humour, for it poured forth volumes of flame. It is said that this mountain discharges a greater quantity of lava than either Etna or Vesuvius, and never ceases roaring! On the third morning, I was

roused by a dreadful noise on deck; when I went up, all was uproar; at last the captain told me we were pursued by a Turkish galera; the crew, instead of working the vessel and endeavouring to escape, were on their knees, each praying to his patron saint! some one of which, however, was propitious, for a stout breeze springing up, we got close in shore, and lost sight of the terrible galera. After being six days at sea, during the last of which it blew a complete hurricane, at eight o'clock in the morning we arrived in the bay of Leghorn, and lay close to the Lazzaretto; it is a beautiful building, and was then used as an hospital for seamen. After we had been visited by the officers of health, I went on shore to shew my passport at the Custom-house; I had on a Sicilian capote, with my hair (of which I had a great quantity, and which, like my complexion, was very fair) floating over it: I was as thin as a walking stick. As I stepped from the boat, I perceived a young lady and gentleman standing on the Mole, making observations; as the former looked at me she laughed, and as I approached, I heard her say to her companion in English, which, of course, she thought I did not understand, "Look at that girl dressed in boy's clothes!" To her astonishment, I answered in the same language, "You are mistaken, Miss, I am a very proper *he* animal, and quite at your service!"

We all laughed till we were tired, and became

immediately intimate; and these persons, my acquaintance with whom commenced by this childish jest on the Mole at Leghorn, continued through life the warmest and most attached of my friends. All love and honour to your memories, Stephen and Nancy Storace! *He* was well known afterwards, as one of the best of English composers; and *she* was at that time, though only fifteen, the prima donna of the Comic Opera at Leghorn. They were Londoners, and their real name wanted the *t*, which they introduced into it. Their father was a Neapolitan, and a good performer on the double bass, which he played for many years at the Opera House, when the band was led by the celebrated Giardini. He married one of the Misses Trusler of Bath, celebrated for making a peculiar sort of cake, and sister to Doctor Trusler, well known in the literary world as a chronologist.

The elder Storace, Doctor Arnold, and Lowe, the singer, opened Mary-le-bone Gardens for the performance of burlettas, &c. &c. Owing to the attraction of the music, and Miss Trusler's plum-cakes, the Gardens were successful for a time; but, disagreeing among themselves, the proprietors closed them, I believe, with loss.

When Mr. Sheridan married Miss Linley, and brought her from Bath, their first lodging in London was at Mr. Storace's house, in Mary-le-bone,

and from that time a strong friendship existed between the families. Nancy, the only daughter, could play and sing at sight as early as eight years old; she evinced an extraordinary genius for music; and Stephen the son, for *every thing!* He was the most gifted creature I ever met with! an enthusiast and a genius. But in music and painting he was positively occult! I have often heard Mr. Sheridan say, that if he had been bred to the law, he thought he would have been Lord Chancellor.

His father sent him, when very young, to the Conservatorio St. Onofrio at Naples, to which he became a great ornament. Nancy Storace had the singular good fortune to be instructed by Sachini, and Rauzzini, in England; and after making prodigious progress under them, her father took her to Naples, where she sang at some of the Oratorios given at the theatre St. Carlo, during Lent. She was very well liked, and afterwards went to Florence, where the celebrated soprano singer, Marchesi, was engaged at the Pergola theatre. He was then in his prime, and attracted not only all Florence, but I may say all Tuscany. Storace was engaged to sing second woman in his operas; and to the following circumstance, well known all over the Continent, did she owe her sudden elevation in her profession.

Bianchi had composed the celebrated cavatina, "Sembianza amabile del mio bel sole," which Marchesi sung with most ravishing taste; in one passage he ran up a voletta of semitone octaves, the last note of which he gave with such exquisite power and strength, that it was ever after called "La bomba di Marchesi!" Immediately after this song, Storace had to sing one, and was determined to shew the audience that she could bring a bomba into the field also. She attempted it, and executed it, to the admiration and astonishment of the audience, but to the dismay of poor Marchesi. Campigli, the manager, requested her to discontinue it, but she peremptorily refused, saying, that she had as good a right to shew the power of her bomba as any body else. The contention was brought to a close, by Marchesi's declaring, that if she did not leave the theatre, *he* would; and unjust as it was, the manager was obliged to dismiss her, and engage another lady, who was not so ambitious of exhibiting a bomba.

From Florence she went to Lucca, and from thence to Leghorn, where I met her, and where she was a very great favourite. I dined with her and her brother the very memorable day of my landing; and Stephen, who had a wonderfully quick conception, intuitively, as it were, inquired into the state of my finances. I honestly told him

that they were not in a very flourishing condition. "We must endeavour to recruit them," said he. I mentioned, that I had a letter from Aprile to a Signor Chiotti, an opulent jeweller, who was an amateur and director of the concerts. He told me that Chiotti could be of great use to me if I took a concert, and he had no doubt the opera people would sing for nothing for me. Ever warm and active, my dear Stephen introduced me the next day to the British Consul, and the Messrs. Darby, eminent mercantile men, residing at Leghorn, brothers of Mrs. Robinson, the beautiful Perdita; and two Scotch families, the Grants and Frazers, patronized me, and I had a crowded concert room,—the nett produce, eighty zecchinos; and above all, to me, my singing was very much approved.

My time passed delightfully while I remained in Leghorn. The Russian fleet were at anchor in the Bay, commanded by Admiral O'Dwyer, a distinguished seaman, and an Irishman by birth. The Storaces and myself often went on board his ship, and were delighted by hearing the Russians chaunt their evening hymn. The melody is beautifully simple, and was always sung completely in tune, by this immense body of men. There was at the same time, in the harbour, a privateer from Dublin, called the Fame, Captain Moore: he and

his first officer, Campbell, were Irishmen, and had a fine set of Irish lads under them. When Storace's benefit took place, the officers and crew, who could be spared from their duty, to a man (and a famous sight it was), marched to the theatre, and almost filled the parterre. At the end of the opera, Storace sung the Irish ballad, "Molly Ahstore," on the conclusion of which, the boatswain of the Fame gave a loud whistle, and the crew, en masse, rose and gave three cheers. The dismay of the Italian part of the audience was ludicrous in the extreme. The sailors then sang "God save the King" in full chorus, and when done, applauded themselves to the very skies: nothing could be more unanimous or louder than their self-approbation.

At length, Stephen Storace took his departure for England, and I for Lucca. I was very much affected when I saw him sail, and set out on my journey with a very heavy heart. At Lucca I remained two days. The country of this little commonwealth is delightful: the oil of Lucca is the best in Europe; the inhabitants are industrious, and call their country the Garden of Europe. They were then governed by a Doge, whom they choose every two months. They always dressed in black, to save expense, though living is remarkably cheap. The baths are considered highly salutary, and are a few miles out of the town. They have a grand

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musical festival for the feast of the Holy Cross. An old lady, a native of Lucca, left a large sum of money to be disposed of in the following manner:—every musician who came to the festival of the Holy Cross, (and at that time they pour in from all parts of Italy,) was to be paid a stated price, at so much a mile, be the distance what it would! Her ladyship's executor had no sinecure. Pachierotti once sang at this festival, and was also engaged at the theatre. The common people of Lucca have the reputation of being great tricksters. They have a saying, "Sono un Luchese, ma vi sono dei buoni e cattivi al mio paese."—"I am a Luchese, but there are good, as well as bad, in my country." Aretin the satirist, yclept "the Bitter Tuscan," and who hated Lucca for some slight shewn to him, said, that when their best actress was acting with energy, she always threw one, or both of her arms, out of the republic; meaning it was so contemptibly small. In my time there was a custom of sending presents of sweetmeats, for which they are famous, and oil, to all foreigners of distinction who visit their town. I wished much to remain there longer, but was obliged to hurry on to Pisa, where I arrived the following day.

On my arrival I immediately sought out Viganoni, the charming tenor singer, so well known in this country. He was decidedly the best mezzo carattere

in Italy; he was engaged at the theatre, and his prima donna was Signora Clementina Bagliona. When I delivered my letter of introduction to him, he took me to see her. They both behaved with great kindness to me, and invited me to stay a week at their house; an invitation which I was the more inclined to accept, as, during that particular week, the festival of the Battle of the Bridge, so renowned and so extraordinary, was appointed to take place.

It would hardly be believed, if it were not generally known, that upon this occasion, two armies of citizens, accoutred *cap-à-pie*, the one representing the army of St. John the Baptist, the other, that of St. Antonio, meet to dispute the passage of a bridge across the Arno, and do not separate till one or other has conquered. The battle is real, and contested with the most inveterate obstinacy, many of the combatants being desperately wounded, and sometimes killed.

Surely this barbarous custom is unworthy a civilized nation.

Previous to the exhibition of this extraordinary spectacle, Viganoni took me to see the baths, which are considered extremely efficacious in pulmonary complaints. They are admirably constructed, and are visited by invalids from all parts of Europe,

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amongst whom are many English. While there, a man was pointed out to me, whose head was shaved, and who wore the dress of a galley-slave, sweeping the baths. He did the most laborious work by day, and at night was chained on board a Tuscan galley, which lay in the Arno. This man was the well-known Giuseppe Afrissa, who had visited and been received at all the courts of Europe; and at Vienna, had been in such favour with the Emperor Francis I. and his Empress, Maria Theresa, that he sat at their table, and was appointed Master of the Revels at Schoënbrunn and all the royal palaces! He was banished from Vienna for some disgraceful act, but not before he had contrived to lose at the gaming-table every shilling of a large fortune, which he had originally acquired there. He returned to Turin, his native place, where he joined with four notorious swindlers, who travelled into various countries, committing forgeries. In England and Holland they were particularly successful. At length Afrissa was arrested in his career at Pisa, by a Dutch merchant, on whom he had committed a forgery to an immense amount; he was tried, and condemned to hard labour as a galley-slave for life. When seized, he was in company with one of his associates, a Genoese, who instantly

took a small phial from his pocket and swallowed the contents. He died in great agonies. Of the fate of the rest of the gang, I never heard any thing.

I remember well, that the day on which I saw this man, I dined with Signora Bagliona, and Signor Soderini, who had just returned from England, where he had been for several years one of the violin players at the Opera House, while Giardini was leader. He was one of the ugliest men I ever saw. When M. Favar was first ballet-master, Soderini went on the stage, after the rehearsal, and said to him, "Allow me, my dear Sir, to introduce myself to you;—you are the dearest friend I have on earth,—let me thank you a thousand times for the happiness you have conferred on me by coming amongst us;—command me in any way, for whatever I do for you, I can never sufficiently repay you!"

The ballet-master, who had never seen or heard of Soderini before, was astounded; at last, he said, "Pray, Sir, to what peculiar piece of good fortune may I attribute the compliments and professions with which you favour me?"

"To your unparalleled ugliness, my dear Sir," replied Soderini; "for before *your* arrival, I was considered the ugliest man in Great Britain."

The ballet-master, (strange to say, since he really was so ugly,) took the joke in good part, and they

became extremely intimate; but amiable as they were to each other, they were universally known as the ugly couple! This anecdote Soderini told me himself.

I was very much stricken at Pisa with the resemblance which the quays of that city bear to those of Dublin. The cathedral and leaning tower are beautiful and curious; yet, of all places in Italy, I left Pisa with the least regret; its sombre appearance, and want of amusement, did not at all suit my mercurial spirits; and, although extremely grateful to my friend Viganoni for his hospitality, I confess I felt almost pleased when I quitted it.

The following evening I reached Florence;—Florence too, that was to make my future fortunes, or un-make them quite. I went direct to an English hotel, kept by an Englishman of the name of Meggot, where I had a very good bed-room and board, at the rate of three shillings English per day. Immediately upon my arrival, I called upon Signor Campigli, a rich jeweller, who was also manager of the Pergola theatre: he was, besides, a *sensale* (a broker), and furnished theatres with performers, for which he received a per centage from both manager and singer. He was very rich, and his influence supposed to be so great, that no performer dared risk making him an enemy.

Pachierotti alone excepted, who has declared to me, that he never would have dealings with a man whom he considered, half jokingly, a trafficker in human flesh. But Pachierotti was at this time immensely wealthy, and could do what he chose. Independent of the fortune which his talents secured him, he was supposed to have received large sums from an English lady of high birth, who was said to be fervently attached to him.

The shop of this Campigli was on the Ponte di Trinità. I found him at home, and delivered my letter from Aprile: after reading it, he told me, that I had just come in the nick of time, as he could offer me an engagement as first comic tenor, at the Teatro Nuovo, which was to be opened, for the first time, the week after Easter. If I accepted it, I should have to perform from the middle of April till the end of June, for fifty zecchinos, about 23*l.* sterling, which I was glad enough to get, considering that the engagement was on the spot.

I next delivered my letter of recommendation to Lord Cowper, who received me with the greatest kindness. His Lordship had most pleasing and affable manners. He spent his princely fortune with the greatest liberality, patronising the arts and artists nobly; and indeed, had more influence in Florence than the Grand Duke himself His Lordship invited me to dinner. Sir Horace Mann, our

minister at the court of Tuscany, then very old, and Mr. Merry, the Della Cruscan, who afterwards married the elder Miss Brunton, of Covent Garden Theatre, sister of the present Countess of Craven, were of the party.

In the evening, Lady Cowper gave a concert to a large party. There I had the gratification of hearing a sonata on the violin played by the great Nardini; though very far advanced in years, he played divinely. He spoke with great affection of his favourite scholar, Thomas Linley, who, he said, possessed powerful abilities. Lord Cowper requested him to play the popular sonata, composed by his master, Tartini, called the Devil's Sonata. Mr. Jackson, an English gentleman present, asked Nardini, whether the anecdote relative to this piece of music was true, for Mr. de la Lande had assured Dr. Burney that he had it from Tartini's own mouth.

Nardini answered, that he had frequently heard Tartini relate the circumstance, which was neither more nor less than this:—He said that one night he dreamed that he had entered into a contract with the devil, in fulfilment of which his satanic majesty was bound to perform all his behests. He placed his violin in his hands, and asked him to play; and the devil played a sonata so exquisite, that in the delirium of applause which he was bestowing, he awoke, and flew to the instrument to endeavour

to retain some of the passages, but in vain! they had fled! yet the sonata haunted his imagination day and night, and he endeavoured to compose one in imitation, which he called "The Devil's Sonata:" but it was so inferior to the sonata of his dream, that he has been heard to say, that if he had had any other mode of gaining a living, he would have left the musical profession. I hope my being able to add the additional authority of Nardini himself, as to the truth of this anecdote, will be my excuse for repeating what has been so ably related by Dr. Burney. Nardini was the favourite scholar of Tartini, and was allowed to possess more of his master's excellence than any other.

The opera in which I was to make my appearance at Florence, was "Il Francese in Italia,"—the Frenchman in Italy. I was to play the Frenchman, and as it was a good part, Lord Cowper advised me to take some lessons in acting, for which purpose he introduced me to Laschi, who had been the greatest actor of the day, but was at that time living in retirement at a country-house near Florence. He undertook to instruct me, and did it *con amore*; nothing could exceed the pains he took with me, and I endeavoured by rigid attention to reap the full benefit of his instruction.

Campigli advised me to leave my lodging at the hotel, and placed me in the house of one Signor

Cechi, his stage-manager, a very good sort of man, who took in theatrical people.—(If I might be allowed a pun, I should say, more managers than one do *that.)* At his house I had a good bed-room, the use of a large drawing-room, in common with other boarders, with breakfast, dinner, coffee, supper, and as much of the wine of the country as I chose every day, for 1*l.* 15*s.* British money, per month!

Amongst the boarders was Signor Andreozzi, who was then composing an opera for the Pergola theatre. He was an eccentric man and a great genius, and his language was always technical. He told me one morning that he had just called upon Morichelli, the prima donna in his opera, for whom he was composing a song. "I found her," said he, "in a *motivo penseroso.* I approached her in *andante Siciliano*, followed by a movement *allegretto vivace*, when she ran up a division of abuse *con spirito*, and came out with two false fifths and a change of key so discordant, that I was obliged to quit the house in a *motto prestissimo*, to *volti subito* and run down stairs, leaving her screaming *in tempo furioso!*"

The rehearsals began; we had a fine orchestra and a good company. My prima donna was Signora Lortinella, a native of Rome: she was called Ortabella, from her extraordinary beauty; indeed, I

never saw any thing more lovely than she was; she was also a very fine singer. Signor Morigi, the primo buffo, who had been so popular in London in the part of the German Soldier, in Piccini's "La Buona Figliuola." He was still a great actor, though infirm. He never sung his old song, "Paterno Giudizzio," without applause; for if the audience failed, he never failed to applaud himself. He would make his exit, clapping his hands loudly, and saying, "Well! if they want taste, I do not!" One thing I must say of him, poor fellow! during the whole time I knew him I never once saw him guilty of ebriety! yet, having been a great favourite, the sober Tuscans laughed at him and with him, and found an excuse for his failing in his misfortunes; they said he was driven to the last and worst resource of the unhappy by the death of his only child, a beautiful girl, full of talent and promise, who lost her senses, and died in a mad-house in Bologna in her twenty-third year!

The eventful night fixed for my first appearance at length arrived. I made my *début*, and received a most flattering reception. I was encored in two of my songs and a duet. Though, at that time, I would not have exchanged situations with the Grand Duke himself, I was so elated by my success; yet I could not avoid attributing it, in a great measure, to my extreme youth, and the strong

party made for me by Lord and Lady Cowper, and all the English that were in Florence; besides, I was the first British male singer who had ever sung in Italy, or indeed on the Continent. Several other persons of distinction also patronised my first appearance, which was honoured by the presence of the Pretender, who entered his box before the opera began. He was at that time very old and infirm, yet there appeared the remains of a very handsome man. He was very tall, but stooped considerably, and was usually supported by two of his suite, between whom he hobbled; in this state he visited one of the theatres every night (he had a box in each); in a few minutes after he was seated, he fell asleep, and continued to slumber during the whole performance. The Italians always called him the King of England, and he had the arms of England over the gates of his palace, and all his servants wore the royal livery. The order of the Garter, which he wore when I saw him, he left to his natural daughter, Princess Stolberg.

The magnificent theatre, La Pergola, was open at this time; during the spring season, it was considered the first in Italy. Here I first saw our old favourite, Rovedino, perform with the prima donna La Morichelli, and excellent they both were, in Anfossi's comic opera, "Il Viaggiatore Felice." There was another theatre, a small one, La Via

del Cocomera, in which Morelli had often delighted the Florentines with his magnificent bass voice, which, take it for all in all, was the finest I have ever heard.

It is perhaps not generally known, that, in the early part of his life, Morelli was Lord Cowper's volante, or running footman. One night, when going to bed, his Lordship's attention was attracted by some one singing an air, from an opera then in vogue; the person was seated on the steps of a church, opposite to his Lordship's palace: the prodigious quality of the voice, the fine ear and excellent taste displayed, astonished his Lordship. He ordered his valet to inquire who the extraordinary performer could be; the valet replied, "that he knew very well; it was young Giovanni, one of his Lordship's volantes. His ear for music is so perfect," said the valet, "that whatever he hears, he catches instantly: he often sings to the servants, and is the delight of us all." The following morning, Giovanni was ushered into his Lordship's breakfast room, where he sang several songs, in a style and with execution to surprise him still more! His Lordship ordered Signor Mansoli, Signor Verolli, and Camparini, Maestro di Cappella to the Grand Duke, to hear him: they all declared it the finest voice they had ever heard, and that he only wanted instruction to become the very first bass

singer in the world! "Then," said Lord Cowper, "that he shall not want long,—from this moment I take him under my protection, and he shall have the best instruction Italy can afford."

His Lordship kept his word; and for two years, Morelli had the first masters that money could procure. At the end of that time, he was engaged as primo buffo at Leghorn. He then went the round of all the principal theatres with great éclat. At the Teatro della Valle in Rome, he was perfectly idolized, often singing at the Carnival. He was engaged at the Pergola theatre; and his success, on his return to Florence, was triumphant indeed! I have often heard him say, that the proudest day of his life was that on which his former master, Lord Cowper, invited him to dine with him. This must, indeed, have been gratifying to him; but what honour does it not reflect on the liberality of his noble and generous patron!

I had the good fortune to be noticed by Signor Giuarduci, the celebrated soprano, and he gave me a few lessons. He had been the first cantabile singer of his time, and his sostenuto singing was still admirable. I went to pass a few days with him, at a villa which he had built, on his retirement from public life, at Montefiascone, his native town. From the house, there were beautiful views of the Lake of Balseno, and the Hills of Viterbo; but the pros-

pect most interesting to me, was the vineyard! The wines of Montefiascone are considered exquisite, and I must say, I proved my opinion of them by copious libations! Fortunately, Signor Giuarduci was a liberal and hospitable landlord; and I shall ever retain a grateful sense of his kindness.

While performing at Florence, I received a letter from Mr. Linley, the father-in-law of Mr. Sheridan, and joint patentee with him in Drury Lane Theatre, offering me an engagement for five years, as first singer; and I was on the point of replying to him, when I received another letter from him, stating, that he must reluctantly decline entering into any engagement with me for the present, as he had received a prohibition from my father, who even threatened to take legal means to prevent it; which, my being under age, allowed him to do. I thought this both hard and unaccountable, but, as there was no remedy, I was obliged to submit. I afterwards learned that this gave great mortification to Stephen Storace, who was in England, and the originator of the offer to me.

At the latter part of June, my engagement ended at Florence; but my friend Campigli told me, he could offer me an engagement for the Teatro Saint Moïse, at Venice, as first tenor singer in the comic opera. This pleasing intelligence I received

most graciously, and gladly accepted the engagement.

During July and August, I was on the *pavé*, without an engagement; but I had youth, health, and high spirits, with certain zecchinos remaining in my pocket to give them play: add to these, that I had very good friends in Florence; Lord Cowper's house was always open to me, as was that of our Ambassador; and the Polish Prince, Poniatowski, a fine young man, who spoke English fluently, invited me to his concerts and dinners, and gave me frequent marks of his esteem. There was also a Mr. Faulkner, who was very kind to me, and who feasted the Florentines sumptuously.

Florence is a delightful place to live in; the climate is pure, the country charming, and the city magnificent. In my time, the Trinità Bridge (the most beautiful bridge in the world, built entirely of white marble, and adorned with four fine statues, representing the Seasons,) was the constant place of resort for serenaders of all descriptions. Every square, street, indeed every corner of this superb city, is filled with statuary, architecture, and paintings, by Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, Benvenuto Cellini, &c. &c. In the fifteenth century, a rich merchant called Pitti, built the fine palace which still bears his name; but overwhelmed by the expense, he became a bankrupt, and the palace was purchased by the

Medici family. It has continued ever since the residence of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany.

The Dominican church was richly hung with striped silk, red and yellow. The monks of the convent had in it an apothecary's shop, in which they made up medicines of the best quality, and sold them at a very cheap rate: they also sold all kinds of perfumery. The church of St. Marc is a very fine structure; the remains of the celebrated Politian are buried there.

The Casano Wood, something resembling our Hyde Park, is a delightful ride, where the nobility drove their own carriages; on the holidays particularly, the whole population of Florence assembled there; and there Il Commandatore Pazzi, a nobleman of immense fortune, used to exhibit his coachmanship, driving his phaëton with six cream-coloured horses, which he managed with great dexterity. The Baboli Gardens were much frequented in the evening, and were very beautiful. The peasantry of the environs of Florence are considered rich, and all, in a greater or less degree, gifted with a talent for poetry. No young man would dare to apprcach his mistress if he were not able to declare his passion in verse, or *improvvisare* on her beauties!

During my idle time, I went with a large party to Forligani, about twenty-five miles from Florence,

in the Upper Val di Arno, to witness the grand festival, in honour of Santa Massinina. It is a curious fact, that for months, sixteen or seventeen thousand of the peasantry are kept in training to represent the story of David and Goliath. They form two grand armies, the Philistines and the Israelites. Their kings, princes, &c. are all dressed magnificently in ancient costume, with ancient martial instruments, &c. on both sides. The programme was very clearly made out, and well executed. The whole of the challenge, David's acceptance of it, his breaking his adversary's head with a stone, and then cutting it off with his own sword, were all performed in very excellent pantomime. After the general battle and route of the Philistines, the Israelites return, and place David in a triumphal car; his prisoners following, amidst the clang of martial instruments, and the shouts of between twenty and thirty thousand people.

From this extraordinary fête, I went for three days to Sienna, a very pretty city, remarkable for the beauty of its women. The natives of this town have none of the coarse guttural manner of speaking which prevails in Florence, and other parts of Tuscany; indeed, they speak the purest Italian, and in the most common conversation fall into poetry. Ask a Siennese the way to the town,—he answers,

"Varca il fiume,
Passa il monte,
Averà Sienna
Nella fronte."

The landlord of the inn where I put up, took me to see a tomb in the cathedral, bearing the following epitaph,—a hint to wine-bibbers: "Wine gives life! it was death to me. I never beheld the morning sun with sober eyes; even my bones are thirsty. —Stranger! sprinkle my grave with wine; empty the cup, and depart."

While I staid at Florence I had the honour of being intimate with a rich Jew, of the name of Jacobs; he had two beautiful daughters, fine musicians, and lived amongst his tribe with splendid hospitality. The Jews enjoy more privileges in Florence than in any other Catholic country I ever was in.

When I quitted Florence, wishing to pass a short time at Bologna, on my way to Venice, I made an agreement with a vetturino, who had three excellent mules, to take me to Bologna; and set out, under his guidance, upon my journey. We travelled rather slowly; but the roads over the Apennines were rugged and steep. The beauty and sublimity of the prospects, however, compensated amply for the difficulty, or even danger, of crossing their snow-covered summits. On the top

of one was a convent, where we slept the first night, and found a good supper and a hospitable welcome. My vetturino, I must confess, was somewhat of a convivialist, and, to beguile the time, sang Tasso and Ariosto's beautiful verses, with Stentorian lungs, even up to the very gates of Bologna.

Bologna la Grassa, so called from the luxurious country in which it stands, its plenty and cheapness, is a very fine city. There are piazzas on each side of the street, which guard passengers equally from sun and rain; those in the city of Chester resemble them in an inferior degree. The principal curiosities are the leaning tower, so often described.

The morning after my arrival, I sought out the house of Signor Passerini, to whom I had a letter, the purport of which was, to request he would place me in a cheap and convenient boarding house, for the short time I had to remain in Bologna. To my surprise I found he was a hair-dresser, but it gave me great pleasure to find in him the father of my respected singing-master, Signor Passerini, who, as the reader will remember, was one of my first instructors. The old man was delighted to hear me repeat anecdotes of his son, whom he had not seen for many years; and I was so gratified to find something like an acquaintance in the old man, that I took lodgings in his house,

where I had a neat first floor, three meals a day, and wine at discretion, (as the French say of bread,) for 1*l.* 8*s.* British per month. His shop was in a central situation, and the high temple of gossip. Numbers of theatrical and literary people frequented it. There I was introduced to Lovatini, whose fame was so great in England, and to Signor Trebi, also a very popular singer: they were natives of Bologna, and had retired from public life with very ample means.

One morning, sitting very quietly in my dressing gown in the shop, to have my hair dressed, I suddenly heard "The Pope! the Pope!" cried out from every quarter. His Holiness had arrived the day before from Rome, and was now on his way to visit Cardinal Buona Compagnia. Regardless of my appearance, my hair half dressed, my face covered with powder, my dressing gown the same and flying open, I rushed out of the shop, and ran after the carriage of his Holiness, even to the very gates of the Cardinal's palace. I was not a little flattered at seeing how completely I divided public attention with his Holiness. Fancying myself to be "a marvellous proper man," I placed this to the score of my personal attractions; but certain symptoms of laughter, which ended in roars, referred me to my dressing gown for an explanation, and I retired at full speed, laughing too, I confess,

although rather mortified to find that I had given more entertainment than I received.

The theatre, which is one of the largest in Europe, was open, and I saw Cimarosa's beautiful opera, "Il Falegname," ably performed by three great buffo singers—Mandini, Blassi, and Leperini. At this period, Bologna was the mart (the carnival being over in all other places) to which actors from all parts of Italy resorted, to make their future engagements. The large Café dei Virtuosi was filled with them from morning till night, and it was really amusing to see them swarm round a manager the moment he entered. I passed much of my time there, and there first saw and heard the two extraordinary blind brothers, called "Le bravi Orbi." They were natives of Bologna, and during the spring and summer travelled to Rome, Naples, Venice, &c.; their talents were every where held in the highest estimation; the one played the violin with exquisite taste, the other the violoncello with such wonderful execution, as to have obtained from the Bolognese the additional cognomen of "Spacca note"—"Split note." I never missed an opportunity of hearing them.

Signor Lovatini took me to see the Specola Museum, which the Bolognese consider the finest in the world. I was astonished to hear that the wax figures there, were the work of a female, a

native of the town. I also saw the church of La Madonna della Santa Lucia, where she is to be seen as large as life; the church stands on a hill, and, to guard La Madonna from bad weather, when she is carried in procession, a covered way, nearly six miles in length, has been built as an approach to it.

I had a letter to deliver to a Bolognese nobleman, Signor Ferussini, a singular character, though a very worthy man; he was frightfully ugly and hump-backed, yet he was afflicted with the disease of supposing every woman who saw him in love with him; as he was rich he spared no expense in adorning himself, in order to set off his *charms* to the best advantage. I was waiting for him one morning, when he came from his toilette, dressed in a new suit, of the richest and most expensive quality—painted, patched, and made up in every possible way. He placed himself before a large mirror, and indulged himself thus:—"I am handsome, young, and amiable; the women follow me, and I am healthy and rich—what on earth do I want?"—"Common sense, you rascal," said his father (who had just entered the room) in a fury, and immediately knocked him down. Even the immortal Liston might take a lesson in the ludicrous, from my astonished Adonis!

I found here by accident Signora Palmini, the

prima donna, who was engaged to sing with me at Venice. We agreed to travel together. She was a very handsome woman, though on a large scale; her husband, *au contraire*, was a diminutive shrivelled old man, and jealous in the extreme: he, with her mother (an ugly old body,) a little black boy, a servant, and a lap-dog, composed her suite. With these rational and pleasing companions did I embark in the canal passage-boat from Bologna to Ferrara; it was drawn by horses, and nearly half the time employed in getting through the locks. When we arrived at Ferrara, we determined on remaining there a day to look about us: and accordingly left our boat, and went to the Hôtel de St. Marc; we had a very good dinner, and a very merry landlord. He told us many stories in his talkative way: amongst others, one of the *mad* poet, Ariosto, as he chose to call him.

It appears that Ariosto, one day passing a potter's shop in Ferrara, heard the owner singing a stanza of the Orlando Furioso. Attracted by his own poetry, he listened, and found that the potter mangled it most miserably, rendering a most beautiful passage rank nonsense. This so enraged the poet, that, having a stick in his hand, he laid about him lustily, and broke every thing he could reach. When the poor devil of a potter expos-

tulated with him for destroying the property of a man who had never done him any injury, he replied—" 'Tis false, you have done me the deepest injury; you have murdered my verses;—I have caught you in the very fact." When pressed to pay the poor man for some of his property, his only answer was—" Let him learn to sing my poetry, and I will leave alone his pottery."

Ferrara, called Ferrara la Civile, had some noble buildings in it, and fine wide streets, but so thinly peopled that the grass actually grew in many of them. The greater part of the inhabitants wore long swords, which they still call Andrea Ferraras, and were in general expert swordsmen. The place was so miserably dull, that I was glad when the morning came, and we set off in a coach for La Ponte del Lago Scuro, where we arrived in the evening, and embarked again in an excellent barge on the river Po. We had a number of passengers on board—friars, Jews, singers, dancers, &c. &c. all mirth and jollity. A good dinner and supper were provided on board, and each found good spirits, dancing, and singing. From the Po we got into the Adigo, and from that river entered the Laguno leading to Venice.

Venice! dear, beautiful Venice! never shall I forget the sensations of surprise and delight which I experienced when I first caught sight of thee!

thy noble palaces! thy magnificent churches, with their cloud-capt spires! appearing as if just arisen from the sea, and floating on the surface! Years and years have passed away, yet I still call thee, dear, beautiful Venice!

On our arrival, we anchored near the bridge of the Rialto; I and my travelling companions took up our abode at the Hotel called the Queen of England. After dinner, the caro sposo of my prima donna went to inform the manager of our arrival. He soon returned with the face of him who "drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night," and told us that our manager, he by whom we "were to live, or have no life," was not to be found! that not being able to make his deposit, he was unable to make his appearance, and that we had "all the world before us where to choose."

Here was a pretty *coup* for a man with five zecchinos in his pocket. To render the destruction of our hopes intelligible, I must explain, that so many needy speculators had taken the theatre, and failed, leaving their performers destitute, that the Senate had felt it necessary to interfere, and had appointed a person, under whom the following regulations were to be strictly observed: The person proposing to take the theatre was compelled to give in a list of his performers, their salaries, &c. together with every estimated

expense attending his proposed arrangements; and then was forced to give security, or actually deposit money to the amount so stated, before he could procure a licence to open the doors!

My prima donna, her caro sposo, mamma, little black boy, lap-dog, &c. returned to Bologna, as the most likely place to procure another engagement. And here was I left in Venice with the cheering prospect of being six months, (the period for which I was engaged), without employment! I was pennyless! It is true I had a few good clothes, and a small stock of linen; but then I had a large stock of spirits, and felt no poverty in the article of *conceit;* there, indeed, I was affluent, and stood mighty well *with myself;* for hope, the "nurse of young desire," never forsook me. And I had a presentiment that something fortunate would turn up for me!

In the boat from Ferrara there came with us a young man of the name of Lampieri, a fine, generous-hearted fellow, the son of a silk-merchant at Florence, on his way to visit his uncle at Trieste. He was bound to Venice to take a passage for that place, and as we had formed a sort of friendship on board, and he wished to stay a few days to see what was to be seen, we agreed to live together. A friend of his, a good-natured fellow, who was to act

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as cicerone, procured me a lodging on a cheap scale, and we dined every day at a table d'hôte.

Morelli was then engaged at the Teatro St. Samuel. Lampieri, who had known him in Florence, introduced me to him, and he procured us the freedom of his theatre. He again introduced me to Signor Michael dell'Agato, manager of the theatre of St. Benetto, the first serious opera-house, (the Phenice theatre was not then built,) who politely gave the *entrée* before and behind the curtain to myself and companion. This was a source of great delight to me. The first opera I saw there was Orpheo and Euridice. Orpheus was performed by Rubinelli, a native of Brescia; his fine contre-alto voice has never been surpassed, and he was an excellent actor as well as a sound musician. The prima donna was Signora Banti, who had just then returned from London, where she had been engaged at the Opera House. As many of my readers doubtless remember, she had a finely marked countenance, and a noble soprano voice, but was no musician. The difficulties arising from this deficiency she obviated by an extraordinary quickness and niceness of ear, perfect intonation, and strong feeling. She played Euridice finely. The music of this opera was by Bertoni; one duet between Banti and Rubinelli was almost the most exquisite

treat I ever received. Two such voices I never heard before nor since. When a superior contre-alto voice and a fine soprano unite in a duet, nothing can surpass the effect!

The Venetians are in general adorers of music, and Venice, one of the first cities in Europe for the cultivation of that art. It is famous for its female conservatories, of which there are four, which are in fact foundling hospitals, supported by wealthy citizens, &c. where the girls are maintained and educated; some are married from them, and those who display strong talent for music are instructed by the very best masters. They gave concerts every Sunday evening, and on festival days; I heard two, one at La Pietà, the other at La Mendicanti—the former celebrated for its fine orchestra, the latter for its singers. At La Pietà there were a thousand girls, one hundred and forty of whom were musicians: all the instruments were charmingly played by girls. The churches were crowded on those occasions; and while the performance was actually going on, the most perfect silence was observed; but at the conclusion of a piece of music, which excited their approbation, the audience expressed it in the most extraordinary manner,—they coughed aloud, and scraped their feet on the ground, for some moments, but did

not utter a word! which seemed to me a practical mode of pointing out the beauty of concord in opposition to the horrors of discord.

Michael dell' Agato, who was, as I said before, the manager of St. Benetto, invited me to dine with him *tête-à-tête*. He expressed a friendly feeling for me, and gave me advice, which subsequently I found of the greatest utility to me. "In this city," said he, "you will find innumerable pleasures; your youth and good spirits will lay you open to many temptations; but against one thing, and one thing only, I particularly caution you:—never utter one word against the laws or customs of Venice,—do not suffer yourself to be betrayed even into a jest on this subject. You never know to whom you speak; in every corner spies are lurking, numbers of whom are employed at a high price to ensnare the unwary, and report the language of strangers; but with no other protection than a *silent tongue*, you may do what you like, and enjoy every thing without molestation. I will relate an anecdote," added he, "which will give you some idea of our police."

"A countryman of yours came to this city, accompanied by a Swiss valet; he took up his residence at the Scuda di Francia. On his return home one evening, he found his writing-desk broken

open, and a large sum of money taken from it. After making peaceable inquiries, without effect, he flew into a violent rage, charged the landlord and waiters, &c. with being thieves; but, above all, he called them Venetian thieves, and cursed himself for having come into a country where the property of a traveller was not safe even in his own hotel. In the height of his wrath he dismissed his valet for going out and leaving the door of his apartment unlocked; and having thus vented his displeasure, thought the matter ended; but not so. On the third morning after this event, he was roused out of his sleep by the officers of the Inquisition, who informed him, that he must go immediately before the three grand inquisitors. His feelings were not to be envied when, hoodwinked, he was led on board a gondola, and thence into a room hung with black, where sat his judges. After due preparation and solemnity, and a severe lecture on the enormity of the abuse which he had uttered against the Venetian State, its laws, and subjects, he received a peremptory order to quit its territories in twenty-four hours; this he of course tremblingly promised to obey; but just as he turned to leave the tribunal, a curtain was suddenly drawn aside, behind which lay the strangled corpse of his Swiss valet, and the stolen bag of money by his side." I confess this instance of the summary mode of administering

justice in Venice, made a deeper impression upon me than all the good Signor's advice.

About this time I wrote to my father, acquainting him with the situation in which I was left, and requesting a remittance, and gave my address to the care of Signor Zanotti, at the Hotel La Regina d' Inghilterra.

Venice! dear, beautiful Venice! scene of harmony and love! where all was gaiety and mirth, revelry and pleasure, with what warm feelings do I recal thee to my memory; day and night were the gondoliers singing barcarolles, or the verses of Tasso and Ariosto to Venetian airs; barges full of musicians on the Grande Canale, serenading their enamoratas; the Piazza of St. Marc brilliantly lighted up; ten thousand masks and ballad singers; the coffee-houses filled with beautiful women, with their cicisbeos; or if alone, unmolested, taking their refreshments and enjoying themselves without restraint. Venice was the paradise of women, and the Venetian women worthy of a paradise at least of Mahomet's. They were perfect Houri; and the Venetian dialect, spoken by a lovely woman, is the softest and most delicious music in the world to him whom she favours. In short, a Venetian woman, in her zindale dress, well answers young Mirable's description in the play of the Inconstant; "Give me the plump Venetian, who smiles upon

me like the glowing sun, and meets my lips like sparkling wine; her person shining as the glass, her spirit like the foaming liquor."

My friend Lampieri received a letter from his uncle at Trieste, desiring him to proceed thither immediately; this was bad news for me; for besides the loss of my agreeable companion, I felt that I should lose his pecuniary assistance, which, "though somewhat of the smallest, Master Matthew," as Bobadil says, was generously and frankly given. A Ragusan polacca was to sail in about a week, on board of which he took his passage; the intermediate time we resolved to pass in pleasure; the mornings we usually spent on the Rialto,—it was a favourite lounge, crowded with shops, where merchants of all countries meet. It is their exchange, and a scene of continual bustle, crowded with Christians, Turks, Armenians, and Jews. The latter enjoyed but little liberty in this city,—they were obliged to wear a piece of red cloth in the hat, by way of distinction, (which, considering how much the hand of Nature has done for them in that way, seems superfluous,) and to live in a particular quarter called La Giudica, and were obliged, under a heavy penalty, to be in their houses before sun-set.

When Lampieri was forced to go, I was unhappy enough; my finances were becoming deplorable,

and I was obliged to part with a kind and dear friend. I saw him on board the polacca, and took leave of him with an aching heart. He had expended almost his last ducat, and I had but two zecchinos left wherewith to fight my way through this wicked world. My spirits, for the first time, deserted me: I never passed so miserable a night in my life, and in shame of my "doublet and hose," I felt very much inclined to "cry like a child." While tossing on my pillow, however, I chanced to recollect a letter which my landlord of Bologna, Signor Passerini, had given me to a friend of his, a Signor Andrioli: for, as he told me, he thought the introduction might be of use to me.

In the morning, I went to the Rialto coffee-house, to which I was directed by the address of the letter. Here I found the gentleman who was the object of my search; after reading my credentials very graciously, he smiled, and requested me to take a turn with him in the Piazza St. Marc. He was a fine looking man, of about sixty years old. I remarked there was an aristocratic manner about him, and he wore a very large tie-wig, well powdered, with an immensely long tail. He addressed me with a benevolent and patronizing air, and told me that he should be delighted to be of service to me, and bade me from that moment consider myself under his protection. "A little

business," said he, "calls me away at this moment, but if you will meet me here at two o'clock we will adjourn to my Casino, where, if you can dine on one dish, you will perhaps do me the favour to partake of a boiled capon and rice. I can only offer you that; perhaps a rice soup, for which my cook is famous; and it may be, just one or two little things not worth mentioning."

A boiled capon—rice soup—other little things, thought I,—manna in the wilderness! I strolled about, not to get an appetite, for that was ready, but to kill time. My excellent, hospitable, long-tailed friend, was punctual to the moment; I joined him, and proceeded towards his residence.

As we were bending our steps thither, we happened to pass a Luganigera's (a ham-shop), where there was some ham ready dressed in the window. My powdered patron paused,—it was an awful pause; he reconnoitred, examined, and at last said, "Do you know, Signor, I was thinking that some of that ham would eat deliciously with our capon:—I am known in this neighbourhood, and it would not do for *me* to be seen buying ham—but do you go in, my child, and get two or three pounds of it, and I will walk on, and wait for you."

I went in of course, and purchased three pounds of the ham, to pay for which, I was obliged to change one of my two zecchinos. I carefully folded

up the precious viand, and rejoined my excellent patron, who eyed the relishing slices with the air of a *gourmand;* indeed, he was somewhat diffuse in his own dispraise for not having recollected to order his servant to get some before he left home. During this peripatetic lecture on gastronomy, we happened to pass a cantina;—in plain English—a wine cellar. At the door he made another full stop.

"In that house," said he, "they sell the best Cyprus wine in Venice,—peculiar wine,—a sort of wine not to be had any where else; I should like you to taste it; but I do not like to be seen buying wine by retail to carry home;—go in yourself, buy a couple of flasks, and bring them to *my Casino;* nobody hereabouts knows you, and it won't signify in the least."

This last request was quite appalling; my pocket groaned to its very centre: however, recollecting that I was in the high road to preferment, and that a patron, cost what he might, was still a patron, I made the plunge, and, issuing from the cantina, set forward for my venerable friend's *Casino*, with three pounds of ham in my pocket, and a flask of wine under each arm, *sans six sous et sans souci!*

I continued walking with my excellent and long-tailed patron, expecting every moment to see an elegant, agreeable residence, smiling in all the

beauties of nature and art; when, at last, in a dirty miserable lane, at the door of a tall dingy-looking house, my Mæcenas stopped, indicated that we had reached our journey's end, and, marshalling me the way that I should go, began to mount three flights of sickening stairs, at the top of which I found his Casino,—it was a little Cas, and a deuce of a place to boot,—in plain English, it was a garret. The door was opened by a wretched old miscreant, who acted as cook, and whose drapery, to use a gastronomic simile, was "done to rags."

Upon a ricketty apology for a table was placed a tattered cloth, which once had been white, and two plates; and presently in came a large bowl of boiled rice.

"Where's the capon?" said my patron to his man.

"Capon!" echoed the ghost of a servant—"the ——"

"Has not the rascal sent it?" cried the master.

"Rascal!" repeated the man, apparently terrified.

"I knew he would not," exclaimed my patron, with an air of exultation for which I saw no cause; "well, well, never mind, put down the ham and the wine; with those and the rice, I dare say, young gentleman, you will be able to make it out.—I ought to apologise—but in fact it is all your own

fault that there is not more; if I had fallen in with you earlier, we should have had a better dinner."

I confess I was surprised, disappointed, and amused; but, as matters stood, there was no use in complaining, and accordingly we fell to, neither of us wanting the best of all sauces—appetite.

I soon perceived that my promised patron had baited his trap with a fowl to catch a fool; but as we ate and drank, all care vanished, and, rogue as I suspected him to be, my long-tailed friend was a clever witty fellow, and, besides telling me a number of anecdotes, gave me some very good advice; amongst other things to be avoided, he cautioned me against numbers of people who, in Venice, lived only by duping the unwary. I thought this counsel came very ill *from him.* "Above all," said he, "keep up your spirits, and recollect the Venetian proverb, Cento anni di malinconia non pagheranno un soldo dei debiti."—"A hundred years of melancholy will not pay one farthing of debt."

After we had regaled ourselves upon my ham and wine, we separated; he desired me to meet him the following morning at the coffee-house, and told me he would give me a ticket for the private theatre of Count Pepoli, where I should see a comedy admirably acted by amateurs; and in

justice to my long-tailed friend, I must say, he was punctual, and gave me the ticket, which, however, differed from a boiled capon in one respect—he got it gratis.

Having obtained this passport, I dressed myself, and went to the parterre, which was filled with elegant company. The play was " La Vedova Scaltra," in which the Count Pepoli displayed much talent. However, I had no heart, no spirit for amusement, and sat mournful and moneyless, in the midst of splendour and gaiety, without hope or resource, and careless of what became of me; I was contrasting the past with the present, and the prospect before me, and repeating to myself Dante's expressive lines, " Non v' è nessun maggiore dolore che di ricordarsi del tempo felice quando siamo nella miseria,"—when I perceived the eyes of a lady and gentleman, who were at the upper part of the parterre, fixed on me, as if they were speaking of me. At the end of the play, the gentleman approached me, and said, " Sir, the lady who is with me, and who is my wife, requests to speak to you." I went, and she said to me, " I rather think, Sir, you are the young Englishman (which I was called at Venice), who was engaged at St. Moïse, as tenor singer."

" I am that unfortunate personage, Madam," said I.

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She then introduced herself to me as La Signora Benini, a name well known all over Italy, as that of the first comic singer and actress of the day. She told me that she was going to set off for Germany in a few days, being engaged as prima buffa, for the autumn and carnival at Gratz, the capital of Styria. She had that morning received a letter from the manager, acquainting her that Signor Germoli, who was engaged as first tenor singer, had disappointed him, and eloped to Russia *sans cérémonie*; at the same time authorising her to engage any person capable, in her opinion, of filling his place. "Now, Signor O'Kelly," (for, at Naples, Father Dolphin tacked an *O* to my name,) said the lady, "I wish to offer you this engagement; come and take chocolate with us to-morrow morning, and we will talk the matter over."

Here was a change! ten minutes before, a beggar, in a strange country, plunged in despair; now, first tenor of the Gratz theatre; at least it was as completely settled in my mind, as if the articles had been actually signed; and with a bounding heart, I returned home to my late miserable bed, and slept—Oh, ye Gods, how I slept!

I was punctual the following morning; exactly at ten I was set down by a gondola at the house of Signora Benini, on the Canale Maggiore. The Signora received me at her toilette; where she was

braiding up a profusion of fine black hair. I thought her handsome at the play the night before, but the Italian women all contrive to look well by candlelight; nature gives them good features, and they take care to give themselves good complexions. But Signora Benini wanted not "the foreign aid of ornament;" her person was petite, and beautifully formed; her features were good, and she had a pair of brilliant expressive eyes. After breakfast, she requested me to sing. I sang my favourite rondo, "Teco resti, anima mia." She appeared pleased, and said she had no doubt of my success. The terms, she said, were to be two hundred zecchinos for the autumn and carnival, and to be lodged free of expense; at the same time, she offered me a seat in her carriage, and to pay my expenses to Gratz. "Hear this, ye Gods, and wonder how ye made her!" For fear of accidents, I signed the engagement before I left the house.

I passed a couple of hours with the Signora delightfully; she possessed all the Venetian vivacity and badinage, together with great good sense and much good nature. I related my adventure with my knight of the long-tail, told her of the capon, the Cyprus wine, &c.; which amused her greatly. It seemed she knew his character well: in his younger days he had been by turns, an actor and a poet, and was at that time supposed to be a spy in the pay of

the police; one of those whom I had been specially advised most carefully to avoid; indeed she counselled me to be cautious, but not to slight him; he might be a negative friend, but if offended, a positively dangerous enemy. "Remember the proverb," said the Signora, "let sleeping dogs lie; they may rise and bite you." While recounting the disbursements which I had made in the purchase of the repast, she observed that I was reduced to my last zecchino, and in the kindest manner advanced me some money on account.

I was now at the very summit of prosperity in my own opinion; but one cannot enjoy happiness alone; so when I left the Signora, I flew to the coffee-house, where I found the knight of the tail. I desired him to meet me at the Stella d' Oro tavern at three o'clock, where *I* would treat *him* with a capon. The innkeeper's poulterer was rather more punctual than my patron's, and we had an excellent dinner. I related my good fortune, and, in short, told him every thing that had occurred, except the advance which I had received; for, barring the importance of his tail, I thought the knight had a borrowing countenance.

The Signora, with her husband, her lap-dog, servant, and myself, set off in a gondola for Mestra, where we found her travelling-carriage, in which we proceeded day and night, till we reached Gorizia,

where we remained a day to repose ourselves. The part of the Venetian States through which we passed abounds in beauties; as Goldsmith says,

> "Could Nature's beauties satisfy the breast,
> The sons of Italy were surely blest."

I suffered greatly from the cold, as we proceeded into Germany; the roads were hilly and heavy, the cattle miserable, and the post-boys incorrigible. But what was all this to me? I was in a comfortable carriage, in pleasant society, and seated opposite to a beautiful woman of six-and-twenty. At length, we arrived at Gratz; Signora Benini's house was elegantly fitted up. The manager waited on her, and after dinner conducted me to the apartments which were taken for me. Before I quitted her, the Signora insisted on my accepting a cover at her table every day, and indeed evinced the greatest friendship and hospitality towards me.

A great number of nobility resided in this pleasant lively city, and many rich merchants; but which was far better for me, a great number of Irish officers, among whom were Generals Dillon, Dalton, and Kavanagh. General Dalton was commandant; and when I was introduced to him, I was delighted to find that he remembered my father, for whom he expressed the highest respect, and indeed said every thing that could gratify the feelings of a son; at the same time assuring me he

would be happy to see and serve me at all times. He kept his word amply, for I found in *him* a father when I wanted advice, and his acquaintance was of course an introduction to the best society.

He was an enthusiast about Ireland, and agreed with me that the Irish language was sweeter and better adapted for musical accompaniment than any other, the Italian excepted: and it is true that, when a child, I have heard my father sing many pathetic Irish airs, in which the words resembled Italian so closely, that if I did not know the impossibility, the impression on my memory would be that I had heard him sing in that language.

To return to Gratz: the time at length arrived for opening of the operatic campaign. The company was good, the first comic man, Guglielmi, excellent; La Signora Benini was a great favourite. The first opera was "La vera Costanza," the music by Anfossi. I had some good songs in it, and was in high spirits.

As it was the custom for the ladies, the first night of the opera, to go in grand gala, the boxes and parterre were a perfect blaze of diamonds, and every part of the house was crowded. I was supported by numbers of my countrymen, who were present; and, independently of them, the applause I received was beyond my expectations, and far beyond my merits.

The carnival at length arrived, with all its

wonted jollity; and, to my astonishment, I found that the sober Germans understood masquerading and keeping up the frolic of the season as well as the inhabitants of any part of Italy, Venice excepted. On those occasions I was seldom "lost in the throng;" indeed, I had nothing to do but to enjoy myself.

Amongst the distinguished persons to whom General Dalton's friendship introduced me, was the Governor of Gratz, a most highly-gifted nobleman, whose wife laboured under the extraordinary misfortune of not having seen her own face for many years! She was considered the most complete mistress of the art of enamelling in Germany!

> "And all, save the" husband, "could plainly descry,
> From whence came her white and her red."

Independently of this little failing, she was an amiable, accomplished woman, though proud; and, what was more to my purpose, a good musician. When General Dalton introduced me to her, I had the pleasure of hearing her play very finely on the piano-forte. I recollect she found fault with the manner in which my hair was dressed, observing that it would become me better if combed off my forehead. I defended my mode, merely on the score of being used to it; on which

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she said, "My good young man, bear in mind what I now say; while you live, eat and drink to please yourself; but in dress always study to please others."

About this time, Grétry's opera of "Selima and Azor" was sent from Vienna, and put into rehearsal. Signora Benini performed Selima; and I the Prince. It was brought out under the immediate patronage of the Governor's lady, who attended all the rehearsals herself. No expense was spared on the scenery and decorations. The second dress I wore, that of the Prince, after being transformed from the monster, was very magnificent; and, to render it more so, the Countess made my turban herself, and almost covered it with her own diamonds! I often thought, while bearing those shining "honours thick upon me," that I should be a lucky fellow, if, like Gil Blas, I could make a bolt, merely for the sake of a *jest!* but had I been so inclined, it "might not so easily be," as the Countess, though she had the highest opinion of my *honour*, thought it not amiss to place her maître d'hôtel behind the scenes, to support it, should it be inclined to make a slip with her diamonds! I was allowed this splendour only for three nights—at the end of the third, I sighed, and returning the turban to the lynx-eyed maître d'hôtel, said, with Cardinal Wolsey, "Fare-

well, a long farewell to all my greatness;"—"Addio a tutta la mia grandezza."

The end of the Carnival was now approaching, and with it was to terminate my engagement. It was fortunate for the manager that his season was so near a close, for, returning one morning from a ball, where I had been heated by dancing, I caught a dreadful cold, which confined me to my bed, and an intermezzo opera was got up without me. In a short time I got rid of my fever, but my voice was deprived of all power, or rather of intonation. Although I was gifted by nature with a perfect ear, yet, when I attempted to sing, my voice was so sharp as to be near a note above the instruments, and though I could distinguish the monstrous difference, I could not by any effort correct it. I was obliged to give up singing at the theatre, and was completely wretched! My complaint baffled the skill of all the faculty at that time in Gratz, though the surgeon of an Irish regiment quartered there, a Mr. O'Brein, who stood high in his profession, assured me that it arose from great relaxation; but even in that case, it was impossible to account for the loss of ear and intonation, which nature had formed so perfect. He, however, expressed great hopes of my recovery, resting them on my youth and excellent constitution, and bade me look for the return of

fine weather with good spirits. But, above all, he advised me, if possible, to return to the mild and genial air of Italy, that of Germany being too keen for me; so much so, as to render the return of my voice doubtful, notwithstanding his hopes. On his expressing the same opinion to General Dalton, the General sent for me, and in the most soothing terms, desired me to prepare for an immediate return to Italy, as both my life and bread depended on it.

What a reverse of fortune! but a few weeks before I was the happiest of the happy! caressed by my friends! a favourite with the public! with every prospect of a renewed engagement; possessing health, spirits, and competence.

My kind patron, the General, gave me letters of recommendation to the Countess of Rosenberg, (an English Lady, whose maiden name was Wynne,) to the Austrian Ambassador, Count Durazzo, Count Priuli, the Cornaro family, and to the senator Benzoni; besides these, I had a particular introduction to Mr. Strange, British *chargé d'affaires* in Venice.

The stage-manager of the theatre, an Italian of the name of Melaga, was going to Venice for the express purpose of engaging a tenor singer to fill my situation. We agreed to travel together, and I felt happy in havng such a *compagnon de voyage*,

for he was merry and witty, a native of Bologna, and the very man to drive away low spirits! The second week in Lent, half heart-broken, I took a melancholy leave of my kind and dear friends, and set off for Venice. We had hired a German post waggon, which they call a chaiser, and a complete bone-setter it was! While undergoing its operations, nothing could have so ably aided its torments, as the unconquerable phlegm of the postilion; whatever one suffers,—whatever one says, there he sits, lord of your time; you may complain, but it is useless; his horses and his pipe are his objects, and his passengers are but lumber.

Besides this, the extortions on the road were insufferable; we were obliged to add an extra horse, or perhaps more, at the high and mighty will of the postmaster, to our bone-setter, and often to wait two or three hours for those. The ostlers are the greatest thieves in the world! they make no scruple of stealing any part of the luggage they can lay hold of. Our expenses in horses and postilions, till we got out of Germany, came to about one and sixpence a mile, including extortion! provisions were dear, scarce, and bad; we sometimes got good beer, and now and then a bottle of excellent hoffner (Hungarian wine). For my part, I lived chiefly on bread and eggs, but my companion was not so easily satisfied. Nature had gifted him with a voracious appetite,

and an insatiable taste for drinking. He was good security for three bottles of wine a day! and for sleep he was unrivalled! as Prior says,

> "He ate, and drank, and slept,---what then?
> He slept, and drank, and ate again!"

but, when thoroughly awake, and his appetites satisfied, he was full of intelligence and anecdote, good natured, and communicative; and, heaven save the mark!—the ugliest fellow I ever beheld!

He had formerly been in the army, and after running through a small patrimony, resided with an aunt in Alsace, on the very spot where Voltaire, when travelling, was taken seriously ill. In this part of the world, Voltaire was equally unknown, as a poet or a deist; and the good people of Alsace, in whose house he was, and who spoke hardly any French, thought the best thing they could do for a dying man, would be to procure for him the consolations of religion. Every one is acquainted with Voltaire's hatred for priests and monks, and may conceive how he was disposed to religion by the introduction of one of the clergy into his bed-room, without his knowledge. The unconscious offender, a simple, pious man, walked up to the bed with zeal and solemnity, and, drawing the curtains aside, said to Voltaire, in French, "Sir, can you speak French?" What the emphatic reply of the philo-

pher was, I must be excused from mentioning; suffice it to say, it was accompanied by an order to his valet to kick the priest down stairs!

After going through the purgatory of German roads and German postilions, we arrived in the Venetian States, and remained a day at Palma Nuova, to refresh ourselves, and view its celebrated fortifications, considered to be amongst the strongest in Europe. My companion, as a military man, was delighted while the serjeant who accompanied us, gave a long and perhaps learned dissertation on the art of engineering; to me it was dreadfully tiresome, for, like Mungo, in the Padlock, "What signify me hear, when me no understand!"

My companion prevailed on me to accompany him to Padua, where he had business to transact. It was very little out of our way, and I had a strong desire to see that learned city. When we arrived, we went to an inn, called the Stella d' Oro. Padua was interesting to me, as the birth-place of Tartini; and the two greatest singers of their time were living there retired, Pachierotti and Guadagni. The latter was a Cavaliere. He had built a house, or rather a palace, in which he had a very neat theatre, and a company of puppets, which represented L' Orpheo e Euridice; himself singing the part of Orpheo behind the scenes. It was in this character, and in singing Gluck's beautiful

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rondo in it, "Che farò senza Euridice," that he distinguished himself in every theatre in Europe, and drew such immense houses in London.

His puppet-show was his hobby-horse, and as he received no money, he had always crowded houses. He had a good fortune, with which he was very liberal, and was the handsomest man of his kind I ever saw.

I never was in any place so over-run with mendicants as at Padua; they allow you no peace, but torture you in the name of their patron saint, Saint Anthony. We went to see his church, a very large, old building: the inhabitants call it, Il Santo (the Saint). The interior is superb, crowded with fine paintings and sculpture. There are four fine organs, and a large choir, consisting of celebrated professors, vocal and instrumental. I heard a mass there, composed by Il Padre Vallotti, and both the composition and performance were delightful. There seemed to be a great number of students, native and foreign, in the university; but altogether I did not like the place, and at the end of three days, I left it, with great pleasure, in the common boat, filled with passengers of all sorts, for Venice.

We landed at the Piazza. My companion took leave of me, and I returned to my worthy friend and host, Zanotti, of the Regina d' Inghilterra. Zanotti had formerly been in England, in the

service of Il Cavaliere Pissani, Ambassador to St. James's, and spoke English very well, which made his house much frequented by the travelling English nobility. He had a handsome gondola, which he allowed me to make use of; his gondolier was one of the most lively and intelligent of those expert and witty fellows: they are a privileged caste, and say what they like to their masters and others, no person taking offence at the jest or repartee of a gondolier. In their style, they greatly resemble the lower order of Irish, and are faithful in the extreme, if you put trust in them. Gondoliers were usually called "Momolo" it being the diminutive of St. Girolomo, or St. Jerome, their patron saint. By the way, it is strange, that those gentry, who are, to a man, adorers of the fair sex, should have chosen *him*, of all the saints in the calendar, for their patron, who had declared, that "a good woman was more rare than the phœnix." On this saint's day they have a fête, and not a gondolier will handle an oar if he can avoid it.

The functions in Passion Week were carried on with great solemnity. The Doge went in procession to St. Marc's, where there were six orchestras erected, and High Mass celebrated. There was also a function at St. Giovanni di Paulo. I visited both. The fair of the Ascension coming on, every one was in preparation for it. It lasted fifteen

days: all the theatres were open, and, at night, St. Marc's was brilliantly illuminated. On the Day of the Ascension, the Doge went in grand procession to marry the sea. My host took me to see this truly singular and magnificent sight. The Doge left Venice in his beautiful Bucantore, which contained near three hundred persons. It was superbly adorned, and carried twenty-one oars on each side. There were several bands of music on board. On reaching a certain point, the Doge threw a plain gold ring into the sea; saying, "We marry thee, O Sea! in sign of true and perpetual dominion." He then returned to Venice in the same order; the sea covered with gondolas, barges, and boats, and the spectators rending the air with acclamations.

"Mine host" related a ridiculous circumstance, which took place at this curious marriage ceremony some years before. The celebrated and witty Lord Lyttelton, and several other English gentlemen, went in a barge to see the ceremony. They had on board with them a *lacquais-de-place*, a talkative fellow, making a plaguy noise, explaining every thing that was going on. This unfortunate Cicerone was standing up in the barge, and leaning over it, at the moment the Doge dropped the ring into the sea; the loquacious lacquey bawled out with all his might and strength,—"Now, my Lord, look, look, the Doge has married the sea!"

"Has he," replied Lord Lyttelton; "then go you, you noisy dog, and pay the bride a visit;" and, giving him a push, into the sea went the poor prating valet; he was taken up immediately, without having received any injury beyond a ducking, for which he was well repaid.

Of all the foreign cities I had ever seen, Venice appeared to be the best lighted; to a stranger it seems to be in a general illumination; the shops are kept open until twelve o'clock at night, and most of them not shut at all; the blaze of light which they give is great, particularly those in the Piazza St. Marc and the Freseria, where all the chief milliners and haberdashers live; the taverns are also open the greater part of the night, and supper is always ready "on the shortest notice."

It is quite common for ladies and gentlemen, after they have spent their evening at the different casinos, which many of the noble Venetians have in the Piazza St. Marc, and in which they have concerts, conversaziones, and plays, to form different parties, and adjourn to the taverns to supper. I have often been at these delightful parties: the ladies particularly are fond of these banquets, where good humour, mirth, and pleasantry abound: but they make it a rule, which they never in any instance deviate from, to pay their share of the bill; nor will they allow their cicisbeos or relations to pay for them;—nothing

would offend a Venetian lady more than any man of the party offering to pay for her upon one of their sociable expeditions.

Shortly after my arrival in Venice, I delivered the letter I had from my worthy friend, General Dalton, and was received by the Countess Rosenberg with great kindness; she was a widow, and resided entirely at Venice with an only daughter. The Countess was a native of Wales; her maiden name, as I said before, was Wynne, and she was considered by the Venetians a grand dilettante. I afterwards waited upon his Excellency Priuli, Cornaro, and the beautiful Benzoni, with my letters, and was received by them with equal affability. The Austrian Ambassador, Count Durazzo, who was an intimate friend of General Dalton's, said he should be happy to see me at his conversazione, which he held three times a week; at his house, foreigners of every nation then at Venice assembled, but no Venetian. There is a strict law or custom, that a Venetian senator or nobleman is not allowed to visit a foreign ambassador; not even are their servants permitted to have intercourse with each other, under a severe penalty. However, as I had the happiness to be a British subject, I went on amusing myself very well with the conversazioni, concerts, and suppers, and going to one theatre or another every night, having the freedom of them all: but the

theatre with which I was most pleased was that of St. Angelo, where the inimitable actor, Sacchi, the speaking Harlequin, and his company performed.

There were at that time in Venice, solely for comedies, four theatres—St. Angelo, St. Cassan, St. Luke, and St. Giovan Chrisostomo; but at whichever Sacchi performed, that one was always the best attended. I saw him for the first time perform in Goldoni's comedy, called "The Thirty-two Misfortunes of Harlequin;" he was then considerably turned of seventy years of age, but when he had his Harlequin's jacket and mask on, the vivacity of his manner and activity would have led one to suppose him not above fifty; he was esteemed a great wit, full of bon-mot and repartee: he was allowed to have the power of applying the thoughts and sayings of the best ancient and modern writers extemporaneously, even while assuming in manner and tone the simplicity of an idiot: nothing seemed to come amiss to him, and he was justly the delight of the Venetians.

Amongst the theatrical pieces of the Venetians, the comedies of Four Masques are the most entertaining. These Four Masques are — Pantaloon, who is always supposed to be a rich old Venetian merchant; an old Dottore, supposed to

be an old cunning Bologna lawyer; Harlequin and Brigella are two natives of Bergamosco, servants; the Brigella ought to be clever, acute, and witty,—a knavish intriguer; and the performer of this part, who is not able to retort with quickness and point upon every subject proposed, is not fit to represent the character.

The Harlequin is to represent (in appearance) a stupid, clownish fellow; but under the mask of stupidity, he should possess superlative sharpness of repartee, to answer others without hesitation, and put the most puzzling questions to the Doctor, to Pantaloon, and Brigella. It is delightful to hear good actors of those characters, particularly when they chance to be in the humour to badger each other; and as the dialogue in some of those plays (Goldoni's and some of Gozzi's excepted) is spoken mostly impromptu, it is truly astonishing. Goldoni was a charming writer; Voltaire called him the *Painter of Nature*; his muse was wonderfully prolific; he has written, as I have been told, above one hundred plays, and finished his dramatic career in Paris by writing, when he was upwards of seventy years of age, a comedy in the French language.

Another popular and prolific author was the one I have just mentioned, Conte Carlos Gozzi, a Venetian nobleman. I saw one of his comedies,

which had been translated into German, performed at Vienna; it was a favourite stock piece there: indeed, at one period, Gozzi was the rival of Goldoni, and nearly beat him from the field; he took the theatre of St. Giovan Chrisostomo, and brought forward pieces full of show and pageantry. I saw his Mostro Turchino (the Blue Monster,) Le Tre Corve, (the Three Crows), L'Uccello Belvedere (the Beautiful Bird), &c. all pieces of enchantment, performed; there was, I thought, a great deal of stage effect in them: but his chief dependence at that period was upon gorgeous spectacle. He appeared to go upon the old Spanish proverb, that

> The eye never grows wise;
> All *have* eyes,
> And only few have understanding.

Be that as it may, the public flocked wherever his pieces were represented; and, for a length of time, Goldoni's regular dramas were neglected.

I had the satisfaction, many times and oft (not on the Rialto, but in the very next street to it), to dine in company with the veteran Sacchi, at the house of his Excellency Il Conte Pissani. Nothing could be to me more delightful than the innumerable stories and anecdotes with which this old man's conversation abounded; he was as

sprightly as a boy, full of good humour and good nature. I remember one day he told us a story, that a short time previous, he was passing near the church of St. Giovanni, with a nobleman of very singular character, who was of very obscure origin; but his father having made an immense fortune in the Levant trade, purchased an estate and barony in Friuli for his son. The inordinate pride of this novus homo, rendered him universally ridiculous; but he was much flattered with having the witty Sacchi in his train, who laughed at him even while loading him with adulation.

As they were walking along one day, some priests, carrying the host to a dying person, passed them; every one in the street, as it is the custom in all Roman Catholic countries, fell on their knees, with their heads bare, bowing to the ground; amongst the rest, the proud baron knelt with great devotion; Sacchi, who was close to him, only took his hat off, and slightly inclined his head as the host went by, and did not go on his knees. The baron, quite shocked at this apparent want of religion and respect, exclaimed with affected humility, "Signor Sacchi, I am petrified; to a poor miserable mortal like myself you pay every obsequious homage; yet when the holy host passed you, instead of prostrating yourself before

it, you only made a slight inclination with your head."

"Very true, my Lord," replied Sacchi; "I admit the fact, but the host must not be made game of, and that makes all the difference."

Sacchi was an enthusiast in favour of his art, and its professors who had been celebrated before his time; and was always particularly pleased to recount any anecdotes which might redound to the credit of the profession. He said that the celebrated wit and harlequin, Dominic, was sometimes admitted to the high honour of dining at the table of Louis XIV.; and that Tiberio Fiorelli, who invented the character of Scaramouch, had been the amusing companion of the boyhood of the same great monarch, and that from him Molière himself had learnt much.

One morning, while I was enjoying myself in all the delights of a circle so gay and accomplished as that in which I was luckily placed, I received a visit from my friend and patron with the long tail. He came to tell me that the manager of the theatre at Brescia was in Venice, forming a company to open his theatre with a comic opera for the ensuing fair. The fair at Brescia is greatly frequented from all parts of Italy, by all descriptions of mercantile people; that fair, and the fair of

Senegaglia, in the Pope's dominions (where Catalani was born,) are the greatest in Italy. My patron proposed to introduce me to the manager, which I acceded to, and had an interview with him, which terminated by his engaging me as his tenor singer. He agreed to pay me eighty Venetian golden ducats; not much, to be sure; the time, however, to be employed was not quite two months, and those too in the summer season. But the engagement had advantages besides pecuniary ones; I was delighted to find that my prima donna was to be the beautiful Ortabella, my *first* and great *favourite*. My patron, Signor Bertini (the manager), and I, dined together, and settled the engagement over our wine. My patron and the manager seemed to be old cronies, and I had heard much of Bertini myself, for he had gained a good deal of credit by a trick which he played off upon a celebrated singer whom he had engaged to perform at the last fair, in a grand serious opera; the Signor demanded an enormous salary, which the nobility of Brescia insisted upon it should be given to him, and Bertini was obliged to submit. The expensive Signor never performed any where without receiving, beyond his great salary, all his travelling expenses (let him come from whatever distance he would), and having, during his stay,

apartments for himself, and a table provided for six persons; and these conditions were always included in the Signor's articles.

In pursuance of such an engagement, he arrived at Brescia, and invited three friends to dine with him; they came:—he ordered his servants to let the manager know that he was ready for dinner, and desired it might be put down. The Signor's servant returned, and said that there was no dinner prepared; the infuriated performer went down stairs to the manager, and inquired why his dinner had not been prepared in proper time?—"Sir," replied the manager, "you gave no orders about providing dinner."

"How, Sir," said the singer, "is it not set down in my articles, that you are to provide a table for six persons?"

"Undoubtedly, Sir, such is my agreement, and I do not deny it; if you will walk into the dinner-room," (in the middle of which stood a new table,) "you will see that I have fulfilled it to the letter; there, Sir, is your table, and a handsomer piece of furniture for its purpose, I flatter myself you never saw; and you will find that it accommodates six with the greatest convenience."

"The table is extremely good," quoth the singer, "but where is the *dinner*, Sir?"

"Oh!" replied the manager, "as for the dinner,

that I know nothing about; the words of the engagement are, that I am to provide you a table for six persons; I not only have provided one, but I have gone beyond my bargain, for that will hold *eight;* but not one syllable will you find in the articles which binds me to find you either *eatables* or *drinkables;* and to my engagement I will stick."

"Then, Sir, I will not sing at your theatre," said the Signor.

"With all my heart, Signor," answered Bertini; "you are under a penalty of a thousand zecchinos if you do not fulfil your agreement; I shall be ready to try in a court of law, whether I am bound to provide food for you, when the words in the articles distinctly are, a table for six persons, and nothing more." The manager stuck to his point, and the enraged musician was obliged to submit; but was much more chagrined, it was said, at the trick so successfully played upon him, than at the loss of the dinner to which he thought himself entitled.

As I was not to be at Brescia before the third week in June, I determined to return to Padua to spend a few days during the fair of St. Anthony; for at that period every one who can afford it, resorts thither from Venice; so that during the fair time, Padua, which I found so dull, is crowded with noble Venetians, who vie with each other in

the splendour of their equipages. A Venetian nobleman's establishment is very expensive, as he must have his gondolas and gondoliers in Venice, and when he goes to his country-house, of course a land equipage.

I was exceedingly amused with what I saw in Padua; and amongst the *sights* which possessed the never-failing charm of novelty, were races on the Corso by running footmen, whose speed, I think, would astonish the English patrons of pedestrianism. I found, besides, the attraction of a charming opera; and above all, I there first heard the afterwards celebrated singer, Crescentini. I was delighted. David, the popular tenor of his day, I remember, performed the character of Iarba, the Moorish king, in the opera of "La Didone abbandonata;" and the prima donna, although she sang and acted extremely well, was, since the truth must be told, extremely ugly. At the general rehearsal of the opera, where there were numbers of people assembled, David said, what shewed his want of good nature and gallantry. When Iarba is introduced to Dido, seated on her throne to receive him, his confidant asks him, "Qual ti sembra, O Signor?"—"What do you think of her?" Iarba answers, "Superba e bella." —"Proud and beautiful." Instead of saying this, David substituted the following agreeable excla-

mation, "Superba e brutta!"—"Proud and ugly!" As Mathews says, "it made a great laugh at the time;" but David was much blamed for his attempt at wit, which was reckoned extremely gross, particularly as the lady's homeliness was not to be made a joke of.

The theatre at Padua is handsome and commodious; it has two superb stone staircases, and five rows of boxes. During the fair, there was a grand room open for gambling, called La Sala di Ridotto, where immense sums were won and lost. I went two or three times to see the play, but never attempted to play myself; the bank is generally held by the proprietors of the theatre, who gain more profit by *that*, than they do by either their operas or ballets.

After staying in these scenes of gaiety and dissipation until their termination, I returned to my old quarters at the hotel in Venice, where I found a letter from my father, enclosing a letter of credit on a Venetian banker, together with a letter from Lord Granard to Mr. Strange, the English resident at Venice, which, however, was of no use to me, since Mr. Strange had returned to London about two months before its arrival.

I started in due time to Brescia, and put up at the sign of "The Lobster," where Bertini came to meet me, and conducted me to a lodging which he

had taken for me; it was a second floor of the house, the first floor of which was occupied by La Bella Ortabella herself. I was charmed to be under the same roof with her, and it was, besides, very convenient for me to practise the duets and concerted pieces. The day after she arrived we began our rehearsals; the first opera was "Il Pittore Parigino;" the music, by Cimarosa, was beautiful; —the Painter was the character allotted to me;— the opera pleased very much. The town of Brescia was all alive, being fair-time, and the theatre was crowded; it was a very splendid building; the boxes, of which there were five tiers, were ornamented with glasses, like those of San Carlo, at Naples, and the seats in the pit turned up in the same way as in Padua. Independently of a very good company of singers, there was an excellent, and very expensive corps de ballet.

The proprietor, who was, in fact, our ostensible manager, was a most celebrated personage, Il Cavaliere Manuel, surnamed, "Il Cavaliere Prepotente;" a man of inordinately bad character, and implacable in his revenge, wherever he took offence.—He was enormously rich, but never would pay any evitable debt, which, in some degree, accounted for his wealth; indeed, it was at the risk of life that any body pressed him for money; —he had in his pay a set of Sicari (assassins), who wore his livery, and when commanded by him,

would shoot any person in the streets at noon-day; —woe to the man marked for his vengeance. The dress of these assassins, who were mostly mountaineers from his own estates, consisted of scarlet breeches and waistcoats, and green jackets,—their long hair was tied up in nets; they wore enormous whiskers, and large cocked hats with gold buttons and loops; in their belts were pistols, carbines at their backs, and large rapiers by their sides; and yet those ruffians walked the streets at liberty, and though known by all classes, none dare molest or take notice of them. The Venetian Senate, whose subjects they were, never could subdue them, though they used every means in their power to do so; and such was the state of society at the period of which I speak, that there was scarcely a noble Brescian who had not a set of them in his service, and rarely a week passed without an assassination.

While I was there, one of these fellows walked up to a coffee-house, tapped a gentleman on the shoulder, and begged of him to stand aside; he then levelled his carbine at a person who was sitting on a bench at the coffee-house door, and shot him dead on the spot; yet no one had sufficient courage to secure the murderer, who with the greatest *sang froid* walked unmolested to the church of the Jesuits, della Grazzie, where he was in perfect security.

Unfortunately for me, this Cavalier Manuel made proposals to the prima donna, La Ortabella, which she had the courage to reject. He attributed her coolness to a partiality which he suspected she had for me; and told her, that her refusal of the honour he offered of his protection, was owing to her preference of a vulgar singer, and swore that my interference should be the worst act of my life. She told me this, and felt alarmed for my safety. A foolish frolic increased his hatred towards me.

One day, looking at the frolic and fun going forward in the Fiera, with three or four of the opera singers, I saw a Neapolitan mountebank, moun ed on a stage, holding forth to the crowd, telling their fortunes;—"Egad!" said I to my companions, "I have a mind to ask the mountebank a question which concerns us all:" they entreated me to do so. I accordingly made my way to the rostrum, slipped half a silver ducat into the mountebank's hand, and said to him, "Most potent astrologer, my companions and myself, convinced of your great science, are anxious that you should resolve the question I shall put to you."

The mountebank pocketed the half ducat, and with becoming gravity desired me to state the case.

"The question is," said I, "one which we, performers of the theatre in Brescia, are most anxious

to get answered: it is, whether the proprietor will pay us our salaries when they become due?"

The mountebank replied, "Not one sou, if he can help it."

I left him, and told my companions the prognostication, which they thought it extremely probable would be verified: this trifling circumstance was, of course, repeated by some of my good friends, to his Excellency, who was weak enough to take it as an offence, and told Bertini, that were it not to stop the performance of the theatre, he would annihilate me forthwith; but that, at all events, a day of retribution should come ere long.

My friend Bertini came and told me this, and advised me to be upon my guard whenever I went out. I went to wait upon Signor Conte Momelo Lana, the gentleman to whom Signora Benetti had given me a letter of recommendation, and told him what had passed, and the danger I thought I had to dread. He said he believed, from the well-known implacable temper of my enemy, that I had every thing to fear; "but," said he, "Manuel must know that you are under my protection; and I assure you, that if he *assassinates you, I will revenge you.*" I thanked the Count for his kind intentions, but told him I would rather not trouble him, and that I thought the best thing I could do, was to beat a retreat.

The Count said, I must be cautious how I did *that*, for if he got a scent of my intention, he would order his Sicari to despatch me. "There is but one thing you can do," said he, "to get out of his reach: and I will give you every aid to accomplish it:— the grand ballet of the siege of Troy, which is now performing, lasts an hour and a half at least, and is played after the first act of the opera; immediately before the ballet commences, go to your room, change the coat and waistcoat in which you perform, and put on your own; then lock your door, put your pelisse over you, watch your opportunity while they are in the bustle of preparing the ballet, slip out at the door at the back of the stage, and at the bottom of the street you will find my travelling carriage ready; my servant Stephano shall accompany you till he places you safe in Verona; *once there*, you are out of the reach of Manuel and his assassins; there he has no power to harm you. I will give you a letter of recommendation to my intimate friend and relation, the Count Bevi Acqua, who has interest sufficient to render you every service; he is a worthy man, and a great patron of the arts." He then offered to accommodate me with the loan of money, which I refused, as I had my father's remittance untouched, which was most ample for all my present wants.

It was agreed that I should put his excellent

project into execution the next night; he wrote me the letter for the Marquis Bevi Acqua, and the next evening I followed his directions implicitly, got to the end of the street, found the faithful Stephano, and, as fast as the horses could carry us on an excellent road, at full speed, escaped from Brescia and its threatened perils. I was full of terror till we got a few miles distant; we found horses ready at the first stage, and did not stop till we arrived at Desenzano, on the Lago di Garda, where we were beyond all dread of pursuit. I managed to send a small bundle of clothes the evening before I quitted Brescia to Stephano, which he put into his master's carriage; my trunks I left behind me, and requested my kind friend, Count Momolo Lana, to send them immediately after me to Verona, gave him the amount of what I had to pay for my lodgings, and begged him to write me an account of the sensation my escape made, and to give every publicity to the reasons why I quitted the place: I also left with him a letter to deliver to my kind and friendly Signora Ortabella, expressing the great regret I felt in quitting her, and hoping that we should soon meet on safer ground than Brescia, where a man ran the risk, if only commonly attentive to a woman, of having half a dozen bullets put into his body.

I arrived safe at Verona, which I thought rather fortunate, as the greatest part of the road from

Desenzano was infested by numerous banditti. I scarcely travelled a quarter of a mile without seeing a little wooden cross stuck by the road side, as a mark that some one had been murdered on the spot. I put up at the sign of the Due Tori, and the day after my arrival hired a pair of horses, to take the Count Lana's carriage and his faithful Stephano back to Brescia. On the third day of my residence in Verona, I received a letter from the Count, together with my trunks:—he mentioned in his letter, that on the night of my departure, when the ballet was over, and the second act of the opera just about to begin, the greatest confusion prevailed amongst the performers; they searched every where for me, sent to my lodgings, where of course they could obtain no information, but they had not the slightest suspicion of my flight: an apology was necessarily made from the stage to the public, stating that I was not to be found; and, perforce, the opera was acted, omitting the scenes in which I was concerned.

Immediately afterwards, my friend the Count, caused the letter I had written, (explaining the reasons for my departure, and stating all that Count Manuel had told Bertini, of his intention to annihilate me), to be printed and widely circulated. In his letter to me, he mentioned, that he had a double motive for thus effectually giving publicity to my

case; in the first place, he was anxious to exculpate me with the public, for breaking my engagement; and in the second, his object was, to deter my enemy from following up his revengeful threats, for that if any serious mischance should befal me, the world would, after such an exposition, naturally conclude him to be the author of it, and that he would consequently become responsible. He added, that the public considered me perfectly justified in my conduct.

Count Manuel, when the affair became known, publicly denied ever having had any intention to injure me; but those who knew him, weighing his general character in the scale opposite to that in which they placed the circumstances of the case, fully and clearly detailed as they had been, believed neither his assertions nor asseverations upon this point. I was, however, thank God, out of his reach before his *virtue* was put to the proof; the circumstance was talked of all over Italy, but, in justice to myself, I ought to say, that I never heard of any blame attaching to me for my conduct.

In due season, after my arrival at Verona, I waited upon the Marquis of Bevi Acqua to deliver my letter of introduction. I found him at home in his magnificent house; he received me with marked kindness, and did me the honour to introduce me to his lady and three of her lovely daugh-

ters. The letter explained the particulars of my story, and the Marquis invited me the next evening to a concert at his house. Of course I accepted the invitation. I found an elegant assemblage of the first people of Verona. In the course of the evening, I sang two songs, and accompanied myself on the piano-forte, and the company seemed pleased with me. The story of my escape from Brescia, and its half-romantic cause, had created no small share of interest for me; and when I waited on the Marquis the next morning, I found that he and the Marchioness had planned a public concert for me under their patronage. I was introduced by them to Signor Barbella, the first piano-fortist and composer in Verona, who was directed by the Marquis to engage the concert-room and performers for me; all which he did with economy and punctuality.

The Marquis told me he was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, particularly of Romeo and Juliet, and took me to see the tomb of Juliet. Indeed, the people of Verona are very proud of recounting the history of those ill-fated lovers, and taking foreigners to see their resting place. I felt great delight in visiting the spot. Juliet's tomb was in the church of St. Permo Magiani; its sides were a good deal mutilated, as strangers who visit it are in the habit of breaking off pieces to keep as relics.

Verona, though not very large, is a very handsome city; the streets are wide, and generally well built. Sacchi and his company of comedians were performing at the amphitheatre, said to have been erected by Vitruvius. The arena of Verona is a stupendous fabric; forty-five rows of marble steps surround it; they will hold twenty thousand people, commodiously seated: in the centre of this place, in the summer, there are plays which are acted by day-light; a temporary theatre is erected, which is taken down every winter; there are no boxes; the enclosed space forms an immense pit, with chairs, where the fashionable and better sort of the audience are seated; the second best places are on the steps, twelve or fourteen deep, railed off from the rest of the steps; the seats are all of naked marble, and the whole is in the open air. This immense building, and the Coliseum at Rome, are the two most stupendous fabrics I ever beheld.

There was no city in Italy of its size, at the time I visited it, which could boast of so many good musical amateurs, vocal and instrumental, as Verona. Signor Barbella promised to take me to a concert, performed by one family only; to my very great surprise he took me to gaol, and introduced me to the gaoler. We were shewn into an apartment elegantly furnished, and after we had taken our coffee and chasse, had really an excellent concert; the per-

formers were, the gaoler, who played the double bass; his two eldest sons, first and second violin; a third the violoncello; his youngest son, the viola; one of his daughters presided at the harpsichord, and his two youngest daughters executed some airs and duets extremely well. They had good voices, and sang like true artists: the whole of this gifted family were amateurs; the young men were in different trades, but had they been obliged to live by music, they could in my opinion have successfully adopted it as a profession in any part of Italy. They were all enthusiasts and excellent performers, and extremely courteous in their behaviour; and I returned to my hotel, after having supped with them, much gratified by the pleasant evening I had passed, *though it was in prison.*

The Sunday following this exhibition was appointed for my concert, and the room, owing to the popularity and interest of the Marquis and Marchioness, was crowded; Signor Barbella conducted the performance; Signor Salinbeni was first violin; and, luckily, Signora Chiavaci, a very good singer, was passing through Verona on her way to the theatre at Bergamo at the time, and being an intimate friend of Signor Barbella, at his request, she agreed to stop a day and sing at my concert, which she did gratuitously, and was much and deservedly applauded.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

The nett receipts of this concert were 71 zecchinos (about 30*l*. British); in addition to which, the Marquis made me a special present for his own ticket. I was now *high* in spirits, and not *low* in cash; and, as good fortune never comes alone, on the morning after my concert, I received a letter, forwarded from Brescia to me, from Signor Giani, the manager of Treviso, offering me an engagement for six weeks, at 50 zecchinos, which I accepted, and promised to be in Treviso in three days after the date of my answer.

I waited upon my worthy friends, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bevi Acqua, to take my leave of them, and parted from them with grateful regret; they were all affability and condescension: indeed, I liked every thing about them, except their name, to which, Bevi Acqua, (in English, *Drinkwater*,) at no period of my life could I bring myself to be partial, although there are several very estimable persons so called in England at this present moment. The Marquis gave me a letter to Signora Marcello, a Venetian lady of consideration, who resided at Treviso, whose husband was a noble Venetian, and a descendant of the celebrated composer of sacred music, Benedetto Marcello. Before I set off, I went and took leave of the musical gaoler, and his harmonious family; and having made all due preparation for my departure, hired a valet, and

started for Vicenza, where I supped and slept. In the morning, I walked about the city, which I found extremely neat and pretty, and the country about it very beautiful. After breakfast, I set off for Treviso, and was delighted by the appearance of the elegant villas which surround it, belonging to noble Venetians, who, during the theatrical season, pass their vendemmias there, and have what they call their *cuganas* (*i. e.* revelries).

Treviso itself, during this period, is crowded with people of less exalted rank from Venice, which is within a few miles; and, as the canals at Venice are at certain periods very offensive, every one who can, quits it for Padua or Treviso.

I found engaged, as prima donna at Treviso, the celebrated Clementina Bagliona (to whom I had been introduced at Pisa by Signor Viganoni); and for the first buffo, her sister's husband, Signor Pozzi, who, when at Rome, met with the kind treatment from his patron and friend, the Roman Abbé, which I have already endeavoured to describe.

The theatre was crowded every night, and the opera, as well as the ballets, gave great satisfaction. I waited upon her Excellency La Signora Marcello, and delivered my letter of introduction given me by the Marquis Bevi Acqua. She gave me an invitation to her morning concerts, where I met

all the beau monde of Treviso, and passed many delightful hours. In that very house, many years afterwards, lived my lamented friend the late Mrs. Billington, who has described to me the period of her residence in it, as the most miserable of her existence.

At one of Madame Marcello's concerts, I had the pleasure of hearing the greatest reputed dilettante singer in Europe, La Signora Teresa de Petris. Nor was her reputation higher than her merits; she had one of the finest voices I ever heard, combined with great science and expression: in addition to this, she was very beautiful, and had about her all the Venetian fascination. She married a noble Venetian, Il Signor Veniera, but, for some reason, was separated from him. Her cavaliere servente was Count Vidiman, a handsome and rich young nobleman, who resided at Venice, and who was devoted to music and to her. He was also a great protector of the composer Anfossi, and so attached to his music, that he would scarcely listen to any other. He had fixed a performance to take place at Venice the beginning of Lent; an oratorio composed expressly for her Excellency La Signora de Petris, by Anfossi, was to be performed at Count Pepoli's private theatre. The Count called upon me one morning, and said, "La Signora de Petris wishes that you should perform in the oratorio

with her. If you think it worth your consideration, I offer you an engagement for four months."

I was elated at the proposition, and accepted his offer. I was to be at his command for four months, to remain during that period at Venice, and to accept of no public engagement whatever. I could not have met with any thing so pleasing, as my delight was Venice, and its amusements were congenial to my taste and time of life.

We were now within a few nights of closing the theatre at Treviso, and Count Vidiman and Signora de Petris were going to Udina, the capital of Friuli, where he had large estates; and afterwards to spend a month or six weeks with his mother, the old Countess, with whom La Signora de Petris was a great favourite. The Count having heard me express a wish to visit Parma, said, he thought that the time he should be absent at Udina would be the most convenient whereat to satisfy my curiosity; and besides, I then might have a chance of uniting profit with pleasure, as the Arch-duchess, who was a lover of music, and a fine performer herself, gave great encouragement to musical artists who visited her court, and her private band was esteemed the choicest and best in Italy. The Count procured me a letter of recommendation to Her Royal Highness from Il Signor Cavaliere Giustiniani, who had been at the court of Parma, Ambassador from the Vene-

tian State, and while there, was in the highest favour.

I set off post for the city of Modena, on my way to Parma; and on my arrival there, at the door of the post-house, recognised Fochetti, the bass singer, who had performed with me when I was so much younger in Dublin. I made myself known to him, and it was an agreeable surprise to us both to meet where we so little expected it. I passed a pleasant evening with him at the inn, talking of old times, and Ireland; he told me he had retired from the stage, with a sufficient fortune to enable him to remain in his native city of Modena, where he held the situation of first bass singer at the reigning Duke's Royal Chapel.

At an early hour the next morning, he called upon me to shew me what was worth seeing. Modena stands twenty miles west of Bologna, and twenty-eight east of Parma. It is curious enough, although perhaps generally known, that carrier pigeons are constantly used here for the conveyance of letters. It is said that this custom had its origin in Hirtius the consul, who adopted the use of them while Decius Brutus was besieged by Marc Antony.

Fochetti took me to see the Ducal Palace. I thought it very superb. In it are a number of very fine paintings, particularly a nativity by Correggio. The inhabitants of Modena are not a little vain in

having to boast that the divine poet Tasso was a native of their city. Of the churches, those of St. Domingo and the Jesuits are the worthiest of notice; we went also to view the College of St. Carlo Bremeo, in which upwards of one hundred noblemen are educated. Most of the houses in the city have porticoes, and covered walks; their chief trade, I understood, consisted in masks, which they are famous for making, and export in great numbers.

But to proceed:—After seeing the sights, I took an affectionate leave of my old friend; I confess that the parting made me quite melancholy, and brought to my mind the happy days I had passed with him at my father's house, where he was a constant and welcome guest. However, I dissipated my care by travelling, and about six in the evening got sight of the city, so famous for its truffles and its cheese (of which, by the way, not one morsel is made in Parma, for what are called Parmesan cheeses are made at Piacenza and Lodi); and was set down at the Osteria di Gallo, where I took up my residence.

In the morning, I was informed that Her Royal Highness the Arch-duchess was at her villa at Colorno, a few miles from town. I therefore hired a carriage, and proceeded thither; I was struck with the magnificence of the palace, and the beauty of the grounds, as I approached the end of my journey;

which having achieved, I announced myself to Her Royal Highness's Chamberlain, and informed him that I came to Colorno to present Her Royal Highness with some letters from Treviso; the Chamberlain conducted me immediately to Her Royal Highness's presence. I found her in her billiard-room, playing with some of her suite, (amongst whom were the favourite musicians belonging to her band,) and without appearing to possess the smallest pride, putting every person completely at his ease by her fascinating condescension. She seemed in perfect good humour with her game, at which she appeared a great proficient.

After it was concluded, she came up to me, inquired most kindly after Il Cavaliere Giustiniani, conversed with me for some time about Naples particularly, and asked me if I had ever seen her sister, the Queen of Naples. I replied that I had had the honour of singing before Her Majesty at Posilipo. "Had you?" said Her Royal Highness; "then you shall also sing before her sister at Colorno. Remain here a few days, if you have time to spare, and we will have a little music." She then left the billiard-room, and desired Count Palavacini, her Chamberlain, to introduce me to the gentlemen of her private band; they were all great favourites with her. I dined with them, and they were particularly attentive to me, and had an excellent table

kept for them, covered with the best viands and choicest wines. I paid my respects to the Burgundy, which, to be sure, was delicious.

In the evening there was a concert, which Her Royal Highness, attended by several Ladies of the Court, honoured with her presence. She was perfectly affable to all the professors in the orchestra, and presided herself at the piano-forte; the whole band was worthy of its reputation. If there were any superiority amongst them, in my opinion, it was in the French horns, played by two brothers (whose names I have forgotten); such tones I never heard from the instrument as those which they produced, in a duet they played.

I sang Sarti's rondo of "Teco resti, anima mia," and accompanied myself on the piano-forte. Her Royal Highness did me the honour to approve, and asked me who was my instructor; when I mentioned Aprile, she said that I certainly had had the advantage of the best of singing-masters.

At ten o'clock the concert finished, and I retired to supper with the rest of the professors; and in the morning, two gentlemen of the band took me in a court carriage to see some of the beauties of the neighbourhood. At twelve o'clock we attended Her Royal Highness at the billiard table, where she appeared in a morning dress, with a large apron before her, with pockets, in which she kept a quan-

tity of silver coin; she always played for some trifling stake, and was very anxious to be the winner. She asked me if I was fond of billiards, and if I played; I said I had always been partial to it. "Come," said she, "you shall try a game with me:" I had the honour of doing so, but Her Royal Highness beat me hollow.

She possessed a very fine person, very tall, and rather large; her features were masculine, but still there was a likeness between her and her sisters, the Queens of France and Naples. But I was told by Count Palavacini, that she was much more like her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, than either of them. The Arch-duke of Parma, her husband, and herself, were upon good terms, but seldom together; either of them had pursuits diametrically opposite to the other's taste: she, a clever acute woman, was fond of pleasure;—on the contrary, he was esteemed very weak, a great bigot, and half a madman; his chief amusement and delight was, at different periods of the year, accompanied by some of the favourite noblemen of his court, to go every step of the way on foot, to the different cities and towns of his dukedom; to visit the different churches, and hang up tapestry; and this too, let the distance be what it would from his capital. He was said never to be happy but in a church, mounted on a ladder, with a hammer in his hand. This

mania was spoken of in all parts of Italy, insomuch, that he was nick-named the *Royal Upholsterer;* but, with the exception of this strange propensity, he was thought harmless and good-natured.

I stopped a week at Colorno, where there was music every night, and had great pleasure in hearing the Arch-duchess's performance. On my taking leave of Her Royal Highness, she gave me a rouleau of fifty zecchinos, and a beautiful little enamelled watch, set round with small diamonds, and a gold chain; on my kissing her hand for her liberality and condescending kindness, she was pleased to compliment me, and wished me every success. I took my dutiful leave of her, and bade adieu to the gentlemen of the orchestra, whose kindness and attention were so marked during my delightful stay at Colorno.

I returned to Parma, and the Grand Theatre not being open for representations, I got permission the next morning to see it. I was much pleased at having an opportunity of viewing so fine an edifice, it being much larger than the theatre of St. Carlo at Naples; or, indeed, than any other in Europe. There was a small theatre open at the time, where plays were representing. I went one evening to see Goldoni's Comedy of "Il Padre di Famiglia." The celebrated Petronio's acting of the Father, was a fine performance. The house was

crowded, and some very beautiful women graced the boxes. The next day, at the cathedral (one of the finest in Europe), I heard a mass of Jomelli's chaunted; the singers and band were numerous and excellent. I remained two days longer there, seeing what was worth viewing, and then, without delay on the road, posted to Bologna, and took up my abode at my old friend Passerini's, who was as kind as ever to me.

While at Bologna, Signor Tambourini, the great theatrical broker, offered me two engagements for the autumn and carnival; one for Barcelona in Spain, and the other for Warsaw; both of which I was obliged to decline on account of my engagement at Venice, to which place I shortly proceeded; and, in a few days, the Count Vidiman, and La Signora de Petris, returned thither from Udina. It was then the month of October, all the theatres open, and the Piazza St. Marc in all its revelry, crowded with masks, &c. &c. I paid my respects to the Count and the Lady; the Count desired I should quit my Hotel, and, for the term of my stay at Venice, reside at the house of La Signora de Petris, where he said it would be more comfortable and economical for me. I had an excellent apartment there; she kept a table which would have gratified Apicius himself. Count Vidiman had an elegant Casino in the Piazza St. Marc, where, every

night, he saw a number of friends; after they came from the theatres, there was always a little music, at which the Lady presided; and afterwards a supper. La Signora de Petris had boxes at all the theatres, whither I used to accompany her whenever she went to them.

At the Theatre of St. Marc, I used to sit at the piano-forte as an amateur, and accompany the comic operas;—it was amusement, as well as improvement, to me. At the Theatre of St. Samuel there was a powerful comic opera;—at the head of it was my old friend Madame Storace; her success was great indeed. Signor Vicenzo Martini, the celebrated Spanish composer, composed the opera; his was a soul of melody, and melody is the rarest gift a composer can possess, and one which few attain to. I may with safety aver, from my own knowledge, that I have met with ninety-nine good theorists to one melodist; nature makes the one, study the other. Two of the greatest theorists I ever met with were, Friar Padre Martini of Bologna, and Sala, the master of the Conservatorio della Pietà, Naples; yet neither of these ever produced a remarkable melody that I recollect; I mean, not such a one as our justly celebrated composer, Dr. Arne, used to say, "would grind about the streets upon the organ."

I cannot omit here quoting what the immortal

Haydn has mentioned on the subject of melody; he said,—"It is the air which is the charm of music, and it is that, which is most difficult to produce;—patience and study are sufficient for the composition of agreeable sounds, but the invention of a fine melody is the work of genius; the truth is, a fine air needs neither ornament nor accessories, in order to please,—would you know whether it really be fine, sing it without accompaniments."

Storace drew overflowing houses, she was quite the rage;—she announced a benefit, the first ever given to any performer at Venice; but, being an Englishwoman, it was granted to her. The house overflowed; her mother stood at the door to receive the cash; the kind-hearted and liberal Venetians not only paid the usual entrance money, but left all kinds of trinkets, watch chains, rings, &c., to be given to her; it was a most profitable receipt for her, and highly complimentary to her talents; but, notwithstanding those honours were heaped upon her, a circumstance occurred, which gave her the most poignant annoyance, as well as her mother and her friends.

I have already stated that Stephen Storace was her brother, and that she had no other brother, or a sister; yet, an unprincipled woman came to Venice, and gave out that she was the sister of Signora Storace, took up her abode in a street called

La Calla di Carbone, (a quarter of the town where ladies of her description were obliged to reside,) where she had her portrait hung out of her window, and under it written,—Questo è il ritratto della sorella della Signora Storace—(*i. e.* this is the portrait of Signora Storace's sister). It is almost incredible that people should be so duped; but it is an absolute fact, that the woman's apartments were daily crowded by all ranks, to see the supposed sister of their favourite songstress; and the impostor gained a large sum of money by the price paid for admission to see her. The game was carried on for some time, but on some of Storace's friends making application to the police, the imposture was detected, and its contriver imprisoned, and subsequently banished the Venetian Republic.

It had been an ancient custom in Venice for personages of this lady's vocation to have their portraits painted, and hung out of the windows of their apartments, to attract notice and visitors. In Mrs. Behn's Comedy of "The Rovers," which was revived and altered by Mr. Kemble, and successfully produced at Drury Lane under the title of "Love in many Masks," is a character drawn of one of those women, whose portrait is seen hanging out of a balcony on the stage.

I was one morning sitting in the Rialto coffeehouse with my long-tailed patron, and stating that

Storace never had a sister, and wondering that the people of Venice could be so imposed upon, when an Abbé, who was sitting close to us, said,—"Your observation may be very true, Sir, that the people of Venice, in the instance of which you speak, have proved themselves credulous, but, surely not more so than your own countrymen;—when I was in London, I was told that they had been taken in by a mountebank, who advertised that he would, at one of their theatres, creep into a quart bottle. The house was crowded to witness this incredible exhibition, but the cunning mountebank, after pocketing the money received at the doors, made off with it, and was on his way to Dover before the humbug was found out.—Now, Sir, I beg to ask you, which of the two nations, English or Venetian, proved itself the greatest dupe?" The question was a puzzler, and I was glad not to proceed further with the subject, remembering, a little too late, the saying, that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

I continued, until the end of the Carnival, passing my time with very little variation, living in the lap of luxury, and in a vortex of pleasure. We began the rehearsal of Anfossi's oratorio, and the first week in Lent the performance commenced. I had a song which had been composed purposely for me, and sent from London by Anfossi to Count

Vidiman. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of Signora de Petris' execution and feeling; she sang divinely, and we repeated the oratorio eight nights to the fashionables invited by the Count and the Signora. There was a particular friend of hers, Signor Gioacino Bianchi, then an amateur, a man of very good family, and a sweet singer; but, owing to some circumstances of a tender nature, he quitted Venice, and went to England, where he became a singing-master of eminence, esteemed by all his friends for urbanity and talent, and highly patronised by the Earl and Countess of Harcourt.

One morning I received a message from His Excellency the Austrian Ambassador, desiring me to go to him in the evening. I waited on His Excellency, who informed me that he had received a letter from Prince Rosenberg, Grand Chamberlain of His Majesty Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany, directing him to engage a company of Italian singers for a comic opera, to be given at the Court of Vienna; that no expense was to be spared, so that the artists were of the first order; that no secondary talent would be received amongst them, and that characters were to be filled by those engaged, without distinction, according to their abilities; and the will of the director, appointed by the Emperor.

The Italian opera had for a length of time been discontinued at Vienna, and a first-rate French company of comedians substituted. The Emperor and his Court were at Schoënbrunn, and the French company were performing there; apartments in the palace had been appointed for them, and a plentiful table allotted to their exclusive use. One day, while they were drinking their wine, and abusing it, the Emperor passed by the *salle à manger*, which opened into the Royal Gardens. One of the gentlemen, with the innate modesty so peculiarly belonging to his nation and profession, jumped up from table with a glass of wine in his hand, followed His Majesty, and said,—"Sire, I have brought your Majesty some of the trash which is given us by your purveyor, by way of wine; we are all disgusted at his treatment, and beg to request your Majesty to order something better, for it is absolutely impossible for us to drink it;—he says it is Burgundy—do taste it, Sire, I am sure you will not say it is."

The King, with great composure, tasted the wine: "I think it excellent," said His Majesty, 'at least, quite good enough for *me*, though, perhaps, not sufficiently high-flavoured for *you* and your companions; in France, I dare say, you will get much better." He then turned on his heel, and sending immediately for the Grand Chamber-

lain, ordered the whole corps dramatique to be discharged, and expelled Vienna forthwith. They repented their folly, but His Majesty would never hear more of them, and their audacity caused the introduction of an Italian opera at Vienna.

Count Durazzo read the letter containing this anecdote to a numerous party assembled at his house, who were much amused at it. His Excellency then asked me if I should like to go to Vienna; if I did, he would enlist me into the service. I thanked his Excellency, and answered that I should not desire better. The Countess Rosenberg kindly promised, that if I went there, she would give me some letters which might be of great service to me; and his Excellency desired me to consider of it for a day or two, and then return and bring my proposals to him. The term of my engagement with Count Vidiman having just expired, I mentioned to him the offer which had been made me, which he considered highly advantageous. Decided by this disinterested advice, I waited upon his Excellency the Ambassador, and concluded an engagement for one year, my salary being at the rate of 400 Venetian golden ducats (200*l.*); to be lodged free of expense, fuel found me, and four large wax candles per diem, which was the customary allowance. I signed the agreement with his Excellency, and was highly

contented with it, and thought myself most lucky in having made it. Madame Storace was also engaged, and the two best comic singers in Europe, Bennuci and Mandini.

When the time for my departure arrived, the Countess of Rosenberg gave me, as she had promised, a letter to her noble relative, the Grand Chamberlain; one to Prince Charles of Lichtenstein, Governor of Vienna, and one to Sir Robert Keith, His Britannic Majesty's Minister at Vienna. From Count Durazzo I had one for Grand Marshal Lacy, one for Marshal Laudon, and a third for the illustrious and witty Prince de Ligne; more powerful recommendations no young man perhaps could boast; and, as in my road to Vienna I had to pass through the city of Udina, my kind friend Count Vidiman gave me also a letter of introduction to the Countess his mother, as well as one to the Venetian Count Manini, both of whom resided at Udina.

Thus prepared, I set off from Venice in a calessetto, accompanied by my servant, for Udina; and it was with a heavy heart I quitted dear Italy, in which I had been so warmly patronised, and found such kindness and hospitality. I proceeded, however, on my journey, and alighted at a very comfortable inn, on the sign of which was written, in capital letters, "No trust to-day, but to-mor-

row." I was a good deal amused at the flying promise, never to be fulfilled.

Udina is twenty-two leagues from Venice; the town is very neat and pretty, the suburbs particularly so; the language of the inhabitants is a Patois, a mixture of Italian, French, and German; the Venetians ridicule them for a singular mode they have of calling *night*, *evening*, and *evening*, *night*. When the Venetians speak of them, they say, "Gente cui si fa notte inanzi sera."—(*i. e.* People to whom night appears before evening.) I lost no time in delivering my credentials to the Countess Vidiman, and afterwards went to present my letter to Count Manini, who was residing at a magnificent country seat of his, called Pascan;—he made me quit my inn, and stay with him for a couple of days. He entertained me splendidly and hospitably, and, on my departure, ordered some delicious wine, made on his own estate, called Picolet, (the taste of which resembled Tokay, but less sweet,) to be put into my calessetto.

After a tedious journey, I arrived at Vienna, and put up at the sign of the White Ox; and, on the following morning, waited upon Signor Salieri, to deliver my letter of recommendation from Signor Bertoni. Salieri was a Venetian, and a scholar of the celebrated composer Guzman; Salieri, himself, indeed, was a composer of emi-

nence.—He was Maestro di Cappella at the Court of Vienna, and a great favourite with the Emperor. He presided at the harpsichord at the theatre, and was sub-director under Prince Rosenberg, Grand Chamberlain of the Court. He was a little man, with an expressive countenance, and his eyes were full of genius. I have often heard Storace's mother say, he was extremely like Garrick. He received me politely, and informed me that his opera of "La Scuola dei Gelosi," was the first to be performed, in which I was to make my début. He accompanied me to the apartments which had been taken for me, and which consisted of an excellent first and second floor, elegantly furnished, in the most delightful part of Vienna. I was found, as usual, in fuel and wax candles, and a carriage to take me to rehearsals, and to and from the theatre, whenever I performed.

After having been duly installed in my new residence, I delivered all my recommendatory letters, and was delighted with the reception I met with, from those to whom they were addressed; particularly from Marshals Laudon and Lacy, and Sir Robert Keith,—the affability of the last was highly flattering to my feelings. I was altogether delighted, and thought Vienna a delightful city, and a charming place of residence. In a fortnight after my arrival the theatre opened. Storace and

Bennuci's receptions were perfectly enthusiastic, and I may perhaps be permitted to say, that I had no reason to complain of my own.

The Emperor, Joseph II. accompanied by his brother Maximilian, the Archbishop of Cologne, were present at the performance, and evinced their approbation by the applause they bestowed. At the period I speak of, the Court of Vienna was, perhaps, the most brilliant in Europe. The theatre, which forms part of the Royal Palace, was crowded with a blaze of beauty and fashion. All ranks of society were doatingly fond of music, and most of them perfectly understood the science. Indeed, Vienna then was a place where pleasure was the order of the day and night.

The women, generally speaking, are beautiful; they have fine complexions, and symmetrical figures, the lower orders particularly. All the servant-maids are anxious to shew their feet, (which are universally handsome,) and are very ambitious of having neat shoes and stockings. Vienna, in itself, then contained between 80,000 and 90,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by fortifications, which served for pleasant walks;—the ramparts are picturesquely beautiful. There are two Faubourgs at Vienna, which contain 170,000 inhabitants of all descriptions. That superb river, the Danube, borders the central town, and separates on

one side the Faubourg of Leopoldstadt, from the Prater, reckoned the finest promenade in Europe. There are many splendid palaces in the Faubourgs. Among the most conspicuous, are those of Prince Schwartzenberg, and Prince Adam Ausberg, &c. I had the honour of being patronised by Prince Ausberg. His Highness employed a great number of workmen at his own expense in a manufactory for steel, and all kinds of hardware, which he had established. I have seen some things from his fabrique, which would not lose by comparison with the excellent workmanship of Mr. Bolton's manufactories at Birmingham. His Highness also was a great patron of musical performances. He had a beautiful theatre in his palace, at which I saw the Countess Hatzfield perform inimitably well, in Gluck's serious opera of "Alceste."—She was a charming woman, and full of talent.

The Prater, as I said before, I consider the finest public promenade in Europe, far surpassing in variety our own beautiful Hyde Park. It is about four miles in length; on each side of the road are fine chesnut trees, and a number of avenues and retired drives. These roads, on spring and summer evenings, are thronged with carriages. On all sides, as in our Hyde Park and Bushy Park, deer are seen quietly grazing, and gazing at

the passing crowds. At the end of the principal avenue is an excellent tavern, besides which, in many other parts of this enchanting spot, there are innumerable cabarets, frequented by people of all ranks in the evening, who *immediately after dinner* proceed thither to regale themselves with their favourite dish, fried chickens, cold ham, and sausages; white beer, and Hoffner wines, by way of dessert; and stay there until a late hour: dancing, music, and every description of merriment prevail; and every evening, when not professionally engaged, I was sure to be in the midst of it.

The Danube runs through part of this charming retreat. One evening Salieri proposed to me to accompany him to the Prater. At this time he was composing his opera of Tarrare, for the grand Opera House at Paris. At the back of the cabaret where we had been taking refreshments, near the banks of the Danube, we seated ourselves by the river side; he took from his pocket a sketch of that subsequently popular air which he had that morning composed, *Ah! povero Calpigi*. While he was singing it to me with great earnestness and gesticulation, I cast my eyes towards the river, and spied a large wild boar crossing it, near the place where we were seated. I took to my heels, and the composer followed me, leaving "*Povero*

Calpigi," and (what was worse) a flagon of excellent Rhenish wine behind us, which was to me a greater bore than the bristly animal whose visit seemed intended for us. The story was food for much laughter, when we were out of danger. Salieri, indeed, would make a joke of any thing, for he was a very pleasant man, and much esteemed at Vienna; and I considered myself in high luck to be noticed by him.

Shortly after I had presented my letter to him, Marshal Lacy did me the honour to invite me to dine with him; and amongst other great men who were his guests, I had the honour to meet Marshal Laudon. I looked upon it as a great event in a young man's life, to be seated at the same table with these two heroes; rivals in the art of war, though attached friends. Marshal Lacy was a fine looking man; free, convivial, and communicative; he was about seventy years of age, of Irish extraction, but himself a Russian born. He had amassed a splendid fortune, and lived in a princely style, and was in high favour with the Emperor.

Marshal Laudon was a very different kind of personage; he appeared to be the soldier only, and spoke very little; he seemed about the same age as Marshal Lacy, but they were very different. Marshal Laudon was of Scotch extraction, but a

Livonian by birth. Such were his military talents, that he rose from the ranks in the Imperial Guard to the highest military command in the service; and was, as all the world knows, a rival of the great Frederick; yet although they had often contended with varied success, either admitted the splendid talents of the other. As a proof of this, an anecdote was told me, by the celebrated and witty Prince de Ligne, who indeed said he could vouch for its truth from personal knowledge.

In an interval of peace between Austria and Prussia, Frederick the Great was at Silesia, at the same time with the Prince de Ligne, Marshal Brown, Marshal Laudon, and many Austrian officers. The king gave them a grand dinner, to which several Prussian officers were invited. Marshal Laudon was placed at table *vis-à-vis* to Frederick. The king rose, and said, "Marshal Laudon, I request you will quit your seat; come hither and sit by me, for believe me (and with sincerity I speak it) I always prefer having you at my side to having you opposed to me." The Prince de Ligne said, that Laudon was highly gratified by this elegant compliment from so great a warrior.

The people of Vienna were in my time dancing mad; as the Carnival approached, gaiety began

to display itself on all sides; and when it really came, nothing could exceed its brilliancy. The ridotto rooms, where the masquerades took place, were in the palace; and spacious and commodious as they were, they were actually crammed with masqueraders. I never saw, or indeed heard of any suite of rooms, where elegance and convenience were more considered; for the propensity of the Vienna ladies for dancing and going to carnival masquerades was so determined, that nothing was permitted to interfere with their enjoyment of their favourite amusement—nay, so notorious was it, that for the sake of ladies in the family way, who could not be persuaded to stay at home, there were apartments prepared, with every convenience for their accouchement, should they be unfortunately required. And I have been gravely told, and almost believe, that there have actually been instances of the utility of the arrangement. The ladies of Vienna are particularly celebrated for their grace and movements in waltzing, of which they never tire. For my own part, I thought waltzing from ten at night until seven in the morning, a continual whirligig; most tiresome to the eye, and ear,—to say nothing of any worse consequences.

One evening, at one of these masquerades, a well-turned compliment was paid to the Emperor, by a

gentleman who went in the character of Diogenes with his lantern, in search of a man. In going round the room he suddenly met the Emperor. He immediately made a low obeisance to His Majesty, and, opening his lantern, extinguished the candle, saying, in a loud tone, "Ho trovato l' uomo" (I have found the man); he then took his departure, and left the ball room. He was said to have been a courtier, but none of the courtiers would admit that he was.

Another favourite amusement, going forward at this period of the year, is a course des traîneaux, or procession of sledges. These sledges are richly ornamented, and carved with figures of all kinds of monsters, and inlaid with burnished gold, &c. A vast number of carrettas and carts, on the day previous to this singular spectacle, gather snow, and distribute it along the principal streets of Vienna, in order that the sledges may be drawn with perfect security. The effect at night, by torch-light, is like enchantment. I have seen forty or fifty sledges drawn up, one behind the other; in every sledge was a lady seated, covered with diamonds, in furs and pelisses; behind each was a gentleman, as magnificently dressed, driving; before every sledge, were two running footmen, having long poles, with knobs of silver at their ends. The Hungarian Prince Dietressteen, the Grand Master of the Horse, was always the first to lead the traîneaux. The immense

velocity with which these things are drawn is perfectly astonishing: they go on for three or four hours, and the procession, at its close, draws up before the Emperor's palace. The running footmen have costly liveries, and the horses are caparisoned with rich trappings, and large plumes of milk-white feathers; and the spectacle, upon the whole, is very magnificent.

I was quite charmed with my situation at Vienna; nothing could exceed the gaiety of that delightful place. I was fortunate enough to get introduced to the best society; my salary amply supplied my wants and wishes, and the public were kind and indulgent to me when I appeared on the stage. The kind countenance of Sir Robert Keith was not a little conducive in advancing me in the good opinion of the directors of the theatre.

As the theatre was in the palace, the Emperor often honoured the rehearsals with his presence, and discoursed familiarly with the performers. He spoke Italian like a Tuscan, and was affable and condescending. He came almost every night to the opera, accompanied by his nephew, Francis, then a youth. He usually entered his box at the beginning of the piece, but if not there at the precise moment the curtain was to be drawn up; he had given orders that he was never to be waited for. He was passionately fond of music, and a most excellent and

accurate judge of it. His mode of living was quite methodical. He got up every morning, winter and summer, at five o'clock, wrote in his canceleria (study) until nine, then took a cup of chocolate, and transacted business with his ministers till one. He was very partial to the *jeu de paume*, and a good player. He had a fine racket-court, and when not in it, he usually walked or rode from one till three: punctually at a quarter after three, his dinner was served; he almost always dined on one dish—boiled bacon, which the people, from his partiality to it, called kayser fleische, *i.e.* the Emperor's meat; sometimes he had a dish of Hungarian beef bouilli, with horse radish and vinegar, but rarely, if ever, any other: his beverage at dinner was water; and after dinner one goblet of Tokay wine. During dinner, he allowed only one servant to be in the room; and was never longer at the meal than half an hour.

At five, he usually walked in the corridor, near his dining room, and whilst there, was accessible to the complaints of the meanest of his subjects: he heard them with complaisance, and was ever ready to redress their grievances. He generally wore either a green or white uniform faced with red; nor did I ever see him that he was not continually putting chocolate drops, which he took from his waistcoat pocket, into his mouth. When he walked out, he

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took a number of golden sovereigns with him, and distributed them personally among the indigent. He was an enemy to pomp and parade, and avoided them as much as possible; indeed, hardly any private gentleman requires so little attendance as he did. He had a seat for his servant behind his carriage, and when he went abroad in it (which was hardly ever the case in the day time) he made him sit there. I was one day passing through one of the corridors of the palace, and came directly in contact with him; he had his great coat hanging on his arm: he stopped me, and asked me in Italian, if I did not think it was very hot; he told me that he felt the heat so oppressive that he had taken off his great coat, preferring to carry it on his arm.

To the Princesses Lichtenstein, Schwartzenberg, Lokowitz, and the Countess Thoun, he was particularly partial, and often paid them evening visits, but always retired unattended to his carriage, which stood in the street; for he never allowed it to be driven into the court yards, where other carriages were waiting. His desire was, never to have any fuss made about him, or to give any trouble, which was all mighty amiable; but as there is, and ought to be, in all civilized countries, a marked and decisive distinction between the Sovereign and the subject, this did not appear particularly wise, even if it were not particularly affected; and of all prides, that

is the most contemptible, which, as Southey says, "apes humility."

The present Emperor Francis, at the period of which I am writing, was as thin as possible. I do not think I ever saw so thin a youth; his uncle was very rigid with him, and made him enter the army, mount guard, clean his horse, and go through the duties of a common soldier, until he progressively rose to the rank of an officer.

The Emperor Joseph had a strange aversion from sitting for his portrait, although the greatest artists were anxious to have the honour of taking it. Pelegrini, the celebrated painter, solicited to be allowed the honour, but in vain.—The Emperor said to him, "There can be no occasion for taking up your time and mine by my sitting to you; if you are anxious to have a likeness of *me*, draw the portrait of an ill-looking man, with a wide mouth and large nose, and then you will have a fac simile." The reverse, however, was the fact; for His Majesty had an intelligent countenance, a fine set of teeth, and when he laughed and shewed them, was rather handsome than otherwise.

There was a wide difference between the habits of Joseph the Second, and those of his prime minister Prince Kaunitz, who was a most eccentric personage, but reckoned nevertheless a great statesman. He was said to be very proud of having made up

the match between Louis XVI. and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. For several months in the year he kept open house for all strangers, provided they had been presented to him by their respective ambassadors; he kept a splendid table, and those who were by their introduction entitled to dine with him, had only to send their names to his porter before ten o'clock in the morning. For my own part, I have wondered how he could get any persons to be his guests, so extraordinary was his mode of receiving them. He rose very late in the day, and made a point before dinner of taking a ride in his riding-house, which he never commenced until the whole of his company were assembled for dinner: after having deliberately ridden as long as he thought fit, he proceeded, without making any excuse, to make his toilette.

Though a very old man, he was very fond of adorning his person, and remarkably particular in having his hair well dressed, and *bien poudré.*—In order to accomplish this object, he had four valets with powder puffs, puffing away at him until his hair was powdered to his satisfaction, while he walked about his dressing-room in a mask. Another of his eccentricities was, that at all times, when he had at his table ambassadors, foreigners, and ladies of the first distinction, he would, immediately after dinner, have all the apparatus for

cleaning his teeth put down upon the table; literally tooth brushes, basons, &c.; and, without the least excuse to his company, would go through the whole process of cleaning his teeth; a ceremony which lasted for many minutes. It was justly said of him, that he first made his guests sick by making them wait so long for their dinner, and that after they had dined, he made them sick again by this filthy custom. But in every thing else he was a strict observer of etiquette, and piqued himself on it; thinking, with Lord Chesterfield, that etiquette was the characteristic excellence of good society.

The Italian operas were performed at Vienna only three times a week, the other four nights (including Sundays), were appropriated to German plays, which I made a point of attending, as there were two large boxes always kept for the Italian company, on one side of the theatre; and on the other, two for the German company. I have with delight seen there the great actor Schroëder, who was called the Garrick of Germany. His Sir Peter Teazle was an excellent performance, and his Lord Ogleby not inferior to King's; and, in my opinion, those two were the best representatives of the old eccentric nobleman I ever saw. Schroëder was also very great in King Lear. The scene where he asks after his fool was one of the most

exquisite pieces of acting I ever beheld; and, indeed, he was very great in most of Shakspeare's plays which had been translated into German.

His performance of Sir Benjamin Dove, in Cumberland's play of "The Brothers," was also an exquisite piece of acting; as was the Captain Ironsides of Brockman, who was an excellent comedian, as well as tragedian. When Brockman went, by permission of the Emperor, to act for a limited period at Berlin, his performance of Hamlet was reckoned by the Prussians such a masterpiece, that there was a medallion struck of him in that character. He gave me one of them, which, I am sorry to say, I lost. All the cities in Germany wished to have this great performer, but he would not leave Vienna, though tempted by offers of great emolument, and would only occasionally go to Hamburgh; for, although that theatre could not pay half so well as many others, he preferred it beyond all the rest; and the reason which he gave me for this predilection was, that in Hamburgh he could get fresher herrings (in which he delighted) than in any other place.

He was a very studious man, but absent and indolent; indeed, proverbially so. To one trait of his indolence, I was myself a witness.

Shakspeare's Othello was brought out for the first time on a Saturday night; he personated

the Moor, which part he did not wish to act, though, he said, he was delighted with it, because the trouble of blacking his face was to him accumulated horror; however, the Emperor issued his commands, and there was no appeal; he, of course, acted it, and so finely, that His Majesty commanded it to be repeated on the Sunday, announcing that he would again honour the performance with his presence. I had been engaged previously to dine with Brockman, on that day, with some other friends. We went accordingly, and to our great surprise, Brockman presided at table, with his face as black as it had been the night before. He excused his strange appearance by telling us that he had gone through so much fatigue and trouble in blacking his face for the Saturday's performance, that he would not wash it off, as, if he had done so, he should have had to undergo the same painful process on the following evening, rather than which, he had sat up all the preceding night in an arm-chair. This curious instance of innate laziness produced much laughter and surprise amongst us.

When my old and valued friend Charles Kemble went to Vienna, I gave him a letter of introduction to Brockman, and I am sure he will corroborate my encomia of his acting. Schroëder, who was an excellent dramatic writer, translated "The Constant

Couple" into German, and acted Alderman Smuggler himself, and Brockman played Sir Harry Wildair: this comedy had a great run. Schroëder told me, that he went to London for the purpose of seeing the School for Scandal, previously to translating it. He understood English perfectly, and spoke it with fluency. I was told by those whose judgment I could depend on, that his translations into German were very good. I was not sufficiently acquainted with the language to be a judge of their literary merits, but still I understood German quite enough to be delighted with the representations.

It was rather singular that Schroëder, while in England, never made himself known to any theatrical person. During the time he was in London, he went (as he told me) every night the School for Scandal was performed, and placed himself in the middle of the pit. He gave the most unqualified praise to the English actors, as being true to nature. He regretted not having had the good fortune to see Garrick; but he had a very fine picture of him, which he shewed me: it was the first I had ever seen of him, and I had not the good fortune to see the original; but the portrait certainly bore a great resemblance to the composer Salieri.

Schroëder produced a dramatic piece, of which I

witnessed the first representation, called "The Free-masons." Great curiosity was excited by the title: there were, at that time, a number of Lodges in Vienna, and parties were formed to condemn the piece, should any thing transpire in the representation to ridicule the masonic ceremonies; but there was nothing in the piece which was not perfectly allowable and respectful to the craft The most rigid mason could not find any thing to censure, for every thing was complimentary to their useful and respected society. The consequence was, the piece was received with rapturous applause, and represented for a number of nights.

Cumberland's West Indian was a favourite, and always received great applause; Schroëder was the representative of Major O'Flaherty.—I was well acquainted with the play from my childhood.—In Dublin, many times and oft I had seen Ryder in the Major, Mrs. Sparkes in Charlotte Rusport, and the Prince of all Belcours—Lewis. I considered Lewis, in his line, a perfect actor; but, candidly speaking, I thought his best days were past before my friend, Frederick Reynolds, made him a dramatist. The Vienna Belcour was Langé, esteemed the most perfect representative of the lover and gentleman on the German stage. He was a fine performer, and, like my friend and

countryman, Pope, considered an excellent miniature painter, as well as an ornament to the stage. He spoke English very well, and had the reputation of being a good scholar.—His society was much courted.

How a Vienna audience could relish a national Irish character like O'Flaherty, was to me a matter of great surprise, as I never heard, *but once*, that the Irish brogue was translatable; to be sure, that was from pretty good authority.—I happened one morning to meet the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran in Pall Mall, and, in the course of conversation, he told me that he had been the night before to Drury Lane, to see the West Indian.—"Well," said I, "did you not think that my friend Jack Johnstone was an inimitable Major O'Flaherty?"—"Why, indeed," said he, "I thought it an able representation of the Irish gentleman, but not of the Irish brogue—our friend Jack Johnstone does not *give* us the brogue, Sir, he *translates* it."

I told Mr. Curran that I was sorry to differ in opinion with such an excellent judge as his Honour, but that, through the earlier part of my life in Italy, Sicily, and Germany, I had associated with a number of Irish officers, and it appeared to me that nothing could be more like their manner than my friend's performance; indeed, I thought him unique, and suspected, that had his brogue

been broader, it might have been unintelligible to an English audience.

Schroëder's representation of this part appeared, by the applause he received, and the laughter he produced, to delight his auditors. The Emperor Joseph was partial to his performance of it. Another favourite part of Schroëder's was Gradus, in Mrs. Cowley's "Who's the Dupe?" That celebrated, and most excellent low comedian, Widman, the great pet of the good people of Vienna, acted Old Doiley, and convulsed the house with laughter. I knew him well; he was a singular character, and, like the celebrated Italian Harlequin at Paris, a prey to hypochondriacal affection, always fancying, from one hour to another, he should *breathe his last*, and continually taking medicine to avert the impending calamity. In the characters of "Corbachio," in the "Comedy of the Fox," and the "Tartuffe" of Molière, he was super-excellent.—He was one of the committee of five actors who were directors of the drama; the other four were Brockman, Langé, and the two brothers Stephani, both excellent comedians in their line. The elder Stephani was reckoned a man of considerable literary talent. It was his province to read all the new pieces that were presented, and send his opinion of their merits to Prince Rosenberg, the Grand Chamberlain.

There was a law amongst the committee of five actors, that one of them, in full dress, bag, and sword, &c. should be in attendance during the performance every evening, to announce the entertainments of the following night, and make any appeal to the audience which might be necessary, always being one of the actors not otherwise concerned in the business of the evening. The leading female of the company was Madame Sacqui, considered as a rival in talent to the celebrated Clairon, so much praised by Garrick. Madame Sacqui was a fine woman, but I should think turned of forty when I saw her; she had a sweet countenance, and the rays of beauty still lingered about her. I have seen her with great delight in the "Widow of Malabar."

There was a species of drama at that time much in vogue at Vienna, and indeed all over Germany, called a *Monologue*, and which has since been occasionally introduced upon the English stage. The person who performs is accompanied between the different speeches by music, made to accord with the different passages of the recitation. Madame Sacqui performed "Medea," in "Jason and Medea."—Her representation of the part was truly terrific, and the music, the composition of the celebrated Bendar, sublime. Another Monologue, entitled "Ariadne and Theseus," was divinely

acted by Mademoiselle Jacquet, the sister of the lovely Ademberger, of whom it was said, that she united the elegance of the Graces with the talents of the Muses; nothing could be more affecting than her grief and despair when abandoned by Theseus. I never missed her representation of Ariadne, and each time I saw it, I fancied I discovered new beauties in it: the music of the piece, composed by Graum, the favourite composer of the King of Prussia, was very beautiful and appropriate.

Melpomene might well be proud of her two great followers, as might Thalia of the incomparable and matchless Madame Ademberger, wife of a tenor singer who performed at the Opera House in London. She was called Nature's darling child. I never then had seen Mrs. Jordan; but Stephen Storace, who had just come to Vienna from London, had repeatedly seen her, and told me that Madame Ademberger was her very prototype in figure, voice, action, and genius. Her performance of Peggy, in the "Country Girl," was a treat; and when I came to England, and saw Mrs. Jordan at Drury Lane in the same character, had I not been convinced that they never could have seen each other, I should have sworn that one of them copied the other, so great was their resemblance. Brockman's acting, in "Moody," was a masterpiece, and

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strange to say, (for *they* neither could have seen each other), very much in the style of King's representation of that part.

In the midst of my devotion to tragedy and comedy, I did not forget what I owed to music; and what more favourable opportunity could offer for evincing my devotion to the science of harmony than that which presented itself, of visiting the immortal Haydn? He was living at Eisenstadt, the palace of Prince Esterhazy, in whose service he was, and thither I determined to go and pay my respects to him; accordingly, accompanied by a friend of mine of the name of Brida, a young Tyrolese merchant, I set off post to fulfil my intentions.

I had the pleasure of spending three days with him, and received from him great hospitality and kindness. The Prince Esterhazy lived in regal splendour; his revenues are enormous, and His Highness spent his great fortune with munificence and noble liberality. He was particularly fond of music;—his band was formed of great professors;—Haydn was his maître de chapelle. There was at Eisenstadt, merely for the amusement of the Prince, his family, suite, and vassals, an Italian Opera, a German and a French theatre, and the finest Fantoccini in Europe.

At this delightful place Haydn composed the

greatest part of his immortal works. I saw and admired the different artists employed by the Prince, who unanimously gave His Highness an enviable character for generosity and exalted goodness. His vassals absolutely adored him.

The country about Eisenstadt is delightfully picturesque, abounding in wood and water, and all kinds of game. The Prince had the goodness to desire Haydn to take one of his carriages, that we might drive about and see all the beauties of this terrestrial paradise, for such I thought it. His Highness was very partial to shooting, hunting, and fishing.

We took our departure on the evening of the third day, delighted and flattered with the gracious kindness we had received, and with light hearts arrived at Vienna.

Upon my return, my servant informed me that a lady and gentleman had called upon me, who said they came from England, and requested to see me at their hotel. I called the next morning, and saw the gentleman, who said his name was Botterelli, that he was the Italian poet of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and that his wife was an English woman, and a principal singer at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Pantheon, &c. Her object in visiting Vienna was to give a concert, to be heard by the Emperor; and if she gave that

satisfaction, (which she had no doubt she would), to accept of an engagement at the Royal Theatre; and he added, that she had letters for the first nobility in Vienna.

The lady came into the room; she was a very fine woman, and seemed sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions.—She really had powerful letters of recommendation. Prince Charles Lichtenstein granted her his protection; and there was such interest made for her, that the Emperor himself signified his Royal intention of honouring her concert with his presence. Every thing was done for her;—the orchestra and singers were engaged;—the concert began to a crowded house, but, I must premise, we had no rehearsal.

At the end of the first act, the beauteous Syren, led into the orchestra by her caro sposo, placed herself just under the Emperor's box, the orchestra being on the stage. She requested me to accompany her song on the piano-forte.—I of course consented. Her air and manner spoke "dignity and love." The audience sat in mute and breathless expectation. The doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. I struck the chords of the symphony—silence reigned—when, to the dismay and astonishment of the brilliant audience, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice

or time, or indeed one note in tune, the hunting song of "Tally ho!" in all its pure originality. She continued shrieking out Tally ho! tally ho! in a manner and tone so loud and dissonant, that they were enough to blow off the roof of the house. The audience jumped up terrified; some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, others hooted, and many joined in the unknown yell, in order to propitiate her. The Emperor called me to him, and asked me in Italian (what tally ho! meant?)—I replied, I did not know; and literally, at that time, I did *not*.

His Majesty, the Emperor, finding that even *I*, a native of Great Britain, either could not, or would not, explain the purport of the mysterious words, retired with great indignation from the theatre; and the major part of the audience, convinced by His Majesty's sudden retreat that they contained some horrible meaning, followed the Royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard in the lobbies cautioning their daughters on the way out, never to repeat the dreadful expression of "tally ho," nor venture to ask any of their friends for a translation of it.

The next day, when I saw the husband of "tally ho," he abused the taste of the people of Vienna, and said that the song, which they did not

know how to appreciate, had been sung by the celebrated Mrs. Wrighton at Vauxhall, and was a great favourite all over England. Thus, however, ended the exhibition of English taste; and Signora Tally ho! with her Italian poet, went *hutning* elsewhere, and never returned to Vienna, at least during my residence.

I went one evening to a concert of the celebrated Kozeluch's, a great composer for the piano-forte, as well as a fine performer on that instrument. I saw there the composers Vanhall and Baron Dittersdorf; and, what was to me one of the greatest gratifications of my musical life, was there introduced to that prodigy of genius—Mozart. He favoured the company by performing fantasias and capriccios on the piano-forte. His feeling, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand particularly, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations, astounded me. After this splendid performance we sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed at table between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady, of whom he was passionately fond, and by whom he had three children. He conversed with me a good deal about Thomas Linley, the first Mrs. Sheridan's brother, with whom he was intimate at Florence, and spoke of him with great affection. He said that Linley was a true

genius; and he felt that, had he lived, he would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world. After supper the young branches of our host had a dance, and Mozart joined them. Madame Mozart told me, that great as his genius was, he was an enthusiast in dancing, and often said that his taste lay in that art, rather than in music.

He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality.—He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave Sunday concerts, at which I never was missing. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige; but so very particular, when he played, that if the slightest noise were made, he instantly left off. He one day made me sit down to the piano, and gave credit to my first master, who had taught me to place my hand well on the instrument.—He conferred on me what I considered a high compliment. I had composed a little melody

to Metastasio's canzonetta, "Grazie agl' inganni tuoi," which was a great favourite wherever I sang it. It was very simple, but had the good fortune to please Mozart. He took it and composed variations upon it, which were truly beautiful; and had the further kindness and condescension to play them wherever he had an opportunity. Thinking that the air thus rendered remarkable might be acceptable to some of my musical readers, I have subjoined it.

Encouraged by his flattering approbation, I attempted several little airs, which I shewed him, and which he kindly approved of; so much indeed, that I determined to devote myself to the study of counterpoint, and consulted with him, by whom I ought to be instructed.—He said, "My good lad, you ask my advice, and I will give it you candidly; had you studied composition when you were at Naples, and when your mind was not devoted to other pursuits, you would perhaps have done wisely; but now that your profession of the stage must, and ought, to occupy all your attention, it would be an unwise measure to enter into a dry study. You may take my word for it, Nature has made you a melodist, and you would only disturb and perplex yourself. Reflect, '*a little knowledge* is a dangerous thing;'—should there be errors in what you write, you will find hundreds of musicians, in all

parts of the world, capable of correcting them; therefore do not disturb your natural gift."

"Melody is the essence of music," continued he; "*I* compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post-horses; therefore be advised, let *well alone*, and remember the old Italian proverb—'Chi sa più, meno sa—Who knows most, knows least.'" The opinion of this great man made on me a lasting impression.

My friend Attwood (a worthy man, and an ornament to the musical world) was Mozart's favourite scholar, and it gives me great pleasure to record what Mozart said to me about him; his words were, "Attwood is a young man for whom I have a sincere affection and esteem; he conducts himself with great propriety, and I feel much pleasure in telling you, that he partakes more of my style than any scholar I ever had; and I predict, that he will prove a sound musician." Mozart was very liberal in giving praise to those who deserved it; but felt a thorough contempt for insolent mediocrity. He was a member of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna and Verona; and when at Rome, the Pope conferred on him the Cross and Brevet of Knight of Lo Sprone d'Oro.

At the time of which I am speaking, music was in the highest state of perfection at Vienna; for, independent of the great talents that were stationary,

there was a number of the most celebrated artists passing from Italy to Poland, Prussia, and Russia, most of whom gave concerts at Vienna. The Emperor usually attended them, and amply rewarded the performers. The celebrated Marchesi came from Venice to Vienna, on his road to Petersburg, where he was engaged for the Italian opera. He gave a concert, and was honoured by the Emperor's presence, and a brilliant audience; he was a great singer, and in the prime of his abilities. During his stay at Vienna, he was on a visit to the Venetian Ambassador, who, in compliment to him, gave a grand dinner to the Italian performers, amongst whom, I had the honour of being invited; —the banquet was splendid. His Excellency was a great gourmand, and was a good deal ridiculed for his attention to the gastronomic art; he gave his cook five hundred zecchinos per annum, but he was rich, and had a right to please himself. For my own part, though not much of an epicure, I think a good cook an essential personage in an establishment, and in the end, an economical one; and there is no place, generally speaking, where the art of cookery is better understood than at Vienna.

During my stay, I had the pleasure of hearing two of the first performers on the violin, perhaps in the world; both gave concerts, and their performance was truly exquisite, although in different styles.

The first was Giornovick, who was on his way from Russia to Paris, and had been many years first concerto player at the court of Petersburg. He was a man of a certain age, but in the full vigour of talent; his tone was very powerful, his execution most rapid, and his taste above all alluring. No performer, in my remembrance, played such pleasing music. He generally closed his concertos with a rondo, the subject of which was some popular Russian air, to which he composed variations with enchanting taste; his performance reminded me strongly of the celebrated La Motte, whom I had often heard at the Rotunda in Dublin.

Janewitz, the other, was a very young man, in the service of the King of Poland; he also touched the instrument with thrilling effect, and was an excellent leader of an orchestra. His concertos always finished with some pretty Polonaise air; his variations also were truly beautiful.

But the Apollo, the Orpheus of the age, was the redoubted and renowned Baron Bach, who came to Vienna to be heard by the Emperor. He (in his own conceit) surpassed Tartini, Nardini, &c. &c. This fanatico per la musica had just arrived from Petersburg, where he went to make his extraordinary talents known to the Royal Family and Court. Now, I have often heard this man play, and I positively declare, that his performance was as bad as any blind fiddler's

at a wake in a country town in Ireland; but he was a man of immense fortune, and kept open house. In every city which he passed through, he gave grand dinners, to which all the musical professors were invited; at Vienna, myself among the rest. One day, having a mind to put his vanity to the test, I told him that he reminded me of the elder Cramer. He seemed rather disappointed than pleased with my praise—he acknowledged Cramer had some merit, that he had played with him out of the same book at Manheim, when Cramer was first voilin at that Court; but that the Elector said that *his* tone was far beyond Cramer's, for Cramer was tame and slothful, and *he* was all fire and spirit; and that, to make a comparison between them, would be to compare a dove to a game cock. In my life, I never knew any man who snuffed up the air of praise like this discordant idiot.

After he had been heard by the Emperor (who laughed heartily at him) he set off for London, in order that the King of England might have an opportunity of hearing his dulcet strains. When he had taken his departure, another violin player arrived from Russia, a Doctor Fisher, a most eccentric man, possessing some merit in his profession, but a bit of a quack, and an inordinate prattler; he related strange things of himself, and was particularly tenacious of his veracity. The

harmonious Doctor, however, (who, by the bye, was a very ugly Christian) laid siege to poor Nancy Storace; and by dint of perseverance with her, and drinking tea with her mother, prevailed upon her to take him for better for worse, which she did in despite of the advice of all her friends; she had cause, however, in a short time to repent of her bargain, for instead of harmony, there was nothing but discord between them; and it was said he had a very striking way of enforcing his opinion, of which a friend of her's informed the Emperor, who intimated to him, that it would be fit for him to try a change of air, and so the Doctor was banished from Vienna.

Storace was the second wife of the discordant Doctor. His first wife was one of the daughters of Mr. Powell, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre. The Doctor had a sixteenth share of the Covent Garden Theatre property, in right of his wife; but was such an inordinate coxcomb, that the other proprietors had a great contempt for him and his opinion. I have heard Moody say, that he came one evening into the green room when he was present, and abused an actress for having torn her petticoat; and when questioned by her as to his right to do so, he replied, with great pomposity,—"All the right in the world, Madam, I have to look after my property; for know, Madam, the

sixteenth part of the petticoat which you have destroyed belongs to me, and is mine, to all intents and purposes." When his wife died, he parted with his share, to the great joy of the other partners in the concern *.

The same year, (1784,) the city of Vienna was honoured with the presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, then Bishop of Osnaburgh. On his entry into the city, he was received by the populace with acclamations, and welcomed by brilliant fêtes and rejoicings. The condescension and kindness for which His Royal Highness ever has been distinguished, thus early gained him the hearts of all ranks of society: he was in his one and twentieth year, and allowed to be a model of manly beauty. I have seen him often walking in

* The first Mrs. Fisher had two sisters; the one married, first, Mr. Warren, and secondly, Mr. Martindale, who kept one of the club houses in St. James's Street, who also left her a widow; upon her death she bequeathed her share of Covent Garden Theatre to Francis Const, Esq. the worthy and excellent chairman of the Middlesex and Westminster Sessions. The other married Mr. White, one of the clerks of the House of Commons, in right of whose daughters, (to whom they are married,) Mr. Willett, and Captain Forbes of the navy, now hold each similar shares of Covent Garden Theatre to that which the veracious Doctor Fisher possessed by a similar tenure at the time to which I have just alluded; and have, of course, if they chose to exercise it, a similar right to the sixteenth part of every actress's petticoat at the present moment.

the streets of Vienna, dressed in the Windsor uniform, with his hair platted behind, attended by one or two of his aides-de-camp, visiting the different shops, and conversing with the most amiable familiarity with the concourse of people that flocked around him. The Emperor paid him great and marked attention.

His Royal Highness's first visit to the theatre attracted a crowded and brilliant assemblage. The Emperor, accompanied by his brother Maximilian, the Archbishop of Cologne, was present. A new opera, composed by Stephen Storace, was produced on the occasion: Signora Storace and myself had the two principal parts in it. In the middle of the first act, Storace all at once lost her voice, and could not utter a sound during the whole of the performance; this naturally threw a damp over the audience, as well as the performers. The loss of the first female singer, who was a great and deserved favourite, was to the composer, her brother, a severe blow. I never shall forget her despair and disappointment, but she was not then prepared for the extent of her misfortune, for she did not recover her voice sufficiently to appear on the stage for five months.

As a proof of the retentive memory of His Royal Highness, the circumstances of which I speak are now one and forty years old; and yet, His Royal

Highness recollected, and repeated them to a friend of mine very recently. To have lived so long in his Royal remembrance, is to me high honour and gratification.

During the continuance of Storace's illness, three operas were produced, in which Signora Cortellini, Madame Bernasconi, and Signora Laschi performed. The last of these operas was composed by Signor Rigini, and written by the poet of the theatre, the Abbé da Ponte, by birth a Venetian. It was said, that originally he was a Jew,—turned Christian,—dubbed himself an Abbé,—and became a great dramatic writer. In his opera, there was a character of an amorous eccentric poet, which was allotted to *me*; at the time, I was esteemed a good mimic, and particularly happy in imitating the walk, countenance, and attitudes of those whom I wished to resemble. My friend, the poet, had a remarkably awkward gait, a habit of throwing himself (as he thought) into a graceful attitude, by putting his stick behind his back, and leaning on it; he had also a very peculiar, rather dandyish, way of dressing; for, in sooth, the Abbé stood mighty well with himself, and had the character of a consummate coxcomb; he had also a strong lisp and broad Venetian dialect.

The first night of the performance, he was seated in the boxes, more conspicuously than was absolutely

necessary, considering he was the author of the piece to be performed. As usual, on the first night of a new opera, the Emperor was present, and a numerous auditory. When I made my *entrée* as the amorous poet, dressed exactly like the Abbé in the boxes, imitating his walk, leaning on my stick, and aping his gestures and his lisp, there was a universal roar of laughter and applause; and after a buzz round the house, the eyes of the whole audience were turned to the place where he was seated. The Emperor enjoyed the joke, laughed heartily, and applauded frequently during the performance; the Abbé was not at all affronted, but took my imitation of him in good part, and ever after we were on the best terms. The opera was successful, had a run of many nights, and I established the reputation of a good mimic.

Storace had an opera put into rehearsal, the subject his own choice, Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors*. It was made operatical, and adapted for the Italian, by Da Ponte, with great ingenuity. He retained all the main incidents and characters of our immortal bard; it became the rage, and well it might, for the music of Storace was beyond

* I often mentioned (after I came to England) to Mr. Sheridan, how much I thought introducing Storace's music into the Comedy of Errors would do for Drury Lane: he approved of it, and said he would give directions to have it

description beautiful. I performed Antipholus of Ephesus, and a Signor Calvasi, Antipholus of Syracuse, we were both of the same height, and strove to render our persons as like each other as we could.

About the time of which I am now speaking, the celebrated poet, L' Abbate Casti, came from Italy to Vienna, on a visit to Prince Rosenberg. He was esteemed by the literati, the severest satirist since the days of Aretin. The *Animali Parlanti*, for its wit and satire, will always be remembered. Just at the same period, the celebrated Paesiello arrived at Vienna, on his way to Naples, from Petersburg, where he had been

done, but he never did. It is singular, that more than thirty-six years after I had suggested the idea, the proprietors of Covent Garden should bring the play forward as an opera; yet, had it been produced at Drury Lane at the time I mentioned it, my friend, Prince Hoare, would not have had in his excellent afterpiece, called "No Song no Supper," the beautiful sestetto, "Hope a distant joy disclosing;" for that piece of music, and the trio, "Knocking at this time of day," were both in the Equivoci; or, Italian Comedy of Errors. The music used, where Antipholus seeks admittance into his house, and his wife calls the guard, was that fine chorus in the Pirates, "Hark the guard is coming," and was certainly one of the most effective pieces of music ever heard. Both the songs sung by me in the Pirates, at Drury Lane, I had sung at Vienna, in the same opera of the Equivoci: Storace certainly enriched his English pieces, but I lamented to see his beautiful Italian opera dismantled.

some years, and amassed very great wealth. I had the pleasure of seeing him introduced to Mozart; it was gratifying to witness the satisfaction which they appeared to feel by becoming acquainted; the esteem which they had for each other was well known. The meeting took place at Mozart's house; I dined with them, and often afterwards enjoyed their society together.

The Emperor hearing that Casti and Paesiello were in Vienna, wished to have them presented to him on the first levee day; they were accordingly introduced to His Majesty by the Great Chamberlain. The compositions of Paesiello were always in high favour with the Emperor. His Majesty said to them, with his usual affability, "I think I may say, I have now before me two of the greatest geniuses alive; and it would be most gratifying to me, to have an opera, the joint production of both, performed at my theatre;" they of course obeyed the flattering command, and the greatest expectations were excited by the union of such talents.

One day, during the stay of Paesiello, I heard him relate an anecdote illustrative of the kindness of the Empress Catherine of Russia towards him. She was his scholar; and while he was accompanying her one bitter cold morning, he shuddered with the cold. Her Majesty perceiving it, took off a beautiful cloak which she had on, ornamented

with clasps of brilliants of great value, and threw it over his shoulders. Another mark of esteem for him, she evinced by her reply to Marshal Beloselsky. The Marshal, agitated, it is believed, by the "green-eyed monster," forgot himself so far as to give Paesiello a blow; Paesiello, who was a powerful athletic man, gave him a sound drubbing. In return, the Marshal laid his complaint before the Empress, and demanded from her Majesty the immediate dismissal of Paesiello from the Court, for having had the audacity to return a blow upon a Marshal of the Russian Empire. Catherine's reply was, "I neither can nor will attend to your request; you forgot your dignity when you gave an unoffending man and a great artist a blow; are you surprised that he should have forgotten it too? and as to rank, it is in my power, Sir, to make fifty marshals, but not one Paesiello."

I give the above anecdote as I heard it, although I confess it is rather a strange coincidence, that a similar circumstance should have occurred to Holbein, when a complaint was made against him to Henry VIII. by a Peer of Great Britain.

Casti was a remarkably quick writer; in a short time he finished his drama, entitled "Il Re Teodoro." It was said, Joseph II. gave him the subject, and that it was intended as a satire upon the King of Sweden, but the fact I believe was never

ascertained. The characters of the drama were Teodoro, Signor Mandini; Taddeo, the Venetian innkeeper, Bennuci; the sultan Achmet, Bussani; his sultana, Signora Laschi; Lisetta, daughter to the innkeeper, Signora Storace; and Sandrino, her lover, Signor Viganoni; all these performers were excellent in their way, and their characters strongly pourtrayed; but the most marked part, and on which the able Casti had bestowed the most pains, was that of Gafferio, the king's secretary. This character was written avowedly, as a satire on General Paoli, and drawn with a masterly hand. Casti declared, there was not a person in our company (not otherwise employed in the opera) capable of undertaking this part. It was decided, therefore, by the directors of the theatre, to send immediately to Venice, to engage Signor Blasi, at any price, to come and play it. This delayed us a little, and in the interim, Storace gave a quartett party to his friends. The players were tolerable; not one of them excelled on the instrument he played, but there was a little science among them, which I dare say will be acknowledged when I name them:

The First Violin	HAYDN.
" Second Violin . . .	BARON DITTERSDORF.
" Violoncello	VANHALL.
" Tenor	MOZART.

The poet Casti and Paesiello formed part of the audience. I was there, and a greater treat, or a more remarkable one, cannot be imagined.

On the particular evening to which I am now specially referring, after the musical feast was over, we sat down to an excellent supper, and became joyous and lively in the extreme. After several songs had been sung, Storace, who was present, asked me to give them the Canzonetta. Now thereby hung a tale, new to the company! The truth was this:—There was an old miser of the name of Varesi, living at Vienna, who absolutely denied himself the common necessaries of life, and who made up his meals by pilfering fruits and sweetmeats from the parties to which he was invited; the canzonetta for which Storace asked, he was particularly fond of singing with a tremulous voice, accompanied by extraordinary gestures, and a shake of the head; it was, in fact, this imitation which I was called upon to exhibit, and I did so. During my performance, I perceived Casti particularly attentive, and when I had finished, he turned to Paesiello, and said, "This is the very fellow to act the character of Gafferio, in our opera; this boy shall be our old man! and if he keep old Varesi in his eye when he acts it, I will answer for his success." The opera was brought out, the drama was excellent, and the music was acknow-

ledged the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paesiello. Overflowing houses, for three successive seasons, bore testimony to its merits. I played the old man; and although really little more than a boy, never lost sight of the character I was personating for a moment.

After the first night's performance, His Majesty, the Emperor, was pleased to have it signified to me, through Prince Rosenberg, that he was so much surprised and pleased with my performance, that he had ordered an addition to my salary of one hundred zecchinos per annum, (about fifty pounds British,) which I ever after enjoyed, during my stay at Vienna: in short, wherever I went I was nicknamed Old Gafferio.

Paesiello was particularly kind to me, during his stay at Vienna, and was much diverted with my monkey antics. When at Naples, he wrote to me, to say that the King of Naples had commanded him to put the opera of "Il Teodoro" in rehearsal, and wished me to ask the Emperor for six months' leave of absence to go to Naples and perform in it; and I should have my journey paid, and a most ample remuneration given me. This offer, liberal as it was, for private reasons not worth recording, I refused. The song in Old Gafferio's part, which I may say was the lucky star of my professional career, strange as it may appear, I had the folly to refuse to sing, thinking it too trivial for me. I sent

it back to Paesiello; he desired to see me—I went—and he played me the beautiful accompaniment for it which he had written, but which was not sent me, I having received only the voice part. When I was going away, this great man gave me a gentle admonition, not to judge of things rashly: a piece of advice not thrown away upon me.

The Emperor, this season, had a number of gala days, both at Vienna and at Schoënbrunn, the gardens of which very much resemble those of Hampton Court, but on a larger scale. There were several balls and fêtes given there, and fireworks of the most brilliant description, all open to the public. I remember one evening, seeing there Lord and Lady Buckley, Sir Robert Williams, Lord and Lady Granard, Colonel and Mrs. Doyle, and a great number of English nobility, who were then at Vienna, and whom I had the honour of meeting at Sir Robert Keith's, the English ambassador.

There were a number of fêtes also given at the Hantz Garden, which the people of Vienna frequented, particularly on Sundays: several of the alleys and walks are like those in Kensington Gardens. In the gardens there was an excellent restaurant, where dinner parties continually met; and the accommodations were excellent.

An event happened to me in returning to Vienna,

from that place, which, at the time, made a terrific impression on me. There was a young nobleman at Vienna, whose name it would be improper to publish (though the transaction was perfectly notorious). The son of Prince P——, who had been governor of Gratz; five and twenty years of age, very affable and accomplished, although wild and dissipated. Remembering me at Gratz, he often called upon me at Vienna. He was a great musical amateur, and a constant attendant at the Italian Opera House. One morning, he called, and asked me to meet him at three o'clock at the Hantz Garden, and dine with him there afterwards. I kept my appointment; we had an excellent *tête-à-tête* dinner, and passed an extremely pleasant day. It was in the summer season, and about nine o'clock we returned to Vienna in a hackney coach. As we were entering the Grauben Street, the coach was stopped and surrounded by a crowd of police officers; both the doors were instantly opened, and the Count and myself dragged into the street. Mr. Wivse, lieutenant of police, came to me and desired me not to be alarmed. "Mr. O'Kelly," said he, "you have nothing to fear, but we have a warrant against your companion, Count P——, for forgery, to a large amount: you are at liberty to go where you please, but *he* must be taken to prison."

They accordingly took him away, and I was not allowed to follow him. In a few days he was tried, and condemned to sweep the streets of Vienna. Often, as I have been walking, I have met this unfortunate man, with his head shaved, wearing a paper cap, and a jacket of coarse cloth, chained, with a large log tied to his leg, and a broom in his hand, actually sweeping the crossways with other felons.

Those unfortunate wretches, after they have swept the streets for a limited period, as an example, are chained in couples, and compelled to drag barges on the Danube. Every interest was made to save him; the Princess L——n, to whom he was nearly related, then in a most critical state of health, threw herself upon her knees before the Emperor to procure his pardon; but His Majesty was inflexible, and said that, "If he had a son who had been guilty of the same crime, he should undergo the same punishment." This event made an awful impression on me, and it was long before my spirits recovered the shock.

Just after this startling event, the Italian company were ordered to prepare to follow His Majesty to his palace at Luxemburgh, and to remain there for the summer months. The palace is only a few miles from Vienna, and nothing can be more magnificent; it is surrounded by forests full of all kinds

of game; the park, gardens, and grounds, truly beautiful, and in the centre of a rich and luxuriant country. The theatre was very pretty, and very well attended; for all had their *entrée* to it gratis, including the surrounding peasantry.

Italian operas were performed three times, German plays twice, and German operas twice in each week. I passed the time here most delightfully. Every performer of the Italian opera had separate apartments allotted to him, and his breakfast was sent thither. There was a magnificent saloon, in which we all met at dinner. The table was plentifully and luxuriantly supplied with every delicacy of the season; with wines of all descriptions, as well as all kinds of fruits, ices, &c.; and every night, after the spectacle, an excellent supper. In the mornings I had nothing to do (there were no rehearsals) but to amuse myself. The Emperor and his Court went often in chase of the Airone bird—an amusement he was very partial to. Prince Dichtrestein, the Master of the Horse, was very friendly to Signora Storace, and did her the kindness to send her one of the court barouches to view the chase. I always accompanied her on these excursions.

One day, the Emperor rode up to our carriage on horseback, and asked us, if we were amused, and if he could do any thing for us. Storace, with

her peculiar characteristic bluntness, said, "Why, Sire, I am very thirsty, will your Majesty be so good as to order me a glass of water?"—The Emperor with his usual affability smiled, called to one of his attendants to grant the request, and the glass of water was brought.

I have another instance to record of the condescension and urbanity of the Emperor. He one day reviewed twenty thousand of his finest troops: it was a glorious sight, and one that I shall never forget. Signora Storace, her mother, Bennuci, and myself, were on the ground at six o'clock in our barouche. The Emperor, who had a very military appearance, was surrounded by his staff, and accompanied by his nephew and heir, Grand Marshals Prince De Ligne, Prince Charles Lichtenstein, Prince Schwartzenberg, Prince Lokowitz, &c. &c. Marshals Lacy's and Laudon's regiments were on the ground, as well as some fine Hungarian regiments and the Emperor's Hungarian and Polish Guards, who made a magnificent appearance. To me it was enchantment. Our barouche was within view of the Emperor; and he sent one of his Aides-de-camp to us, to order the carriage to be drawn up nearer to himself.

At the close of the review, he rode up to us, and said, " Has not this been a fine sight? this

place is my stage; here I am the first actor." And when General O'Kavanagh's regiment passed before him, with their colonel at their head, he condescended to say to me, "Look there, O'Kelly; look, there goes your countryman O'Kavanagh, and a fine old soldier he is!" I never spent a more delightful day than that, which never has been effaced from my recollection.

Three delicious months did we pass at Luxemburgh, living in luxury and pleasure: at the end of which the Emperor returned to Vienna, and we received orders to follow him.

The theatre was opened immediately after our arrival. I was situated in every respect to my heart's content, living a life of gaiety and pleasure; and, thanks to the kindness and patronage of Sir Robert Keith, mixed with the best English society. A Mr. Stratton, a native of Scotland, who was Secretary to the British Embassy, was also kindly attentive to me. At Sir Robert's I often had the honour of meeting the young Polish Prince Poniatowski, then in the service of Joseph the Second; he was remarkable for his elegance of manner and riding, and great partiality to almost unmanageable horses. I received many marks of friendship from him; he entered subsequently into the service of Buonaparte, and was unfortunately drowned in fording a river.

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At this period of my life I was rather vain, and very fond of fine clothes; indeed, my greatest expense was the decoration of my precious person. I wore every evening, full dress embroidered coats, either gold, silver, or silk. I wore two watches (as was the custom of the country), and a diamond ring on each of my little fingers; thus decked out, I had not of course the least appearance of a Paddy. While sitting one evening in the Milan coffee-house, reading the Vienna Gazette, two gentlemen entered, and seated themselves opposite to me to take their coffee. One of them said to the other, with a most implacable Irish brogue, "Arrah, blood and thunder! *luke* at that fellow sitting opposite to us (meaning me); did you ever see such a jackdaw?"

"Really," answered his companion (who I perceived was an Englishman), "the fellow does not seem to be on bad terms with himself."

"Look at his long lace ruffles," said my countryman; "I suppose he wears ruffles, to mark his gentility."

I continued reading my gazette; but when the critique upon my long lace ruffles was ended, I laid down the paper, and tucked them up under the cuffs of my coat, not looking at the gentlemen, or seeming to take any notice of them.

"But now do *luke*," continued the persevering brogueneer; "what a display he is making of his rings; I suppose he thinks he will dazzle our eyes a bit."

Upon this, I deliberately took off my rings, and put them into my pocket; at the same time fixing a steady look at my critics, I told them, in English, that "If there were any other part of my dress at all disagreeable to them, I should have the greatest pleasure in altering it in any way they might suggest."

The Irishman (improbable as it may appear) blushed; and the Englishman said, "He hoped I would not feel an offence, where none was meant.' I said, "Certainly not;" and to prove my sincerity, requested them to take part of a bowl of punch, and drink our Sovereign King George's health, and towards our better acquaintance; and thus, in despite of laced ruffles and diamond rings, we introduced ourselves to one another.

My Irish friend, I found, was a Doctor O'Rourke, from the county of Down, who had only the day before arrived from Prague, where he had been for many years a medical practitioner; and, in my new English acquaintance, I had the pleasure to find the eccentric Walking Stewart, so named from having walked almost all over the world,

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and whose pedestrian exploits were universally spoken of.

After taking our punch, we separated, and agreed to meet and dine together the next day at the French house, kept by the famous Monsieur Villar, celebrated, though a Frenchman, for giving excellent beef steaks, and dressing them to perfection *à l'Anglaise*. Stewart, though a great oddity, was a well-informed, accomplished man; a true lover of the arts and sciences, and of a most retentive memory. The last little walk he had taken was from Calais, through France, Italy, and the Tyrol, to Vienna, and in a few days he was going to extend it as far as Constantinople. He was partial to most things in England, except the climate; he said, "Sir, I am perfectly of opinion with Addison, that, in nature, there is nothing more inconstant than the British climate, except the humour of its inhabitants."

He was a great enthusiast about music, although not about beef steaks; for, of the most tender, and dressed in Monsieur Villar's best manner, he would not touch a morsel; he lived entirely upon vegetables: but my friend, the Irish Doctor, was in truth a beef-eater.

In a few days Stewart left us to take his saun-

tering walk to Constantinople, and I very much regretted the loss of his society; but, as the doctor had come to reside at Vienna, we passed a good deal of our time together.

I had the pleasure, about this time, to be introduced to Monsieur Martini. He was a very old man. His sister, nearly his own age, kept his house for him. She was reckoned a deep blue, and very well versed in all the arts and sciences. The great poet Metastasio had lived *sixty years* in her brother's house, upon the most friendly terms, and died in it. The colleges of Bologna and Pavia gave her the title of Dottoressa; and deputations came from both those places, with her diploma. When I was admitted to her conversaziones and musical parties, she was in the vale of years, yet still possessed the gaiety and vivacity of a girl, and was polite and affable to all. Mozart was an almost constant attendant at her parties, and I have heard him play duets on the piano-forte with her, of his own composition. She was a great favourite of his.

At one of her parties I had the pleasure to be introduced to Mrs. Piozzi, who, with her husband, was travelling on the Continent; there appeared to me a great similarity in the manners of these two gifted women, who conversed with all a ound them without pedantry or affectation. It was

certainly an epoch, not to be forgotten, to have had the good fortune, on the same evening, to be in company with the favourites of Metastasio and Dr. Johnson; and last, not least, with Mozart himself.

There was a very excellent company of German singers at the Canatore Theatre; it was more spacious than the Imperial Court Theatre. The first female singer was Madame Langé, wife to the excellent comedian of that name, and sister to Madame Mozart. She was a wonderful favourite, and deservedly so; she had a greater extent of high notes than any other singer I ever heard. The songs which Mozart composed for her in "L'Enlèvement du Sérail," shew what a compass of voice she had; her execution was most brilliant. Stephen Storace told me it was far beyond that of Bastardini, who was engaged to sing at the Pantheon in London, and who, for each night of her performance of two songs, received one hundred guineas, an enormous sum at that time; and (comparatively speaking) more than two hundred at the present day*.

* Storace was then a boy, studying music under his father, who gave him a bravura song of Bastardini's to copy. Storace was so astonished that fifty guineas should be paid for *singing a song*, that he counted the notes in it, and calculated the amount of each note at 4*s.* 10*d.* He valued one of the divisions running

A number of foreign Princes, among whom were the Duc de Deux Ponts, the Elector of Bavaria, &c., with great retinues, came to visit the Emperor, who, upon this occasion, signified his wish to have two grand serious operas, both the composition of Chevalier Gluck,—" L' Iphigenia in Tauride," and " L' Alceste," produced under the direction of the composer; and gave orders that no expense should be spared to give them every effect.

Gluck was then living at Vienna, where he had retired, crowned with professional honours, and a splendid fortune, courted and caressed by all ranks, and in his seventy-fourth year.

L' Iphigenia was the first opera to be produced, and Gluck was to make his choice of the performers in it. Madame Bernasconi was one of the first serious singers of the day,—to her was appropriated the part of Iphigenia. The celebrated tenor, Adamberger, performed the part of Orestes, finely. To me was allotted the character of Pylades, which created no small envy among those performers who thought themselves better entitled to the part than myself, and perhaps they were right;—however, I had it, and also the high gratification of being instructed in the part by the composer himself.

up and down at £.18 11s. It was a whimsical thing for a boy to do, but perfectly in character; his passion for calculation was beyond all belief, except to those who witnessed it.

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One morning, after I had been singing with him, he said, "Follow me up stairs, Sir, and I will introduce you to one, whom, all my life, I have made my study, and endeavoured to imitate." I followed him into his bed-room, and, opposite to the head of the bed, saw a full-length picture of Handel, in a rich frame. "There, Sir," said he, "is the portrait of the inspired master of our art; when I open my eyes in the morning, I look upon him with reverential awe, and acknowledge him as such; and the highest praise is due to your country for having distinguished and cherished his gigantic genius.

L' Iphigenia was soon put into rehearsal, and a corps de ballet engaged for the incidental dances belonging to the piece. The ballet-master was Monsieur De Camp, the uncle of that excellent actress, and accomplished and deserving woman, Mrs. Charles Kemble. Gluck superintended the rehearsals, with his powdered wig, and gold-headed cane; the orchestra and choruses were augmented, and all the parts were well filled.

The second opera was Alceste, which was got up with magnificence and splendour, worthy an Imperial Court.

For describing the strongest passions in music, and proving grand dramatic effect, in my opinion, no man ever equalled Gluck—he was a great painter of music; perhaps the expression is far

fetched, and may not be allowable, but I speak from my own feelings, and the sensation his descriptive music always produced on me. For example, I never could hear, without tears, the dream of Orestes, in Iphigenia: when in sleep, he prays the gods to give a ray of peace to the parricide Orestes. What can be more expressive of deep and dark despair?—And the fine chorus of the demons who surround his couch, with the ghost of his mother, produced in me a feeling of horror, mixed with delight.

Dr. Burney (no mean authority) said, Gluck was the Michael Angelo of living composers, and called him the simplifying musician. Salieri told me, that a comic opera of Gluck's being performed at the Elector Palatine's theatre, at Schwetzingen, his Electoral Highness was struck with the music, and inquired who had composed it; on being informed that he was an honest German who loved *old wine*, his Highness immediately ordered him a tun of Hock.

Paesiello's Barbiere di Siviglia, which he composed in Russia, and brought with him to Vienna, was got up; Signor Mandini and I played the part of Count Almaviva alternately; Storace was the Rosina. There were three operas now on the tapis, one by Regini, another by Salieri (the Grotto of Trophonius), and one by Mozart, by special com-

mand of the Emperor. Mozart chose to have Beaumarchais' French comedy, "Le Mariage de Figaro," made into an Italian opera, which was done with great ability, by Da Ponte. These three pieces were nearly ready for representation at the same time, and each composer claimed the right of producing his opera for the first. The contest raised much discord, and parties were formed. The characters of the three men were all very different. Mozart was as touchy as gunpowder, and swore he would put the score of his opera into the fire, if it was not produced first; his claim was backed by a strong party: on the contrary, Regini was working like a mole in the dark to get precedence.

The third candidate was Maestro di Cappella to the Court, a clever shrewd man, possessed of what Bacon called, crooked wisdom; and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers, who formed a cabal not easily put down. Every one of the opera company took part in the contest. I alone was a stickler for Mozart, and naturally enough, for he had a claim on my warmest wishes, from my adoration of his powerful genius, and the debt of gratitude I owed him, for many personal favours.

The mighty contest was put an end to by His Majesty issuing a mandate for Mozart's "Nozze

di Figaro," to be instantly put into rehearsal; and none more than Michael O'Kelly, enjoyed the little great man's triumph over his rivals.

Of all the performers in this opera at that time, but one survives,—myself. It was allowed that never was opera stronger cast. I have seen it performed at different periods in other countries, and well too, but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius;—it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams.

I called on him one evening; he said to me, "I have just finished a little duet for my opera, you shall hear it." He sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so, when I mention the duet, sung by Count Almaviva and Susan, "Crudel perchè finora farmi languire così." A more delicious morceau never was penned by man; and it has often been a source of pleasure to me, to have been the first who heard it, and to have sung it with its greatly-gifted composer. I remember at the first rehearsal of the full band,

Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso," Bennuci gave, with the greatest animation and power of voice.

I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, Bravo! Bravo! Bennuci; and when Bennuci came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar," which he gave out with Stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated Bravo! Bravo! Maestro. Viva, viva, grande Mozart. Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.

The same meed of approbation was given to the finale at the end of the first act; that piece of music alone, in my humble opinion, if he had never composed any thing else good, would have stamped him as the greatest master of his art. In the sestetto, in the second act, (which was Mozart's favourite piece of the whole opera,) I had a very conspicuous part, as the Stuttering Judge. All

through the piece I was to stutter; but in the sestetto, Mozart requested I would not, for if I did, I should spoil his music. I told him, that although it might appear very presumptuous in a lad like me to differ with him on this point, I did; and was sure, the way in which I intended to introduce the stuttering, would not interfere with the other parts, but produce an effect; besides, it certainly was not in nature, that I should stutter all through the part, and when I came to the sestetto, speak plain; and after that piece of music was over, return to stuttering; and, I added, (apologising at the same time, for my apparent want of deference and respect in placing my opinion in opposition to that of the great Mozart,) that unless I was allowed to perform the part as I wished, I would not perform it at all.

Mozart at last consented that I should have my own way, but doubted the success of the experiment. Crowded houses proved that nothing ever on the stage produced a more powerful effect; the audience were convulsed with laughter, in which Mozart himself joined. The Emperor repeatedly cried out Bravo! and the piece was loudly applauded and encored. When the opera was over, Mozart came on the stage to me, and shaking me by both hands, said, "Bravo! young man, I feel obliged to you; and acknowledge you to have been in the

right, and myself in the wrong." There was certainly a risk run, but I felt within myself I could give the effect I wished, and the event proved that I was not mistaken.

I have seen the opera in London, and elsewhere, and never saw the Judge pourtrayed as a stutterer, and the scene was often totally omitted. I played it as a stupid old man, though at the time I was a beardless stripling. At the end of the opera, I thought the audience would never have done applauding and calling for Mozart; almost every piece was encored, which prolonged it nearly to the length of two operas, and induced the Emperor to issue an order, on the second representation, that no piece of music should be encored. Never was any thing more complete than the triumph of Mozart, and his "Nozze di Figaro," to which numerous overflowing audiences bore witness *.

One morning, while we were rehearsing in the grand saloon of the palace, His Majesty, accompanied by Prince Rosenberg, entered the saloon, and addressing himself to Storace, Mandini, and Bennuci, said, "I dare say, you are all pleased,

* I was not aware, at that time, of what I have since found to be the fact, that those who labour under the defect of stuttering while speaking, articulate distinctly in singing. That excellent bass, Sedgwick, was an instance of it; and the beautiful Mrs. Inchbald, the authoress, another.

that I have desired there shall be no more encores; to have your songs so often repeated, must be a great fatigue, and very distressing to you." Storace replied, "It is indeed, Sire, very distressing, very much so;" the other two bowed, as if they were of the same opinion. I was close to His Majesty, and said boldly to him, "Do not believe them, Sire, they all like to be encored, at least I am sure I always do." His Majesty laughed, and I believe he thought there was more truth in my assertion, than in theirs. I am sure there was.

In the midst of all this gaiety and splendour, I received a letter from my father in Dublin, stating, that my mother was in a declining state of health, and that it was her earnest wish, that I should return to Dublin, if only for a few months; at the same time I got a letter from Mr. Linley, to say, that he and Mr. Sheridan would be very happy to treat with me for Drury Lane Theatre; that Stephen Storace would be soon at Vienna, and that he would have a *carte blanche* to close an engagement with me, on their parts. I confess, I had a great desire to see my mother; but for the present it was out of the question, as it was the very height of the season.

In the summer, the Emperor went to Luxemburgh; and I, with the other performers of the Italian opera, was of course obliged to follow:

we remained there three months, in the usual enjoyment of every thing pleasant and luxurious; nothing of any particular interest occurred, and at the close of the summer, we again returned to our post at Vienna.

In the Spring of 1787, there was a great number of English at Vienna; amongst whom, where Lord Belgrave, now the Earl of Grosvenor, with his tutor, Mr. Gifford, one of the greatest ornaments of the literary world: Lord Bernard, now Earl of Darlington; Lord Dungarvon, now Earl of Cork; Lord de Clifford; Lord Carberry; Earl of Crawford; Sir John Sebright; Colonel Lennox; Mr. Dawkins; Mr. John Spencer; and many other fashionables; who were all young and full of vivacity—perhaps rather too lively to suit the temper of the phlegmatic Germans, who never heard of such a thing among themselves as a row; but at this period, they were initiated. The English noblemen and gentlemen formed themselves into a club, took a house in the Grauben Street, and generally dined together. I had often the honour of dining with them, and will venture to say, there were more corks drawn at one of their dinners, than during the same day all over Germany. There was another place frequented by many of them after the opera was over, which was neither more nor less than a grocer's shop in the same street. This grocer was supposed

to have the finest champagne and hock in the country; I was his constant visitor. Behind the shop was a room, where he admitted a chosen few, but it was not open to the public. There we always found excellent Parmasan cheese, anchovies, olives, and oysters. No table cloth was allowed, but each person had a large piece of brown paper presented to him by way of napkin.

I wish I had now in my cellar the excellent wines I have seen, during my sojourn at Vienna, drank in that room. Every thing was good except the oysters, which were somewhat of the stalest; none could be procured nearer than Trieste, which was so far from Vienna, that they never arrived sweet;—but the Germans liked them just as well when stale.

I heard an anecdote, which I was assured was authentic, of King George the First, touching oysters. When His Majesty went from Hanover to England, the Royal Purveyor having heard that the King was very fond of oysters, had a dish put down every day; of course, they were the finest that could be procured, but the King did not like them. This being mentioned to one of the pages who went over with him from Hanover, he told the Purveyor that the King did not find the same *relishing taste* in the English oysters, which he admired so much in those which he had in Hanover. — " Endeavour," said the

courtier, "to get His Majesty some that are stale, and you will find he will like them."—The experiment was tried, and actually succeeded, for His Majesty constantly ate them, and said they were delicious.

Several of the English gentlemen wished to introduce horse-racing. The Emperor kindly consented to their having any piece of ground near Vienna that they chose; and they fixed upon a spot in the Prater. They were to ride their own matches. I perfectly recollect that the Earl of Darlington, Earl Grosvenor, Lord Carberry, Lord de Clifford, and Sir John Sebright, &c. were the riders. It was quite a novel spectacle to the good people of Vienna,—and gentle and simple, high and low, crowded to the Prater to see my Lord Anglais turned jockey. The people seemed enchanted. The Emperor ordered his Polish Guards to keep the ground, that the riders might meet with no interruption; every thing was order and regularity, and the day passed off, to the content and enjoyment of all parties.

Stephen Storace at length arrived at Vienna from England, and brought with him an engagement for his sister, from Gallini, the manager of the Opera House in London, as prima donna for the comic opera. Her engagement at Vienna was to

finish after the ensuing carnival, and she accepted it; and I wished much to accompany her, and go to Dublin to see my family. I procured an audience of the Emperor at Schoënbrunn. I found him with half-a-dozen General Officers, among whom were Generals O'Donnell and Kavanagh, my gallant countrymen; the latter said something to me in Irish, which I did not understand, consequently, made him no answer. The Emperor turned quickly on me, and said, "What, O'Kelly, don't you speak the language of your own country?"—I replied, "Please your Majesty, none but the lower orders of the Irish people speak Irish." The Emperor laughed loudly. The impropriety of the remark, made before two Milesian Generals, in an instant flashed into my mind, and I could have bit my tongue off. They luckily did not, or pretended not to hear my unintentionally rude observation,—it was, it must be confessed, a most unlucky *impromptu*.

I told His Majesty that I came to implore, after the approaching Carnival, His Royal leave of absence, to go and see my mother, in Dublin, for six months. He replied, "Six months will not be sufficient, take twelve, and your salary shall be continued for that period;—I will give the necessary orders to Prince Rosenberg." I asked permission to perform in London for a few nights,

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if I found it my interest to do so. "Certainly," he replied, "you are right to make the best use of your time and talents; accept of any engagement that may be conducive to your interest, and if you do not better yourself, come back to my theatre, and you shall be received." He further condescended to ask me how I intended travelling, and pointed out the best roads and accommodations between Vienna and Paris. I had the honour of kissing his hand, and returned to Vienna.

I remember that night a singular incident occured to me.—At the Ridotto Rooms, there was some play going forward. I never in the course of my life, had been addicted to that fashionable amusement, but, on that unlucky evening, rebellion lay in my way, and I found it. I lost forty zecchinos to a gallant English Colonel; I had only twenty about me, which I paid, and promised to pay the other twenty in the course of the week. I went home to bed, repenting of my folly.

In the morning, Nancy Storace called on me. —"So, Sir," said she, "I hear you were gambling last night, and not only lost all the money you had about you, but are still in debt—such debts ought not to be left unsatisfied a moment; you may one day or other go to England, and,

should the transaction of your playing for more money than you possessed become known among Englishmen, it might give you a character which I know you do not deserve;—it must be settled directly." She instantly produced the money, and made me go and discharge the obligation. Such an act of well-timed, disinterested friendship was noble, and never has been forgotten by me.

About two months after this, an unlucky circumstance happened to me, which might have marred all my future prospects in life. A young Bohemian officer, of high rank, in the Imperial service, chose to take it into his head that I had supplanted him in the affections of the Countess of S——. Though I assured him to the contrary, he did every thing in his power to degrade and injure me. He condescended to have me watched, go where I would;—and even bribed my own servant to betray my secrets. Heedless of menaces and threats, however, I went my own way.

One night, after having played the part of the Cavalier, in Paesiello's opera of "La Frascatana," I slipped off my coat, keeping on the rest of my theatrical dress, threw my pelisse over me, and went to supper at the house of a friend. The opera finished at a later hour than usual, and the entertainment at my friend's house was prolonged till

between four and five in the morning. At the time I set out to return, it was rather dark, but I could perceive two men following me; when I was turning round the Italian Street, they came behind me, and pushed me against a wall. They were muffled up in cloaks;—in one of them I recognised Count U——, and in the other, his companion, Baron S——, an officer in the same regiment. I asked them to let me pass, in the Emperor's name, in whose service I was, as well as themselves. The reply was, "No, scoundrel! until you confess the justice of my suspicions, you shall not escape me with life." I firmly persisted in not having the slightest knowledge of the lady in question. The Baron said, "You lie, you rascal;" and struck me in the face. On receiving the blow, I returned it with such force, as made my opponent reel backwards from me. Finding myself at liberty, I seized the opportunity, and took to my heels, thinking my life was only to be saved by flight.

I had not ran far, before I was met by the police, who patrolled the streets every night; who, presenting their swords to my breast, commanded me to stop,—while my pursuers were close at my heels, ready to cut me down with their sabres. These two gallant officers represented me to the police as a robber; and the guardians of the night were in the

act of dragging me to the guard-house, but, in doing so, they pulled open my pelisse, and saw the richly embroidered dress in which I had been acting. I had my two watches in my pocket, and my diamond rings on my fingers. On perceiving these, one of the policemen said to the other,—" This cannot be a thief."—I informed them that I was a singer belonging to the Court, and requested them to conduct me to my lodgings, where they would find that I was telling them the truth. I wished, from principles of delicacy, to compromise the affair, in which the reputation of an individual was concerned; but my heroic opponents (who still followed me), swore they would be the first to publish the whole transaction, and though I had escaped them now, revenge they would have some other time, and that then I should bite the dust. I told them that, " finding they were dead to all sense of honour, I should prevent all their attacks as assassins; but I was perfectly ready, notwithstanding their cowardly conduct, to meet them as men." Full of bluster and threats, they took their departure, and the police conducted me in safety to my apartments, for which I amply rewarded them.

The first visit I had, on the following day, was from my friend Dr. O'Rourke, who informed me that he was told of the whole transaction of the night

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before at the Military Coffee-house, and that, before four and twenty hours elapsed, my life would atone for my conduct. The Doctor begged me, by all means, to wait upon my kind friend and patron, Marshal Lacy; upon Prince Charles Lichtenstein, Governor of Vienna. Those exalted persons advised me, by all means, to lay the whole transaction before the Emperor; and Prince Lichtenstein promised he would prepare His Majesty for the recital.

As the Emperor was free of access to all, I sought an audience, and was honoured with the following gracious reception:—"So, O'Kelly," said His Majesty, "I hear that a disagreeable circumstance befel you last night. Prince Lichtenstein has told me all about it. I do not wish to hear any thing about the lady, keep that in your own breast; and, upon that point, you have acted as a man of honour: I only want to know from yourself how the quarrel began with my officers."

I related the whole of the circumstances as they occurred, except one. The Emperor assured me I should have full satisfaction, and gave directions for the two heroes to be sent for. They were brought before him, and he inquired of them how they had dared to violate the laws. The Count said that I was the aggressor, by standing in the way of his

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pretensions to a lady for whom he had conceived an affection, which, but for such interference, would, in all probability, be returned.

The Emperor, to the best of my recollection, made the following remarks verbatim :—" So, Sir, because you love a lady, to whom you are indifferent, you think you are justified in behaving ill to those on whom she chooses to bestow her attentions: —my laws, Sir, are not to be sacrificed to your malice, nor is the honour of my army to be sullied by any man who chooses to act in a manner unworthy of his rank. The duty of my officers is not only to keep peace themselves, but to preserve it inviolate against the attempts of others. What you both have done will justly stigmatize you in the eyes of the whole army. On my highway you attacked this young man, whose life you had meanly sought, at a moment when he was unarmed, and with odds, which baffled his making resistance."

They attempted to justify their conduct by observing, that they should degrade their birth and rank in society, by suffering themselves to be imposed on by a player, whom they considered so much beneath them. The Emperor said, " The player whom you affect to despise is a man of honour; but, as for you, you have acted like assassins, and, from this moment, I consider you unworthy to continue in my service; I shall

therefore give orders for removing you from the army." The next day they were publicly degraded.

The whole of the above, nearly as I have written it, was inserted in all the public prints, and circulated throughout Germany.

I had the pleasure to hear from all quarters that the Emperor's decision was hailed as an act of justice; and the first night I afterwards appeared on the stage, I was received with repeated plaudits, which implied, I flattered myself, that the audience generally approved of my conduct.

The Carnival was now fast approaching. I informed Stephen Storace of the leave of absence I had obtained from the Emperor, and that I would accompany him and his sister, and mother, to London, at the close of the festival, and that he might let the proprietors of Drury Lane know, that I should be ready to try my fortune at their theatre about the beginning of April, but that I would not stipulate for any fixed terms:—those, I told him, I would arrange upon my arrival in London, and I had no doubt but we should agree.

The Carnival was kept with more than common splendour. Vienna was crowded with foreigners of all nations, and a number of British, in addition to those I made mention of. The ridotto balls were fully attended, and all was revelry and plea-

sure. The English were particularly respected and beloved—but, alas! there were some half-dozen amongst them (who shall be nameless) who occasionally sacrificed to the jolly god, and, when heated with wine, would sally out into the street and shew a great inclination to encourage the trade of *lamp-mending*, which, one night, they did so effectually, that they did not leave a lamp unbroken in the Grauben-street, or the street adjoining.

The art of lamp-smashing was not understood by the unaccomplished young men of Vienna, and great was their wonder and dismay that they should have lived so long in a state of ignorance; but the police, not wishing to have the science cultivated amongst their countrymen, intimated to the professors of the novel art that they must pay for what they had demolished, or, upon a repetition of their valorous exploits, they should be sent to prison.

I was very sorry that the affair happened, although not more than half a dozen were concerned in it; for, with this exception, no set of gentlemen could have conducted themselves with greater propriety. It was understood, however, that the Emperor was very much displeased, and had given orders, that the first person found committing any breach of the peace, should be put into confinement.

Four days before my departure for England, a little *contre temps* had nearly broken up our tra-

velling arrangements. We were supping at the Ridotto Rooms, and my poor friend, Stephen Storace, who was proverbially a sober man, and who had a strong head for every thing but drinking, had swallowed potent libations of sparkling Champagne, which rendered him rather confused. He went into the ball-room, and saw his sister dancing with an officer in uniform, booted and spurred. In twirling round while waltzing, his spurs got entangled in Storace's dress, and both she and the officer came to the ground, to the great amusement of the by-standers. Stephen, thinking his sister had been intentionally insulted, commenced personal hostilities against the officer: a great bustle ensued, which was ended by half a dozen policemen seizing Storace, and dragging him to the guard-house, to which several English gentlemen followed him. The officer of the guard was very good-natured, and allowed us to send for some eatables and Champagne;—we remained with him all night, and a jovial night we had. In the morning we departed, but Storace was obliged to tarry in durance vile till further orders. He was not, however, the least discomfited; he thought of the Italian proverb, as he told me,—

> "Non anderà sempre così; come diceva
> Il piccolo cane, quando menava
> Il rosto, alla fine la carne sarà cuccitta."

I was determined to make a bold push to get him released in the evening.—I placed myself in the corridor through which the Emperor passed after his dinner to his study. He saw me, and said, "Why, O'Kelly, I thought you were off for England?"—"I can't go, Sire," was my answer; "my friend, who was to travel with me, was last night put into prison." I then told His Majesty who it was, and how it happened.—He laughed at the tipsy composer's wanting to fight, and said, "I am very sorry for Storace, for he is a man of great talent; but I regret to observe that some of your English gentry who travel, appear much altered from what they used to be. Formerly, they travelled after they had quitted College,—it appears to me that now they travel before they go to it." His Majesty then left me, saying, "Bon voyage, O'Kelly,—I shall give directions that Storace may be set at liberty."

The next morning he was liberated. I waited upon my kind patron, Sir Robert Keith, Marshals Lacy and Laudon, and all those friends who had honoured me with their hospitality and protection. I went to take leave of the immortal Mozart, and his charming wife and family; he gave me a letter to his father, Leopold Mozart, who was at the Court of Saltzbourg. I could hardly tear myself away from him; and, at parting, we both shed

tears. Indeed, the memory of the many happy days which I passed at Vienna will never be effaced from my mind.

In the first week of February 1787, I quitted it with a heart full of grief and gratitude. Storace, her mother, her brother, Attwood, and myself, not forgetting Signora Storace's lap-dog, filled the travelling carriage, and with four horses we started for England Ho!

Were I to recount the *désagrémens* of a German journey, my task would be endless. I shall therefore content myself with mentioning the different places at which we stopped: the first, worthy of observation, was Saltzbourg, which would be celebrated, if for nothing else, as the birth-place of Mozart, who was born there in the year 1756. As I viewed its lofty spires from a distance, I felt a kind of reverential awe. The morning after our arrival, escorted by a *lacquais de place*, I waited upon Mozart's father, and delivered his son's letter. I found him a pleasing, intelligent little man; he called upon Signora Storace, and offered to be our guide to every thing worth noticing; he was, as I have before mentioned, in the service of the reigning Sovereign, the Archbishop, who was passionately fond of music, and a distinguished amateur; he had also in his service Michael Haydn, brother of the celebrated Haydn,

who was by many competent judges reckoned even superior to his brother in the composition of church music. Saltzbourg is well built: the Archbishop's palace is positively magnificent; in the area before it is a fountain, esteemed the largest in Germany.

I was taken to see another palace, belonging to the Archbishop, called Mirabella, where there is a beautiful garden: we were told that twenty thousand oranges were annually gathered from the trees in His Holiness's orangery. The riding-school is a noble structure; the Archbishop was said to be particularly fond of horses; his stud, at the time I speak of, consisted of two hundred; his income was calculated at half a million sterling. The cathedral is a superb building: the inhabitants of the city have a most whimsical custom (I mean those who have the means of satisfying their caprice); when in good health and spirits they fix on their future burial-places, and having selected snug and suitable spots, have their portraits painted, and placed over their graves; to me it seemed as if this absurdity could not be surpassed.

The Archbishop sent one of his attendants to invite Signora Storace and her party to hear a concert at his palace; we felt ourselves highly honoured, and, of course, went. The Archbishop was a very fine looking man, particularly galant and attentive to the ladies, of whom there was a

splendid show; it was conceived that he was very partial to the English, and English manners. The music was chiefly instrumental, admirably performed; the band numerous and excellent.

After the concert we returned to supper at our inn, and after supper got into our carriage to continue our journey; but of all the roads I ever travelled, the Archbishop's was the worst; I was jolted to a jelly, and so irritated, that when we got to the barrier, and were stopped to have our passports examined, I said to the centinel, "Comrade, it would be much better if your Archbishop, instead of spending so much money upon music, would appropriate part of it to mending his ways." This ill-timed observation, which I confess was rather ungracious on my part, did not seem to please the centinel; however, he let us pass, merely muttering, that the English had more money than manners. Stephen Storace, in a well-timed moment, slipped a florin into his hand, which soothed the Cerberus, and made me think, with Macheath, that "money, well-timed, and properly applied, will do any thing."

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the country between Saltzbourg and Munich; it is rich by nature, and highly cultivated. We arrived in due time at Munich, the capital of the Electorate of Bavaria, and put up at the best inn, where I had

the pleasure to find Lord Bernard stopping, on his way to England. I had been gratified by meeting his Lordship at Vienna, where his affability and elegance of manner had gained him the esteem and respect of those who had the honour of his acquaintance. As all our party were known to his Lordship, he invited us to dine with him; he had an English landau, and travelled with one servant only. As he, like ourselves, was going to Paris, he proposed that we should all travel together, and that he would give a seat in his carriage to one of us, "turn and turn about," as the phrase goes; we were flattered by the proposal, and accepted it.

We agreed to remain at Munich three or four days, to see the lions. We went over the Elector's palace, a magnificent building, consisting of several galleries, furnished superbly, and abounding with paintings, statues, &c. &c.; the chamber of the Elector, we were told, cost above one hundred thousand pounds: it contained a profusion of velvets, gold tissue, and old-fashioned carved work; the bed was immense, groaning with splendour; the great staircase is of marble and gold; from the garden of the palace we were shewn a secret passage, leading to the churches and convents of the town. The streets are regular and broad, and most of the houses painted on the outside; the market-place is

extremely beautiful. We were taken to see the Niemptenburg palace. The gardens are laid out with great taste; in one of the avenues, I remember Attwood and myself ran a race, and I won it; at that time I was as light as a feathered mercury; but alas! "*non sum qualis eram.*"

The country around this spot is pretty, and the public baths excellent. The Storaces and myself, by appointment, went to pay our respects to Raff, the justly celebrated tenor, esteemed by far the finest singer of his day, and for many years the delight of Naples and Palermo. He was by birth a Bavarian, and had retired to Munich with an ample fortune; he was past seventy, and did us the favour to sing to us his famous song, composed by Bach, "*Non so donde viene*;" though his voice was impaired, he still retained his fine voce di petto and sostenuto notes, and pure style of singing.

While staying at Munich, we were asked to assist at a grand concert, at which the Elector, the Electress, and their Court were present; the band consisted of several eminent performers, among whom was the famous violin player, Frantzl, who performed a concerto in a masterly manner; and a most excellent female singer of the name of Dussek; and the next morning we set off for Augsbourg.

Lord Bernard's *avant-courier* was taken so ill

that he was obliged to remain at Munich, and another could not at the moment be procured; it was agreed that we should, by turns, mount a post-horse, and ride on before the carriages to the post-house, and get horses ready, without which precaution we might have been frequently detained on the road. I thought it a pleasant arrangement, although we travelled always in the night.

We arrived at Augsbourg early in the morning, and intended to pass the day there. There seemed to be a swarm of Israelites in this old town, which is renowned for wig-makers, pits, water-works, and dancing ladies, who are by no means scrupulous on the point of exhibiting their legs. It being Sunday, we did not visit their sulphureous water-works, but looked in at one of the balls which are given every Sunday evening, where were some very prettily-dressed servant girls, labouring assiduously at the dance, accompanied by a dulcimer, a violin, pipe, and tabor. Having gratified our curiosity by this exhibition, we set off for Ulm, in which there is nothing very remarkable, except its cathedral. From Ulm, Storace and her mother, accompanied by his Lordship, went straight on to Strasbourg, where they agreed to wait for Stephen, Attwood, and myself.

Previous to his going to Vienna, my friend Attwood had been staying at a friend's house at Stut-

gard, and wished to spend a couple of days with him on his return; Stephen and I agreed to accompany him; but, in the execution of the design, we lost our way in the Black Forest: we were driven by a lad, the deputy assistant ostler at the inn where we had changed horses, all the regular post-boys being unluckily out of the way; the poor fellow was unacquainted with the road, the night was dark, and, considering the place we were in (famous for banditti), our situation was not the most enviable in the world. We wandered on, we knew not where, for some hours; at last we saw a distant light; we dismounted, and walked across the forest towards it, the carriage slowly following; at length we got to a gate, at which we knocked; a man within asked us what we wanted at that time of night. I was the spokesman, and, in bad German, said, "We were English travellers, who had lost our way, and were benighted in the forest."—The young man immediately opened the gate, and invited us in, and told us he was sure his mother would make us welcome.

We were ushered into a large parlour, where was seated, in an arm-chair, an elderly lady, with eight of her grandchildren, placed round a supper table; she gave us a most hospitable reception, told us we had strayed widely from the right road, made us sit down and partake of her supper, which consisted of some cold roasted veal, chickens, salad, and an excel-

lent omelet, and gave us some of the finest old hock I ever tasted. She said she was very happy in administering to our comforts, for she had a high respect for the English. She was a very agreeable old lady, and her charming family very attentive. She insisted upon sitting up with us until day-break, as she could not accommodate us with beds, and told us, that her eldest son should accompany us to the next post town, on the road to Stutgard.

In the morning we took leave of her, and changed horses at the next stage—the country around Stutgard is very picturesque; at the entrance to the city we were impeded by an immense crowd of people, chiefly military, attending the funeral of a field marshal. The ceremony was grand and impressive.

Upon making inquiries in the place, we found that, as the reigning Duke of Wirtemberg was absent on a visit to the King of Prussia, the theatre was closed; but in the morning I went to look at the stage, on which had been exhibited the most magnificent and splendid spectacles ever produced: indeed, it has been said, that the expense of this very theatre was so great that it materially injured the finances of the Sovereign, and that he was obliged to relinquish it: at one period, the Italian opera flourished at Stutgard more than at any court in Europe. The first soprano singer was the celebrated Cafarelli; for its tenor singer, the Cavaliere Hectore; and the prima

donna, the great Gabrielli; Jomelli, Hasse, and Graun, the composers; with a corresponding orchestra, culled from all parts of Germany and Italy. The ballets were magnificent; the ballet-master, the celebrated Noverre; it was on this stage he produced his Armida, and Jason and Medea; the expense for the production of which, in scenery, machinery, and decorations, was said to be enormous: the elder Vestris, Le Picque, Duberval, and the first dancers from Paris were engaged; and the whole together formed a theatrical exhibition perfectly unique; but it was, I have before said, found necessary to put a stop to their gaiety.

Having seen what was to be seen at Stutgard, we proceeded on our journey; and barring bad roads, lazy post-boys, vile horses, wretched inns, and two or three overturns, our journey was pleasant enough; at length we found ourselves at the gates of Strasburg, renowned for its savory and goose-liver pies, and at the Hôtel de l'Empereur we found Storace and her party waiting for us; we sat down to an excellent *déjeûner à la fourchette*, quite happy at being released from our bone-setter:—we remained two days at Strasburg, and liked it much.

One evening we went to a concert, which was crowded with military men and beautiful women, where I had the pleasure of being introduced to the justly popular composer, Pleyel; he was engaged as

director of the concerts; he came to the hotel and supped with us, and seemed delighted to hear that we had left his old master Haydn in good health and spirits. In the morning I went with him to the top of the spire of the cathedral, reckoned the highest in Europe; a foolish fellow, a week before, disappointed and crossed in love, had thrown himself from the top of it, and been dashed to pieces. In the body of the church, lie the remains of the famous Marshal Saxe, to whose memory there is a fine monument; and its clock is a curious piece of machinery.

In the evening I heard the celebrated French actress and comic singer, Madame Dugazzon, who sang the popular ballad of "Mon bon André, mon cher André," charmingly. The house literally overflowed with elegant company. Next day we set off for Nancy, the last stage of our journey; Storace and myself having ridden forward to order breakfast, came to a place where four roads met:—which was the right one we knew not; I luckily thought of the expedient of throwing the reins over our horses' necks, and, as I foresaw, they mechanically brought us safe and sound into Nancy, which I thought a very pretty town.

The country all through Champagne is delightfully cultivated and picturesque; nothing, however, happened worth noticing until we reached Paris,

where we took up our quarters at an hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, at that time the most fashionable part of the town, and generally frequented by the English. We remained there a few days, and I believe saw every thing worth seeing, visited Versailles, and saw the King and Queen, and the royal family, dine in public, apparently adored by the populace.

At that time there existed a ceremony, to which all foreigners were obliged to submit; I mean, that of being actually compelled to receive the chaste salutes of the *dames de la halle* (fish women), who besieged, in those days, the residences of strangers, and presented them with nosegays, nor would they quit their post until they had obtained both money and kisses; but, I must say, that these amatory advances were to me a horrid nuisance.

My object, while in Paris, was to see all the theatres, and I therefore visited one or other of them every evening. I went, first, to the grand opera, and was delighted with the magnificence of the scenery, decorations, and dresses, and, above all, with their choruses; in that department they decidedly bear away the palm from every other country: the orchestra was most minutely attended to, and more numerous than even that of San Carlo at Naples: but the principal singers (God save them) made a shriek louder than I thought any human

beings capable of producing. The opera was Gluck's Iphigenia, which we had performed at Vienna; but for decorations and effect, Paris beat us out of the field. The chorus and procession, where Pylades and Orestes in chains, were dragged on by Gardel, Vestris, and a host of first-rate dancers, were beyond any thing I could have conceived. I went the next night to the same theatre, and saw the first representation of the grand serious opera of "Œdipe à Colon;" the music by Sacchini, was delightful and enchanting. I there heard, for the first time, the celebrated bass singer, Cheron, who played the part of Œdipe, and sang in a delightful style; it was quite different from the performance of the night before, indeed I could scarcely imagine myself in the same theatre. I saw, too, the opera of Phedra, and had great pleasure in seeing Madame St. Auberti perform the part of Phedra; she was a great actress, and when she sang in a *demi* voice, was quite charming. This unfortunate lady and accomplished actress subsequently married, and with her husband, the Count d'Entraigues, was robbed and murdered by their servant when in England.

In this opera I felt much gratified by hearing Monsieur Laïs, possessing a fine baritone voice, with much taste and expression; but his greatest praise, in my opinion, was, that he was very unlike a French singer. The next theatre I visited, was

the Français. Their great tragedians, at the time, were on leave of absence in the provinces; I had not, therefore, an opportunity of seeing a tragedy, but I was amply compensated by their excellent comedians; their comic acting is always natural. I saw Molé act the part of Duretête, in Farquhar's Inconstant, admirably. Fleury was inimitable in Le Pupile (the guardian); and Madame Contare in Susan, Beaumarchais' Marriage of Figaro, exquisite. Dugazzon was a fine low comedian; indeed, I thought all the actors good; but my favourite theatre of all was the Théâtre Italien, in the Rue Favart, where French comic operas were performed; the orchestra was very good, and the actors and singers equally so, a Mademoiselle Renard had a most delightful voice, and was a sweet singer.

I saw there "Richard Cœur de Lion," and enjoyed its charming music. I thought it always Grétry's masterpiece. Clairval, the original Blendel, gave the air of "O Richard! O mon Roi!" with great expression. His acting in the scene when he heard the voice of Richard from the prison, was electrifying: his joy, his surprise, at having found his king, the trembling of his voice, his scrambling up the tree to let Richard hear his voice, and the expression altogether, made an impression on me that never can be effaced; and while I remained at Paris, I never missed going to see him. Monsieur

Philippe played Richard remarkably well, and gave the bravura air, " L'univers que j'ai perdu," with great skill and animation.

Having, at length, satisfied our curiosity at Paris, we took our departure, and never halted until we got to Boulogne; when we arrived there, we went to the hotel kept then by Mrs. Knowles (now Parker's), and a very good house it was. The old lady herself went over with us in the packet to Dover: in it also was Pilon, who wrote " The Fair American," and " He would be a Soldier;" a thoughtless, extravagant, hair-brained fellow, who had been a long time at Boulogne, where he had been much noticed by the principal people. When we got in sight of Shakspeare's Cliff, he expressed his surprise at Shakspeare's referring to it as particularly high, and found great fault with our immortal bard's judgment of altitude, and with the spot itself, which he considered wholly unworthy of his notice. We landed at Dover, and went to the York Hotel, and agreed to dine together, and travel to London the next day.

After dinner we went to the custom-house, in order to have our trunks examined; but poor Pilon had, in the hurry of leaving Boulogne, left his trunk behind him: he seemed absolutely paralyzed with horror; and told us, on our return to the inn, that he must set off to Boulogne in the

packet which was to sail that night, and get his trunk at all hazards. We thought it particularly silly for him to do so, especially as he suffered greatly from sea-sickness, and there was a stiffish breeze blowing. We advised him to dispatch a messenger for it, but all would not do; he persisted in going himself, and took such copious draughts of hot brandy and water, that the poet's head became considerably confused.

At length, as the effects of his numerous potations became more powerful, he opened his heart to us; "Gad, my friends," said he, "if I don't get my trunk, I shall be ruined,—it will be opened, and in it will be found the bitterest satire I could write, upon all the people with whom, and upon whom I have been living, during the whole of my stay at Boulogne; and if they should see it or hear of it, I shall never be able to shew my face amongst them again." At midnight the packet sailed, and in it the grateful playwright, in order to save his reputation.

We, having neither written lampoons, nor left our trunks behind us, set off in the morning, breakfasted at Canterbury, and dined at Rochester, and an unlucky dinner it was for me; I had purchased some prints and trinkets at Paris, which, by the aid of the steward of the packet, I got safe across the water; and on

leaving Dover, I had them packed in the bottom of the chaise, and fancied them quite secure; but no,—a lynx-eyed custom-house officer, of the name of Tancred, while we were at dinner, stepped into the chaise, and spoiled me of my smuggled purchases. I strove to bribe, but the hard-hearted searcher was inexorable; and I was obliged to submit to the laws of my country, which, at the time, I thought very hard: however, cares were but trifles then, and I laughed away the loss; and on the 18th of March, 1787, arrived in London for the first time in my life. On the same evening, Stephen Storace and myself called upon Mr. Linley, at his house in Norfolk Street in the Strand, where I found his accomplished daughters, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell. Mrs. Sheridan asked me if I had seen "Richard Cœur de Lion," in Paris; and on my telling her that I had, only four evenings before, she requested me to go and see it at Drury Lane that evening, as she was most anxious to know my opinion of the relative merits of the French and English pieces. General Burgoyne had translated it, and Mrs. Sheridan adapted it to the English stage.

I and Storace, accompanied by a young gentleman, set off for the theatre, but the piece was nearly half over. I must premise, that I was then totally uninformed as regarded the actors and

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actresses at Drury Lane. Just as we entered the boxes, Richard was singing the romance from his prison, most loudly accompanied from behind the scenes by two French horns; I was astonished to hear an accompaniment so completely at variance with the intention of the composer, and which entirely spoiled the effect of the melody, nor did I think much of the vocal powers of the royal captive; and turning to Storace, said, "If His Majesty is the first and best singer in your theatre, I shall not fear to appear as his competitor for public favour." Storace laughed, and told me that the gentleman who upon that special occasion was singing, was Mr. John Kemble, the celebrated tragedian, who, to serve the proprietors, had undertaken to perform the part of Richard, as there was no singer at the theatre capable of representing it. However, as I was not gifted with intuition, my mistaking him for the principal vocalist of the theatre was natural enough, having a few days back seen Philippe, the first singer at the French theatre, perform the same part.

My friend Kemble laughed heartily when he was told that I had mistaken him for the Drury Lane Orpheus. By the way, I heard that when Kemble was rehearsing the romance, sung by Richard, Shaw, the leader of the band, called out from the orchestra, "Mr. Kemble, my dear Mr. Kemble, you are mur-

dering time." Kemble, calmly and coolly taking a pinch of snuff, said, "My dear Sir, it is better for me to murder time at once, than be continually beating him as you do."

Mrs. Jordan's acting in this drama was delightful, and the Laurette of Mrs. Crouch most interesting. I was struck with admiration of her wonderful beauty, and delighted to hear that she was to be my prima donna in the opera in which I was to perform. She seemed to me to aggregate in herself, like the Venus of Apelles, all that was exquisite and charming. I agreed with Mr. Linley for the remainder of the season at Drury Lane, and to make my début in the part of Lionel, on Friday, the 20th of April, 1787.

There were oratorios performing at Drury Lane, under the united management of Mr. Linley, Doctor Arnold, and Madame Mara, who were joint proprietors. One evening, after the first act of the oratorio, I went into the green-room, where, amongst other ladies, was Madame Mara, to whom I had never spoken. Doctor Arnold said, "Pray, Mr. Kelly, tell us what sort of a singer is Signora Storace?" I replied that, in my opinion she was the best singer in Europe. I meant, of course, in her line; but, as it proved afterwards, Madame Mara was highly offended at the praise which I had given to my friend, and said to a lady,

when I quitted the green-room, that I was an impertinent coxcomb. I then knew nothing of Madame Mara, nor at that time valued her good opinion; however, she carried her resentment so far against me, that she afterwards declared she would not sing where I did, if she could avoid it.

In selecting the opera of Lionel and Clarissa for my first appearance, I was guided in my choice by the circumstance of knowing all the songs, which, besides, were much in my style of singing. When the opera was produced, I sang all the original music, and introduced an Italian air of Sarti's, with English words, written for me by Mr. Richard Tickell, brother-in-law to Mr. Sheridan; and a duet, written by the well-known Doctor Lawrence, the civilian. I composed the melody, and Stephen Storace put the instrumental parts to it. This duet was his first introduction to Drury Lane theatre.—That eminent actor, King, who had been a friend of my father's in Dublin many years before, took a great deal of pains to instruct me in the dialogue of the part.—To Mr. Linley I was also much indebted for his able tuition, and from all the performers I experienced the most kind and friendly attentions.

At the time of my début, my friend Jack Johnstone was engaged at Covent Garden as first singer.

I saw him play Young Meadows, in "Love in a Village;" he acted the part well, and sang the songs with good taste, and a peculiarly fine falsetto voice. Mrs. Billington was the Rosetta. I thought her an angel in beauty, and the Saint Cecilia of song.

I remember one day, shortly after my first appearance, dining with my friend Jack Johnstone, in Great Russell-street, I met an eccentric Irishman, well known in Dublin, of the name of Long who was, by turns, an auctioneer and dramatist; he wrote a play called "The Laplanders," which was, at first, very coolly received by the audience, and afterwards very warmly condemned. He came to England to propose to Government a plan for paying off the national debt, or some such thing. He was, however, full of anecdote, and had a happy knack of telling stories *against himself;* one, I recollect, was, that, in his auctioneering capacity, amongst other schemes, he offered for sale, woollen cloths at a farthing a yard; yet, so completely was his character known, and so well appreciated, that he could not advance a bidding even upon that price. At one time, he told us his patience was actually worn out; and, in anger towards his auditory, he said he thought they would treat him with the same inattention, if he were to offer a guinea for sale. He then literally took a guinea out of

his pocket, and put it up; there were certainly advances, shilling by shilling, until it reached seventeen shillings and sixpence, at which price he knocked it down, and, handing it to the buyer, wished him luck of the bargain; the purchaser went immediately to try the value of his lot, when it appeared, being weighed, to be of eighteen pence less value than he had paid for it.

He mentioned another anecdote of a Mr. Lennan, a saddler in Dublin, who was seriously stage-stricken, and volunteered to act Major O'Flaherty, in which he was execrable; after this was over, however, he exhibited himself at the Cockle Club, where the facetious Isaac Sparks presided, and Jack Long was vice-president: they made him extremely tipsy, and then gave him in charge to the watch for having murdered Major O'Flaherty, and left the poor saddler all night in durance vile, who afterwards stuck to making saddles, and never again was found guilty of murdering majors, even on the stage.

I had the pleasure also to be introduced to my worthy countryman, the Reverend Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic Priest; he was a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation. I felt highly honoured by the notice of this pillar of the Roman Church; our tastes were congenial, for his Reverence was mighty fond of

whiskey punch, and so was *I*; and many a jug of St. Patrick's eye-water, night after night, did his Reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that exhilirating and national beverage. He sometimes favoured me with his company at dinner; when he did, I always had a corned shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen, who shall be nameless, was ravenously fond of that dish.

One day, the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honour to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents; and, as it may easily be imagined, O'Leary versus Curran, was no bad match.

One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter."

"And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, Reverend Father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of Heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honour and conscience, Counsellor," replied the Divine, "it would be better for *you* that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it.

O'Leary told us of the whimsical triumph which he once enjoyed over Dr. Johnson. O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the Doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the Doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which the Doctor said to him, "Why do you not answer me, Sir?"

"Faith, Sir," said O'Leary, "I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me."

Upon this the Doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, "Why, Sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither;—Sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language."

O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the Doctor with a long speech in Irish, of which the Doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the Doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the Doctor, "This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me;—Sir, he does not

understand the language of the sister kingdom."—The Reverend Padre then made the Doctor a low bow, and quitted the room.

At the time when I met Jack Long, I was in the highest spirits; I had played Lionel, and been received with all the kindness and indulgence with which a British audience invariably encourages a new performer, and I had been successful beyond my warmest hopes.

On the following Tuesday, (the 24th,) I remember I went to the Opera House to see my friend Signora Storace make her first appearance, and was much gratified at her enthusiastic reception. The opera was Paesiello's "Schiavi per Amore." The whole of the music of this charming opera buffa is delightful. The opening of it is a masterpiece of harmony, and was warmly applauded by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who honoured the theatre with his presence, and was in the house before the commencement of the opera. Amongst the audience were the late Duke of Cumberland (in the pit), and the Duchess (in her box,) with the present Marquis of Conyngham. The "Schiavi per Amore" was a great favourite for the remainder of the season.

While my friend Storace was earning laurels in the Haymarket, I was most kindly treated at Drury Lane. My performance which succeeded

Lionel, was that of Young Meadows, in "Love in a Village." In addition to the original songs, I introduced one of Gluck's, to which Mrs. Sheridan did me the honour to write English words, "Love, thou maddening power;" this was a great favourite, as also the duet, "Each joy in thee possessing," both of which were always encored.

Daly, the patentee of the Theatre Royal, in Crow Street, sent over an offer of an engagement to perform at his theatre, with Mrs. Crouch, for twelve nights; the terms I demanded, and which were acceded to, were to share the house with Mr. Daly, he first deducting fifty pounds per night for his expenses; and the thirteenth night I was to have a benefit clear of all expenses.

It was during the summer of this year, that the commemoration of Handel took place. The last grand performances given at Westminster Abbey were on the 28th and 31st of May, the 1st and 4th of June: upon those four mornings, I sang there, but to give an idea of the effect of that magnificent festival is far beyond my power; indeed, it has already been described most elaborately by those more competent to the task. I can only endeavour to express the effect which it produced on *me*. When I first heard the chorus of the Hallelujah, in the "Messiah," and "For unto us a child is born," my blood thrilled with rapturous delight—it was sublime;

it was, in the inspired words of the chorus, "Wonderful." The orchestra was led by the Cramers; the conductors were Joah Bates, Esq. father of the present secretary of the Tax Office, Drs. Arnold and Dupuis. The band consisted of several hundreds of performers. The singers were Madame Mara, Storace, Miss Abrams, Miss Poole, Rubinelli, Harrison, Bartleman, Sale, Parry, Norris, myself, &c. and the choruses were collected from all parts of England, amounting to hundreds of voices.

The King, Queen, and all the royal family sat opposite the orchestra; the body of the church, the galleries, and every corner crowded with beauty, rank, and fashion:—such was the rage to procure seats, that ladies had their hair dressed the night previous, to be ready to get to the Abbey in good time. The performers unanimously exerted their great talents to admiration; but what made an everlasting impression on me was, the powerful effect produced by Madame Mara, in the sublime recitative, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;" in that

> Her voice was heard around,
> Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.

I have often sung with her the recitative tenor part, "And Miriam the Prophetess took a timbrel in

her hand;" and never heard her but with increased delight.

No place could be more appropriate to give effect to the divine strains of Handel, than the spacious Abbey. His Majesty's partiality for Handel's music was generally spoken of; but I believe it was not universally known what an excellent and accurate judge he was of its merits. The fine chorus of "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," was always given in full chorus, and indeed intended to be so given by Handel. The King suggested that the first part of it should be made a semi-chorus, and sung only by the principal singers; but when it came to the passage, "He is the King of Glory!" he commanded that the whole orchestra, with the full chorus, should, with a tremendous forte, burst out; the effect produced by the alteration was awful and sublime.

A strange coincidence happened at one of the performances: the morning, during part of the grand selection, was cloudy and lowering; but when the grand chorus struck up "Let there be light, and light was over all!" the sun burst forth, and with its rays illuminated every part of the splendid edifice. Every one was struck with the coincidence, and the effect produced by it.

About this time I received the melancholy news of my poor mother's death; she had died a few

weeks before, but the event had not been divulged to me: however, I was anxious to see my father and family, and set off for Dublin, the 8th of June, having previously entered into an engagement with the proprietors of Drury Lane for the ensuing season, stipulating not to perform more than three times a week. Mr. and Mrs. Crouch and myself hired a travelling carriage, had a most pleasant journey, and I arrived in Dublin on the 12th of June, at my father's house in Abbey Street. Mr. and Mrs. Crouch went to lodgings taken for them in College Green.

My father was, of course, delighted to see me, and I equally so to see him; for the lapse of so many years had made no alteration in my affection for him. I was most happy to see my sister, and my brothers, Joe and Mark; and on the 22nd made my first appearance in Lionel, to a crowded house; my reception was highly gratifying, and the plaudits I received from my warm-hearted countrymen, and in my native city, were ever most congenial to my feelings.

During my twelve nights' performance, I never shared less, upon an average, than fifty pounds per night; my benefit, a clear one, overflowed in every part, and the greater part of the pit was railed into boxes: two of our nights' performances were by the command of his Grace the Duke of

Rutland, then the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was accompanied to the theatre by his Duchess, a most beautiful woman. Holman was then acting in Dublin; the Masque of Comus was got up; he played Comus, I, the principal Bacchanal, and sang, "Now Phœbus sinketh in the West," and all the principal songs. Mrs. Crouch was the Euphrosyne, and looked as lovely as if she had been bathed in the fountain of the Graces; her acting in the song of "The Wanton God," and singing "Would ye taste the noontide air?" and "Sweet echo," were indeed a treat.

It struck me that there was a good opportunity to introduce, in the first act of the Masque, between the principal Bacchanal and Bacchante, a duet; and I fixed upon the celebrated Italian duet of Martini, "Pace, cara mia sposa," which created a great sensation at Vienna, but much greater in Dublin. The English words put to it, "Oh, thou wert born to please me," were very good, and chimed in well with the scene; no piece of music ever produced a greater effect; it was always called for three times, and no performance was allowed to go on in which it was not introduced; it was sung about the streets by the ballad-singers, and parodied by the news-boys, who used to sing to each other, "Oh thou wert born to tease me, my life, my only love;" in short, it was completely

the rage all over Ireland, England, and Scotland, for many, many years.

During my engagement in Dublin, I passed many happy days in the delightful and hospitable society of numerous and kind friends. We took frequent excursions to Clontarf, Black Rock, Dunleary, Hill of Howth, and the Dargle, an enchanting spot. At Bray there was an inn, where every accommodation could be had; the red trout are delicious; and at Lord Powerscourt's place, the Dargle, the views are beautiful and picturesque, bearing a strong resemblance to many parts of Sicily, particularly about the environs of Palermo. However, these joys, like all others, were but transitory; and, in due time, I finished my profitable and pleasant engagement in Dublin, and sailed for Holyhead, on our way to the York theatre, where Mrs. Crouch and myself were engaged by the eccentric Tate Wilkinson, its proprietor, to perform during the race week. Mrs. Crouch was perfectly acquainted with the eccentricities of Tate, and told us many anecdotes of him; he was a great epicure, very fond of French cookery, and small dishes; large joints he never allowed to come to his table, and above all, had the most sovereign contempt for a round of beef; hearing this, it came into my

head to play him a trick, and I got Mr. and Mrs. Crouch to aid me in my frolic.

We got to the inn at York just at supper time. I saw in the larder a huge round of beef; I ordered it up, and had it put on the table before me; I pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and tucked up the sleeves of my shirt, unbuttoned my collar, took off my cravat, and put on a red woollen night-cap; thus disrobed, and with a large carving-knife in my hand, I was gazing with seeming delight on the round of beef, at the moment Manager Wilkinson, to whom Mrs. Crouch had previously sent, entered the house.—He had never seen me; he went up to Mrs. Crouch, and congratulated her on her arrival in York: turning from her, he espied me, and starting back, exclaimed, "Ugh! Ma'am, who is that, with the enormous round of beef before him! —How the devil came he here, Ma'am?" Mrs. Crouch said, with a serious countenance, "That is Mr. Kelly, whom you have engaged to sing with me."

"What, that figure!" said Tate,—"What, that my Lord Aimworth,—my Lionel,—my Young Meadows!—Ugh! send him away, Ma'am! send him back to Drury Lane! send him to Vienna! I never can produce such a thing as that to a York audience, Ma'am."

While he was abusing the bad taste of the Drury

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Lane managers and those of Vienna, I slipped out of the room, dressed myself, and in *propriâ personâ*, was introduced to Tate, who participated in the joke, and laughed heartily; and ever after we were the greatest friends.

On the 22nd of August we began our engagement, with Lionel and Clarissa. Tate was the Colonel Oldboy, and Mr. Betterton (Mrs. Glover's father), Jessamy:—being the race week, York was crowded with company, and the theatre always full. This was the first place at which I saw Miss Farren, who was then on a visit to Sir William and Lady Milner. My worthy friend, that excellent actor, Fawcett, then belonged to the York theatre, and was the Douglas of the company.

The week after the races Mrs. Crouch took her benefit, a great house; Mrs. Crouch played Clara, and I Carlos, with Comus; our duet, "Oh, thou wert born to please me," was wonderfully well received. On Wednesday, the 29th, we commenced a four nights' engagement at Leeds, in the "Maid of the Mill;" Patty, Mrs. Crouch; Lord Aimworth by myself. "Love in a Village," "The Duenna," and "Lionel and Clarissa, to excellent houses.

Wilkinson proposed to us to perform four nights more at Wakefield, to which we consented; we arrived there on Wednesday, the 5th of September, and appeared in "Love in a Village;" the house

was thinly attended, but in the stage-box sat a lady, who made such a terrible noise, throwing herself into all kinds of attitudes, indulging ever and anon in horrid laughing, that she disconcerted every person who came upon the stage; but, above all, I in particular appeared to be the object of her ridicule, and I confess I felt extremely hurt at her pointed rudeness.

In the third act, when Young Meadows resumes his real character, and comes into the garden to meet Rosetta, I took out my watch to look at the hour, and sang, "I wonder this girl does not come;" the fat lady in the stage-box instantly set off in a horse laugh, and said to those around her, loud enough to be heard in the gallery, "Why, look there; la! the fellow has got a watch."

I could not bear this; I admit I lost my temper; but I walked up to the box, and said, "Yes, Madam, it is a gold watch, and reckoned one of the best in England," putting it close to her;—my friend Fawcett was standing at the side of the stage at the time, and often since has spoken of it: the lady was violently hissed, and ever after, when she came to the theatre, conducted herself with becoming decency. The same lady, I was told, behaved one night so rudely to Mr. John Kemble, that he was obliged to address her from the stage, and say that he could not proceed with his part unless she

would cease interrupting him with her noise; the audience insisted on her leaving the box; a party of her friends took her part, and wanted Kemble to apologise to her, which he refused to do, and left the theatre.

Our four nights ended; we consented to play one night more, by the express desire of the Earl of Scarborough, who, during our stay in Yorkshire, shewed us many marks of polite attention. On the 12th of September we left Wakefield, to commence the winter campaign on the 15th at Old Drury; and on the 23rd of September, 1787, Mr. Linley revived his musical piece of "Selima and Azor," with splendid scenery and decorations. Mrs. Crouch was inimitable in Selima—she looked and acted the character to admiration, and sang the favourite rondo of "No flower that blows, is like the rose," in a manner to secure a nightly encore.

The music, though in a different style from Grétry's, so renowned all over the Continent, was very appropriate and pleasing. One night, during its run, I went to the Italian Opera House; it was a dreadful stormy night, and rained incessantly. I was lucky enough to get a hackney coach, and while waiting for its drawing up to the door, I heard two very handsome young women lamenting that they could procure no conveyance: after

apologising for my presumption, I told them that I had one in waiting, and should be happy to have the pleasure of offering them seats in it,—an offer which, with many thanks, they accepted.

We got into the coach, and the coachman was directed to drive to John Street, Fitzroy Square; the ladies, naturally enough, began to speak about the opera and public places; amongst other things, one of them asked me if I had seen Mr. Kelly, the new singer at Drury Lane: I replied, very often.

"My sister and I went to see him the other night," said the young lady, "and we have set him down as one of the most affected, conceited fellows we ever beheld; he strutted about the stage like a peacock; and, as to his singing, how an audience could applaud it I cannot imagine. Do you not think him execrable, Sir?"

"Most certainly," said I; "I have a very mean opinion of him."

"And then the puppy," continued my fair friend, "is so ugly, he is a perfect fright. Do you not think so, Sir?"

"Indeed," said I, "I do not think that, for I am rather partial to his personal appearance, and like his countenance as well as I do my own—but pray," continued I, "in what character might you have seen this frightful fellow?"

"In Selima and Azor, I think they called it,"

said her sister; "but we were so tired and disgusted with it, that we came away at the end of the first act."

"Well, ladies," said I, "if you had stopped until the end of the piece, and seen Mr. Kelly with his mask off, you would have seen him assume the appearance of a prince, and perhaps not have thought him so very frightful."

By this time, the coach had reached their door; and returning many thanks for my civility in seeing them home, they told me they should be very happy, if any morning I would favour them with a call, and asked me for my address. I gave it, upon which they both actually shrieked with horror, and asked a thousand pardons for the rudeness of which they had been innocently guilty. I laughed heartily at the little *contre temps*, and took my leave; but returned the next day, and formed an intimacy with them which lasted many years, during which, I received the greatest hospitality and kindness from them:—one of them was the wife of a wealthy merchant, the other unmarried, but both were charming and agreeable women.

During this season, Storace introduced me to Mr. Cobb, the late secretary to the East India Company, who had written two successful farces for Drury Lane,—"The Humourist," and "The First Floor," in which Bannister played admirably.

Cobb was adapting, with Storace, Baron Dittersdorf's "Doctor and Apothecary," for Drury Lane; they wished to consult me upon the kind of songs I should wish to be written for me: we proposed to dine together next day, at the Orange Coffee House, opposite to the Opera House. I agreed to meet Cobb in St. James's Park before dinner; and while we were seated on one of the benches (for it was then allowable to sit upon them) we were joined by Pilon, whom I had not seen since he set off to Boulogne to recover his trunk and his satire. He seemed very well acquainted with Cobb, and taking him aside, borrowed a couple of guineas of him; he then wished us a good morning. In about half an hour afterwards, we went to the Orange Coffee House, where we saw the borrowing author sitting in a box; he asked leave to join us. We had our dinner and wine; and after dinner, Pilon went to the bar, and insisted on paying the whole of the bill, with the money which, three hours before, he had borrowed of Cobb; this of course we would not allow, but we had a hearty laugh at the expense of both borrower and lender.

Most of my theatrical readers remember, and all have heard, of that exquisite actor, Parsons; to him I was particularly partial, and he, I may venture to say, was very partial to me. I have

repeatedly dined with him, in a band-box of a house which he had near the Asylum, at Lambeth; it was an odd place for an asthmatic comedian to live in, for it was opposite a stagnant ditch; he called it Frog Hall. In his little drawing-room were several beautiful landscapes, painted by himself; he was reckoned a very good artist. Amongst his little peculiarities, was a fondness for fried tripe, which almost nightly, after the play, he went to enjoy, at an eating-house in Little Russell Street, nearly opposite the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre, whither I used very often to accompany him; and night after night have we been *tête-à-tête* there. I was anxious to acquire what theatrical information I could, and he was very communicative and full of anecdote.

One evening I was expressing a wish to see him act the character of Corbachio, in "The Fox," as it was one of his great parts.

"Ah," said he, "to see Corbachio acted to perfection, you should have seen Shuter; the public are pleased to think that I act that part well, but his acting was as far superior to mine, as Mount Vesuvius is to a rushlight."

Parsons, when on the stage with John Palmer and James Aickin, used to make it a point to set them off laughing, and scarcely ever failed in his object. One evening, over our fried tripe, I was

condemning them for indulging their laughing propensities on the stage, and said I thought it was positively disrespectful to the audience. "For my own part," said I, "I enjoy your comicalities and humour as much as any one, when in the front of the house; but were I on the stage with you, nothing that you could do, would make me so far forget the character I was acting, as to indulge in misplaced mirth."

"Do you think so?" said he; "well, perhaps you are right."

Five or six nights after this conversation, we were acting in "The Doctor and Apothecary." I was to sing a song to him, beginning, "This marriage article, in every particle, is free from flaw, Sir." A full chord was given from the orchestra to pitch the key; just as it was given, and I was going to begin the song, he called out to Shaw, the leader, "Stop, stop;" and putting his head into my face, and kicking up his heels (a favourite action of his) he drove me from one end of the stage to the other, crying out all the time, "I'll be hanged if you shall ever have any more fried tripe, no more fried tripe, no more fried tripe," and completely pushed me off the stage. I could not resist this unexpected attack, and naturally burst out laughing. The audience were in a roar of laughter too, for it was enough that he held

up his finger or his heel to make *them* laugh. When we got off, he said, "I think you must own, my serious lad, that I have conquered;" then taking me by the hand, he dragged me upon the stage to the spot whence he had before driven me, and looking down into the orchestra, said, "Now, Sirs, begin," which they did, and I sang my song, which was much applauded; but the audience were, of course, ignorant of the joke of the fried tripe, or what he meant by it: however, he is gone, poor fellow, and many a pleasant hour have I enjoyed in his society.

In the summer of this year I and Mrs. Crouch went to Liverpool, Chester, Manchester, and to Worcester races. The theatre there was most fashionably attended; we received much kindness, particularly from Mr. Walsh Porter and his lady. We took Birmingham for a fortnight in our way back, and our trip was pleasant and profitable. My leave of absence from Vienna had expired; and I had received my yearly salary punctually, from the Secretary to the Austrian Embassy in London. I wrote to Prince Rosenberg a respectful letter, requesting him to lay before His Majesty the Emperor, my humble duty and grateful thanks for the many bounties bestowed upon me; but that my father's state of health, and his wish for me to stay in England, induced me to remain there;—

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this was my excuse; but there were other reasons more potent than filial duty for my not returning to dear Vienna: had I gone, and remained ten years, I should have had half my salary for the remainder of my life, and have been allowed to retire with ease and comfort; but, as his Grace of Bedford's motto sayeth, "Che sarà, sarà;" and I cannot be expected *now* to account for my conduct *then*.

The oratorios were this year carried on under the direction of Doctor Arnold and Mr. Linley, and they wished to engage me; but Madame Mara, who was their great prop, as I have before mentioned, had an aversion to my singing wherever she was, for reasons before stated; of course, they were obliged to submit to the caprices of the Queen of Song, and I cared little about the matter at the time. I went one oratorio night into the green room to speak to Mrs. Crouch, but the only persons in the room were Madame Mara and Monsieur Ponté, first French horn player to the King of Prussia, and a very fine performer; he was an intimate friend of Madame Mara, and engaged to play a concerto at the oratorio that night. He said to Madame Mara in German, "My dear friend, my lips are so parched with fear, that I am sure I shall not make a sound in the instrument; I would give the world for a little water or beer to moisten my lips."

Madame Mara replied in German, "There is nobody here to send; and yet if I knew where to get something for you to drink, I would go myself."

During their dialogue, I was standing at the fire-side; and addressing Madame Mara, in German, I said, "Madame, I should be sorry for you to have that trouble, and I sit lazy by; I will, with great pleasure, go and get Monsieur Ponté some porter." I instantly despatched a messenger for a foaming pot; and as soon as it arrived, I presented it to the thirsty musician, in the nick of time, for he was called on to play his concerto just at this moment. Madame Mara desired me to accept her best acknowledgments for my attention, and gave me an invitation to call at her house in Pall Mall the next day, at two o'clock. I accordingly went; and she then told me honestly, that upon her first knowledge of me, she had taken a violent dislike to me, which my kindness to her timid friend on the preceding evening, convinced her was ill-founded; she apologised, and concluded this *amende (très-honorable)* by asking me if I took a benefit at the theatre that season.

I answered in the affirmative: she then said, "It was my intention never to appear on the English stage; yet if you think my playing for your benefit for the first and only time will be of service to you, I beg you will command me."

I was thunderstruck at her kindness and liberality, and thankfully accepted it. She fixed on Mandane, in Artaxerxes, and brought the greatest receipt ever known at that house, as the whole pit, with the exception of two benches, was railed into boxes. So much for a little German proficiency, a little common civility, and a pot of porter.

The cast of Artaxerxes, upon this occasion, stood thus:—

Arbaces	. . . . .	MRS. CROUCH.
Artaxerxes	. . . .	MR. DIGNUM.
Artabanes	. . . .	MR. KELLY.
Semira	. . . . . .	MRS. FOSTER.
Mandane	. . . . .	MADAME MARA.

June 11th, I played at the Opera House, Count Almaviva, in the Italian opera of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," for the benefit of Signora Storace; and on the 17th of the same month that theatre was destroyed by fire. I was an eye-witness to the dreadful conflagration; it was said to have been caused purposely, and I knew the person suspected. He was an Italian, who had been in the employ of Gallini, but having disagreed with him, it was reported that he set fire to his theatre; for my own part, I never believed it; but such was the report; certain it is, at all events, that the suspected incendiary was coolly supping at the Orange Coffee House, watching the progress of the flames.

The Opera company went to Covent Garden, and finished the remainder of the season, where I played six nights.

"Shakspeare's Jubilee" was revived this year, and acted five nights to crowded houses; all the performers walked in the procession, as the different characters of his plays. Mrs. Siddons personated the Tragic, and Miss Farren the Comic Muse. I had to sing the following lines, written by the present worthy Alderman Birch, author, amongst others, of three very popular musical pieces:—"The Mariners;" "The Adopted Child;" and "The Smugglers:" they were received with unqualified approbation.

AIR—"*The Mulberry Tree.*"

"The cypress and yew tree for sorrow renown'd,
And tear-dropping willow shall near thee be found;
All nature shall droop, and united complain,
For Shakspeare in Garrick hath died o'er again."

In the procession I walked, or rather danced down, as Benedick, and Miss Pope as Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing;" both masqued. Moody came to me one evening, and requested I would lend my domino and masque to a friend of his, who wished to see the audience from the stage, and who would do exactly as I did, having frequently seen me and Miss Pope. On he went, but appeared instantly planet struck, and stood perfectly still; nor

did he move until pushed off; the rage and disappointment of Miss Pope, who was an excellent dancer (and I not a very bad one,) at not receiving the applause which she had always brought, was very great; she stormed, and raged, and vowed vengeance against poor me. I wrote to her in the morning, asking her pardon, and signed myself "*The Fair Penitent*;" she took the letter in good part, and wrote me a friendly answer, admonishing me to be guarded against bad advisers: and to the day of her death was kindly attentive to *me*, but she never forgave Moody, by whose advice I had transgressed.

In the summer of 1788, I went to Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, and Birmingham; Mrs. Crouch was also engaged at those places; our reception was most flattering, and we reaped a plentiful harvest. From Birmingham, we returned to Drury Lane. The first novelty was Dryden's alteration of Shakspeare's "Tempest," which was received with marked applause for many nights. I composed a duet for myself and Mrs. Crouch, as Ferdinand and Miranda, which was a favourite: the whole of the delightful music by Purcell, was well got up by Mr. Linley; the accompaniments by himself.

The next operatical novelty at Drury Lane was the "Haunted Tower," written by Cobb, the music

by Stephen Storace. On the first night of this opera, Signora Storace made her first appearance on the English stage; and the piece was thus performed, Nov. 24th, 1789.

Lord William	Mr. Kelly.
De Courcy	Mr. Whitfield.
Edward	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Baron of Oakland . .	Mr. Baddely.
Hugo	Mr. Moody.
Robert	Mr. Dignum.
Lewis	Mr. Suett.
Martin	Mr. Williams.
Hubert	Mr. Webb.
Charles	Mr. Sedgwick.
Lady Elinor	Mrs. Crouch.
Cicely	Miss Romanzini.
Maude	Mrs. Booth.
Adela	Signora Storace.

The success of this opera was never surpassed; it was a lasting favourite for many years: the first season it was played fifty nights. The under plot was taken from an Italian intermezzo opera; the entire scene of the Baron of Oakland reading a letter, was taken from it. Storace was greatly received in Adela, both as a singer and an actress. Bannister and Baddely were excellent in the comic parts; Mrs. Crouch, as Lady Elinor, was in the full bloom of beauty, and the richest voice. I had two fine songs allotted to me, "From Hope's fond dream,"

and "Spirit of my sainted sire," one of the most difficult songs ever composed for a tenor voice; indeed, all the music was beautiful: the admiration of the audience at the sestetto, "By mutual love delighted," I can never forget; certainly, nothing could exceed the composition or the execution of it; both were perfect.

This season I was engaged by the noble Directors of the Ancient Concerts, as principal tenor. The night of my début, the Earl of Uxbridge was the Director; the songs allotted to me by his Lordship, were "Jephtha's rash vow," and the laughing song from L'Allegro, "Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee." The late Mr. Linley heard me sing it over and over again, and to his masterly instruction I owed the indulgence which I received. In singing sacred music I was aware of its value, and fagged at the tenor songs of Handel with unremitting assiduity. Mr. Joah Bates conducted those concerts, and was supposed to understand Handel perfectly; he was an excellent performer on the organ; Cramer was the leader, and Cervetto principal violoncello. The concerts were then held in Tottenham Street, and their Majesties and the Royal Family were constant attendants; but, although it was difficult to become a subscriber, the room was always crowded.

I was lucky enough to meet with the approbation

of Mr. Bates, in the recitative of "Deeper and deeper still;" my next song was the laughing one. Mr. Harrison, my predecessor at those concerts, was a charming singer: his singing "Oft on a plat of rising ground;" his "Lord remember David;" and "O come let us worship and fall down," breathed pure religion. No Divine from the pulpit, though gifted with the greatest eloquence, could have inspired his auditors with a more perfect sense of duty to their Maker than Harrison did by his melodious tones and chaste style; indeed, it was faultless; but in the animated songs of Handel he was very deficient. I heard him sing the laughing song, without moving a muscle; and determined, though it was a great risk, to sing it my own way, and the effect produced justified the experiment: instead of singing it with the serious tameness of Harrison, I laughed all through it, as I conceived it ought to be sung, and as must have been the intention of the composer: the infection ran; and their Majesties, and the whole audience, as well as the orchestra, were in a roar of laughter; and a signal was given from the royal box to repeat it, and I sang it again with increased effect.

Mr. Bates assured me, that if I had rehearsed it in the morning, as I sang it at night, he would have prohibited my experiment. I sang it five times in the course of that season by special desire.

There was at this time a subscription concert, held at Freemasons' Hall, called the Academy of Ancient Music, under the direction of Dr. Arnold; I was engaged also at that concert for the season. The subscribers were chiefly bankers and merchants from the city; I think I hardly ever saw a greater assemblage of beautiful women. In the summer of 1789, Mrs. Crouch and I went to Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Liverpool, and had a pleasant and profitable campaign. We performed "The Haunted Tower," in Dublin, with complete success.

The morning after the first night's performance of that opera, I was at my father's, and heard a news-boy bawling about the street, "Here is the high-born Hibernian Journal! the Freeman's Journal! and Saunders's Great News, and more to come!" Anxious to hear what the papers said of my performance of the night before, I opened the street door, and calling the news-boy to me, asked him for Freeman's Journal; "Sir," said the ragged urchin, "I've sold the last I had."

"Then," said I, "you stupid dog, if you have sold them, why are you crying them about the street?"

With an arch look, scratching his head, and looking me full in the face, he replied, "Practice makes perfect, Mr. Kelly; I do it just to keep myself in voice;" and away he ran.

From Cork we went to perform a few nights at

Waterford, and spent some very pleasant joyous days at Youghal, the seat of our worthy friend Mr. Robert Uniacke. His hospitable mansion was full of company; amongst whom were the Marquis of Waterford and family, and Mr. Newport the banker, now Sir John Newport.

In the month of October, there was a grand musical festival at Norwich. Madame Mara was engaged there, and so was I, as principal tenor singer. The first performance was "The Messiah," which I was to open on the Thursday morning. I was to quit town on the Tuesday, but on Monday night I received an order not on any account to leave London, for Mr. Sheridan had sent a peremptory message to have Richard Cœur de Lion performed; and against his decree there was no appeal. John Palmer, the excellent comedian, was with me when I received the message; he said to me, "My valued friend, Richard will be over by eleven o'clock; if you choose to have a carriage and four horses at the door, you will get with ease to Norwich by twelve, on Thursday, in time to open "the Messiah."—Norwich is the city that first cherished me, and where I married my beloved wife;—how I should like to accompany you, if you would give me a seat in your chaise."

I said it would make me very happy to have the pleasure of his company. He told me he was per-

fectly acquainted with every inn on the road, and would write immediately to those where we were to change horses, to have relays prepared for us, that we might not meet with any delay on the road. I was much pleased with the promised arrangement, and wrote to Madame Mara that I should be at Norwich on Thursday in time, requesting her to secure two beds at the Hotel where she was; one for my friend Palmer, and one for myself.

On Wednesday evening, as I was dressing for Richard, my friend Palmer came to me, with the countenance of Joseph Surface, and sighing, said, "My best of friends, this is the most awful period of my life; I cannot leave town; my beloved wife, the partner of my sorrows and my joys, is just confined."

I said, under such circumstances, of course I could not expect him to leave Mrs. Palmer, but I hoped there would be no mistake about the horses, which were ordered to be ready at each post; he sat down, and deliberately wrote down the names of all the places where he had ordered them to be in readiness.

About eleven o'clock, having merely taken off my Richard's dress, I got into the carriage; and accompanied by a Scotchman, who was my valet and hair-dresser, rattled off full speed to Epping, where we were first to change, at the inn marked down by my excellent friend; we knocked and bellowed for

Mr. Palmer's horses; at last out came the ostler;—Mr. Palmer had no horses there; he had not sent any orders; nor did they even know who Mr Palmer was.

I never in the course of my life experienced a greater disappointment; in short, all the way down I had to wait for horses, as Palmer had not written to any one of the inns; however, the road was excellent, and by paying the boys well, I got on at a capital pace without the smallest accident. It was market-day at Norwich, and as I drove in, the good folks stared and wondered to see me getting my hair dressed in the carriage; however, I reached the church-door just as the overture to "the Messiah," was on the point of commencing. I took my seat in the orchestra, opened the "Oratorio," and never was in better voice, although naturally much fatigued.

We had two more morning performances in the church, and three evening performances in the grand assembly room. At the conclusion of the festival I returned to town, and when I charged Palmer with neglect and deception, he swore that he had ordered all the horses exactly as he had stated. I thought it of no use to be at variance with him, and pretended to believe him, which of course prevented a quarrel, though his neglect might have been of the most serious consequence to me; and

although the fact was, that Mrs. Palmer had not been confined at all.

About two months afterwards he was engaged to go to Reading, to act for a benefit, but he did not go; and wrote to the poor actor, for whom he was to perform, that he could not leave town, because Mrs. Palmer was just brought to bed; his letter was read from the stage to the audience. When I heard of it, I congratulated him upon the possession of a partner, who increased his family every two months. But Plausible Jack, all his life, was blessed with inventive faculties.

I remember there was a new comedy to be performed at Drury Lane, the name of which I do not now remember, in which Palmer had the principal part; it was very long, and the day before, at rehearsal, he did not know a single line of it. On the day the play was to be acted, the boxes all engaged, and a crowded house expected, Palmer sent word that he was taken dangerously ill, and that it would be at the risk of his life if he were to play that night. His letter was not sent to the theatre until three o'clock, when all was confusion, from the lateness of the hour at which the intelligence was received. Mr. Sheridan was at the box-office, and I was with him, when Powell, the prompter, brought him the letter. When he had read it, he said to me,—" I'd lay my life this is a

trick of Plausible Jack's, and that there is nothing the matter with him, except indeed not knowing a line of the part he has to act to-night. Let you and I call upon him, and I am sure we shall find him as well as ever."

He lodged in Lisle Street, two doors from my house. As we were passing by, Mrs. Crouch happened to be at one of the windows, and beckoned Mr. Sheridan to walk in; he did so, and I went on to Palmer's; and finding the street-door open, walked up stairs, where I found him seated at table, with his family, in the middle of dinner, in seeming excellent health and spirits. I told him to clear away the table, for Mr. Sheridan would be there, in two minutes, to see him; "and," said I, "he swears there is nothing the matter with you, and that you have shammed sick, only because you are not perfect; if he find himself right in his surmises, he will never forgive you, for putting off the play."

"Thanks, my best, my dearest, valued friend," replied Palmer; "I'm sure you'll not betray me."

I assured him I would not, and in a moment he was in his bed-room, enveloped in his dressing-gown, with a large woollen night-cap on his head, and a handkerchief tied under his jaw, stretched on a sofa. As Mr. Sheridan entered the room, he began groaning, as if in the most excruciating

torture from the tooth-ache. Never did he act a part better, on or off the stage. Mr. Sheridan was really taken in; advised him to have his tooth extracted, and then to study his part, and get perfect in the new play. We went away, and I kept his secret till the day of his death.

It was about this time that the well-known Chevalier St. George was in London, and with him Giornovick, the celebrated violin player. Giornovick, who was a desperate duellist, quarrelled with Shaw, the leader of the Drury Lane orchestra, at an oratorio, and challenged him. I strove all in my power to make peace between them; Giornovick could not speak a word of English, and Shaw could not speak a word of French. They both agreed that I should be the mediator between them; I translated what they said to each other most faithfully; but unfortunately, Shaw, in reply to one of Giornovick's accusations, said, "Poh! poh!"

"*Sacre Dieu!*" said Giornovick, "what is the meaning of dat Poh! poh?—I will not hear a word until you translate me, Poh! poh!"

My good wishes to produce harmony between them for some time were frustrated, because I really did not know how to translate "Poh! poh!" into French or Italian; I, however, at last succeeded in making them friends, but the whole scene was truly ludicrous.

In April 1789, I played Macheath, for the first time, for my benefit. Mrs. Crouch, Polly; and Mrs. Charles Kemble (then Miss Decamp), Lucy; both these ladies were inimitable. To play Macheath was the height of my ambition: I took all the pains I could, and no young man had greater pains taken with him. Mr. Linley remembered Beard and Vernon; John Kemble, Digges; they gave me imitations of these Macheaths: there was also then in London, the celebrated Irish Macheath, and worthy man, old Wildar, who had retired from the theatrical profession, and was living in London. Previous to his going on the stage, he had been a painter, and had a secret for cleaning pictures, which produced him a good income. His Colonel Oldboy will never be forgotten, and his Macheath was excellent. From his tuition I learnt much; but my great support was the perfect recollection I had of Webster, who was certainly the best Macheath in the world. I acted the part a number of nights, with by far the best acting Polly, and the best Lucy, I ever saw, or ever hope to see again.

I had the good fortune, on my benefit night, to produce, for the first time, the musical entertainment of "No Song, no Supper." It will hardly be credited that this charming and popular opera, which has been acted hundreds of nights, was actually

rejected by the Drury Lane management. Its author, my valued friend, Prince Hoare, and Storace, the composer of its enchanting music, gave it me for my benefit; the applause it received on that night, induced the managers to solicit it from the author and composer.

All the music is beautiful, but the finale to the first act is a most masterly composition; the drama is full of comic situations, and the whole, in my opinion, excellent. In the summer I went to Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and Chester. The Italian Opera was performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket this year, which was the first of George Colman the younger's management.

On the 31st of October, died that eccentric comedian, and great supporter of O'Keefe's muse, Edwin. I knew him well; he was the best English burletta singer I ever heard: he had great rapidity of utterance, and was a competent musician; his Peeping Tom and Lingo were masterpieces.

I this season received a most flattering mark of attention from Mr. John Beard, the celebrated English tenor singer. He did me the honour to come from his house at Hampton (as he told me) to hear me sing "Spirit of my Sainted Sire," in "The Haunted Tower;" he sat in the Drury Lane orchestra box, with his trumpet to his ear, for he

was very deaf; and after the opera was over, came upon the stage to me, and was pleased to express himself in high terms of approbation. I confess such a tribute from such a man was gratifying in the extreme.

In the beginning of June 1789, Doctor Arnold, for whose distinguished talents I felt a great regard, called upon me, to request that I would assist him in engaging Madame Mara, Signora Storace, and Mrs. Crouch, with several other eminent singers, to go down to Cannons, where he had kindly undertaken to conduct an oratorio, or rather a selection from Handel's works, for the relief of the poor of Stanmore. Cannons was formerly in the possession of the Duke of Chandos, and the house in which Handel composed some of his finest music. This beautiful place was purchased by Colonel O'Kelly, of turf celebrity, who, at his death, left it to his nephew, Colonel O'Kelly, a particular friend of mine. His father resided with him at Cannons, and was a good-natured, well-meaning Irishman, with a fine Connaught brogue, and a great crony of Father O'Leary's.

When Mrs. Crouch and myself were at breakfast, he called upon us, and said to me, "Arrah, my jewel of a namesake, tell me what tunes are we going to hear at church this morning?"

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I shewed him the printed bill of the performance, part of which he read, and made his comments on it. In act the first was to be sung, "Lord, what is man?" by Madame Mara. "Upon my honour and conscience," said he, "I am mightily mistaken if Madame Mara don't pretty well know without asking."

The next song announced, was "Total Eclipse," by Mr. Kelly. "That is right, my jewel," said the Colonel, "I like that now; the more you talk about Eclipse the better, for wasn't it Eclipse that bought Cannons?"

This season, a singer, of the name of Bowden, made his appearance at Covent Garden, in "Robin Hood." I remember going to see his débût with Madame Mara, who had known him when he was in a mercantile house at Manchester, and was very much interested in his success: he was received with great applause, his voice was good, and he sang with taste. Johnstone played the part of Edwin, and their voices blended well together in the duet of "How sweet in the Woodlands." Mrs. Billington was the Angelica, looked beautifully, and sang the simple ballad, "I travelled India's barren sands," like a true Angelica. In the same box with Madame Mara and myself, sat Charles Bannister, who had originally acted the same part of Robin

Hood; a person next to him, who was vehemently applauding Bowden, had the bad taste to say to Bannister (purposely, I suppose, to mortify him), "Ay, ay, Sir, Bowden is the true Robin Hood, the only Robin Hood;" on which Bannister replied, "Sir, he may be Robin Hood this year, but next season he will be robbing Harris." This *jeu d'esprit* produced some merriment.

In August 1790, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, myself, and a very old friend of Mrs. Crouch, a Mr. M'Donnell, proposed to spend some time at Margate, and thence to go to Paris: Mrs. Billington was at Ramsgate at the same time. In the churchyard of St. Peter's, are interred the remains of that excellent scholar and actor, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who died at Margate; his son, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, followed him to the grave, and during his illness paid him the most affectionate and dutiful attention, as I can testify.

The recollection of this place is indelibly stamped upon my mind by a circumstance which deeply interested us all at the time. A poor girl, an inhabitant of it, by an accident, was deprived of the use of her limbs, and reduced to the greatest distress. Mr. Phillips, the father of Mrs. Crouch, then lived at St. Peter's, and took great pains to forward a subscription for the poor sufferer, and drew up a petition to the inhabitants and visitors;

the Honourable Wellesley Pole (now Lord Maryborough) and his lady; the Honourable Mr. Villiers and his lady (Mrs. Pole's sister), were then at Margate, highly esteemed for their kindness and philanthropy; and with their usual goodness, they undertook to promote the subscription; and not only made a liberal donation themselves, but in the public library one evening, when the room was crowded with visitors, they went round to every individual to request their charity for the poor girl, and collected an unexpected sum of money.

Mrs. Crouch and I were present; and when it came to our turn to bestow our mite, I said to Mrs. Crouch, that I thought our best donation would be to play a night at the theatre for the girl's benefit; and as neither of us had ever been seen on the stage at Margate, and the place was very full, I hoped we should bring her a good receipt. Mrs. Crouch most cheerfully acquiesced, and the night appointed by the manager was the Saturday week: in the course of the next day, the performance was announced,—"The Beggar's Opera:"—Mrs. Crouch, Polly; myself, Macheath: every place in the house was taken, and the whole pit, one row excepted, railed into boxes.

Two days afterwards, looking out of my window, who should I see, but my old friend and countryman, Jack Johnstone, who told me he had just

returned from the Federation at Paris. I mentioned to him that the day after the girl's benefit my party and myself were going there; "Egad," said he, "I should like to make one of your party, and go with you."

I said, "I should be delighted with your company; but you tell me, that you are only this day returned from Paris."

"That," said he, "makes no difference; I shall be ready to accompany you at an hour's warning; and," added he, "if you think that my playing Mat-o'-the-Mint, for the poor girl, will be of any use or strength to the performance, you may command my services."

The offer was most liberal and kind; for the high rank he held in his profession, made it a condescension in him to play such a trivial character. He introduced a song in the thieves' scene at the table, which he sang admirably, and was most loudly applauded,—a just tribute to his talents and good nature; indeed, the whole of the performance gave satisfaction to as crowded an audience as ever filled a theatre. The receipts of the house, and many liberal presents sent to the poor girl, were by her patronesses invested in an annuity, which produced her at least a comfortable subsistence for the remainder of her life.

While at Margate, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, and

myself, were staying at the Hotel, kept by a man whose manners were as free and easy as any I ever met with.—He was proverbial for his nonchalance, and a perfect master of the art of making out a bill. One day, Johnstone dined with us, and we drank our usual quantum of wine. In the course of the evening, our bashful host, who, amongst other good qualities, was a notorious gambler, forced upon us some Pink Champagne, which he wished us to give our opinions of. My friend, Jack Johnstone, who never was an enemy to the juice of the grape, took such copious draughts of the sparkling beverage, that his eyes began to twinkle, and his speech became somewhat of the thickest;—my honest host, on perceiving this, thinking, I suppose, to amuse him, entered our room with a backgammon table and dice, and asked Johnstone if he would like to play a game. Johnstone, at that time, was considered fond of play, of which circumstance mine host was perfectly aware. Mrs. Crouch and I earnestly entreated Jack to go to bed, but we could not prevail upon him to do so; he whispered me, saying, "You shall see how I will serve the fellow for his impudence;" and to it they went.—The end of the business was, that before they parted, Johnstone won nearly two hundred pounds, and I retired to bed delighted at seeing the biter bit. It was, what the Cockneys call, quite refreshing.

On Sunday morning, in a post coach and four, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, Mr. M'Donnell, Johnstone, and I set off for Dover, and went to the York Hotel, where we were detained by contrary winds until the Tuesday morning following. We met a very pleasant fellow there, a friend of Johnstone's, a Captain Barnes, who had been second to the noted Dick England, in the duel which he fought at Cranford Bridge with Mr. Nolles, the brewer, of Kingston, and in which Mr. Nolles was unluckily shot. The Captain was an Irishman, with a strong vernacular twang, a powerful man, and remarkably tall; he had a man-servant not quite nine years old, and very short for his age. He was dressed *cap-à-pie*, like a horse-jockey:—nothing could be more diverting than to see the huge master and diminutive servant together, going along the beach to the boat, to get aboard the packet;—the master took long Bobadil-like strides, and Tom was ordered to walk behind him; every two minutes master would stop, and cry out,—"Tom, are you after me?"—Tom answered,—"Yes, Captain." The Captain, turning to me, vociferating,—"By the pipe of Leinster, Sir, he is the first man-servant in Europe,"—went on a few steps further, then repeated,—"Tom, are you after me?"—"Yes, Sir."—"He is the first rider and shaver on the face of the known universal world." In short, the Captain thought that his

Goliah was the first of all valets. It was such a truly laughable scene, that when I returned from France, and told Jack Bannister of it, it tickled his fancy so much, that many and many an evening, to please Lord Derby, Miss Farren, &c. &c., in the green-room, did we enact it—Bannister on his knees, representing Goliah; and myself, his master; Bannister, with a great vein of comic humour, made the dialogue truly amusing, as, indeed, he did every imitation that he gave.

At Calais, we went to Dessein's, made an excellent dinner, and passed the night there. We took our route the next morning for Lisle, and got to dinner at St. Omer. At the hotel where we dined, the landlady told us that Madame la grande actrice Anglaise Siddons had just dined, and quitted the house not more than a quarter of an hour before our arrival. I asked the landlady what she thought of Mrs. Siddons?—She said, she "thought her a fine woman, and thought she made it her study to appear like a French woman; but," added the landlady, "she has yet much to learn before she arrives at the dignity and grace of one." After this speech I could find nothing palatable in her house.

We slept at Mont Cassel, and took the route to Lisle, through Belleisle,—a pretty country all the way. I was much pleased with Lisle. At this period, part of the Irish brigade was quartered there;

among whom were two worthy Irishmen, and distinguished officers, a Colonel M'Carthy, and Major Doran, who took us to view the whole of the fortifications, &c. There I saw Sir Watkin Lewes, of whom it was jocularly said, that he possessed so much military ardour, that he always slept in his boots. The Chevalier St. George occupied apartments in the same hotel with us, and favoured us with some solos on the violin, of his own composition; he certainly possessed infinite skill on that instrument. The Chevalier St. George, of whom I have already spoken, was a Creole, and a man of great abilities; he was reckoned the finest fencer in Europe, and an excellent equestrian: he had composed a great deal of music, and was esteemed a very fine violin player. When he came to London with Giornovick, they attempted to carry on concerts by subscription, but they failed. He was driven to many schemes to recruit his finances, and, amongst others, he had recourse to one which did not redound to his credit. A Mr. Goddard, a noted fencing-master, challenged him in the public newspapers to fence at the Pantheon, which was crowded, to witness the trial of skill; every one anticipated that St. George would be the victor, but the reverse was the case,—Goddard won the day.

I remember being present, and much mortified, as St. George and I were intimate friends. It, how-

ever, was supposed afterwards, that he permitted himself to be vanquished for the consideration of a large sum of money; and, like the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, "his poverty, and not his will, consented." Poor St. George proved the old adage, that,

> "He, whom the dread of want ensnares,
> With baseness acts, with meanness bears."

There was an excellent company of French actors at the theatre at Lisle, to which we went both the nights we remained there.

On Friday (an ominous day for travelling, as Mr. Sheridan used to say), in a post coach and four we set off for Douay. Had time permitted, I should have liked to stop at the latter place, and visit the College, having a feeling of affection for that seat of learning; inasmuch as a half-brother of mine was sent there to be educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, as well as my friends Messrs. John and Charles Kemble, who studied there. My excellent friend, JohnKemble, as is generally known, was intended for a priest, but Melpomene claimed him as her darling son, and snatched him from the holy church, where, perhaps, he might have become as good a Cardinal, in reality, (and mayhap a Pope) as on the stage. He was the best theatrical one I ever saw;—his Cardinal Wolsey, in Henry VIII., was a master-

piece. I have heard him often say, that he was much indebted for his personification of that character to his recollection of Digges. Of one thing I am persuaded, from having lived for a number of years in habits of the strictest intimacy with him, that, from his intellectual endowments, the extent of his mind, and the perseverance of his nature, to whatever profession he had turned his thoughts, he would have been a splendid ornament to it. By those who could appreciate his talents better than myself, he was held in the highest estimation.

We, however, were unable to stay at Douay, and jogged merrily towards Cambray, armed, not with pistols, but with bottles of sparkling Champagne, in the pockets of our carriage, and we drank the health of the inhabitants of every château which we passed; Johnstone and myself singing all the way, and repeating, while we quaffed, the translation of Dr. Aldridge's Latin epigram of Causæ Bibendi.

> "If on my theme I rightly think,
> There are five reasons why men should drink;
> Good wine—a friend—or being dry,
> Or, lest one should be by and by,
> Or,——any other reason why."

We got to Cambray, visited the cathedral; a fine structure, and then pushed on to Chantilly—a most enchanting spot; the avenues are finely laid out. In going through one of them, Johnstone

was delighted to see the partridges walking about, as if conscious of their security. As we got to Chantilly early in the evening, we went to view the stables, the pride of the Prince de Condé; our conductor told us he had been brought up in the Prince's stables from a child.—"But," said he, "thanks to our good citizens, he is no more a greater personage than myself, parbleu, *I* am now his equal." The triumphant air of satisfaction which the scoundrel displayed in his republican countenance, when reciting the downfall of his great, good, and unhappy master, actually filled us with horror; it seemed the *ne plus ultra* of baseness, villany, and ingratitude.

In the morning, we set off for Paris, where we had superb apartments taken for us in the Rue Neuve St. Marc. We hired two French valets-de-place, one called Giuseppe, and the other, Louis; both, though very communicative, were very respectful. Louis was a strong revolutionist, which I discovered in the following way:—The third day after our arrival in Paris, we dined at the Palais Royal;—I told Louis to bring me my great coat at ten o'clock to the Théâtre Montansier; he said he would be there punctually. After dinner, previous to going to the theatre, the ladies, with Johnstone and myself, were sauntering about the Palais Royal, and saw, opposite to the Café de Foix, a great crowd,

listening attentively to an orator who was haranguing them. We mingled with the rest, to listen, and heard the orator uttering the most revolutionary language, in extremely well-turned periods, and with great fluency. Johnstone asked me if I ever saw so strong a likeness as between the orator and our valet-de-place, Louis? I confessed the resemblance; however, we passed on, and went to the play.

On leaving the theatre at ten o'clock, we found Louis at the door waiting for us, with our great coats. While he was waiting on us at supper, I turned to him, and said,—"In the Palais Royal, this evening, we heard a man addressing the crowd with force and eloquence, so like you, Louis, in person, that, had not his coat been of a different colour to yours, I could have sworn it had been yourself."—"Sir," said he, "you would have sworn rightly; it was me, though in a different coat from that which I now wear; I changed it before I came to you to the theatre."—"Indeed," said I, with surprise, "why, I engaged you as my valet-de-place, not as a *Palais Royal orator*."—"Sir," answered my valet, "you told me you did not want me until ten o'clock, and to be at the theatre with your great coats, and there I was to the minute; in the interim, Sir, I considered my time was my own, and I made what use of it I thought proper."

All things considered, I thought it prudent to say that he was in the right, and certainly, all the time he was in our service, he proved himself a most attentive servant; and, strange to say, not spoiled by fancying himself (when off duty), as good a man as his masters.

We remained in Paris three weeks, and saw every thing worth seeing, and went every night to one of the theatres. The first night we went to the Grand Opera, Mrs. Crouch, who was seated in a box in a conspicuous part of the house, had the eyes of the parterre turned on her, the audience seemingly staring at her with displeasure, and whispering to one another. A gentleman in the box with us explained the cause; poor Mrs. Crouch, quite unconscious of the impropriety, wore a white rose in her hair, which was the royalist colour. She was on thorns until she quitted the box, but met with no insult, which was singular, considering how completely the dominion of anarchy and tumult had brutalized the people.

There was an Italian Opera in the Faubourg St. Germain.—Among the performers, were my friends, Mandini, his wife, Viganoni, Rovedino, &c. &c., who paid us every attention. We had most agreeable parties made for us, and amongst them, one given by the justly-celebrated actor, Monsieur La Rive, at his house (or rather palace)

in the Champ de Mars. His style of living was magnificent, and I never saw a finer dinner put on table than his. I sat next to him, and when I asked to be helped to any of the exquisite dishes, he would say, "Pray do not eat of it, there's something coming which I am sure will please you better than any dish now on the table." This something at last appeared, in the shape of a small piece of half-roasted beef, not warmed through. The good Monsieur and Madame La Rive were astonished to see that we did not touch it, as it was prepared purposely for us, by way of a bonne bouche. His wines were excellent, but the treat he gave us after dinner was delightful. This great tragedian played all kinds of tricks to amuse us. We adjourned from his dinner-parlour to his spacious library, which opened into a beautiful garden, crowded with orange and lemon trees, &c. &c.: in different parts of the library, hung various crowns of laurel with which he had been presented in the different theatres of France, where he had performed, accompanied by copies of verses, eulogizing his wonderful talents. He acted a scene of Romeo and Juliet, by Ducis; it was a scene where Montague (which seems to be a great character in their play) vows vengeance and hatred to Capulet.

Never shall I forget his recitation;—it was the very essence of the histrionic art. Johnstone, Mrs.

Crouch, and myself, had not words to express our admiration. In his library, he had a print of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse, from the picture by Sir Joshua. He lamented that he had not the gratification to be known to her personally, but begged of me to say to her, that if she would honour him by visiting him in Paris, he would, for the sole purpose of having her an inmate in his house, go to Calais and meet her; and added, that it would be a proud day for him to embrace so great a genius. He made me a present of a fine print of Le Kain, the great tragedian, his predecessor at the Théâtre Français, which, on my return to London, I gave John Kemble. I had the satisfaction of seeing La Rive in several of his best parts;—one, in particular, I admired of his, Guillaume Tell. His manner of shooting at the apple, and the strong contrast of passions which he exhibited, were masterly, and called down thundering plaudits from his delighted auditory.

One morning, Johnstone and I, walking in the Palais Royal, met with the well-known Richard England, whose name occurs before in these pages; he was an old acquaintance of Johnstone's, and was living in Paris, keeping a Pharo Bank, in conjunction with the celebrated Lady Worsley, which was frequented by the beau monde of Paris. He gave us a sumptuous dinner, and, at his table, for the first

time I met the notorious Dr. Jackson, better known by the name of Viper Jackson. It was said that he broke Foote's heart by the letters he wrote against him in defence of the Duchess of Kingston. I found him a well-informed, pleasant man, full of anecdote, particularly about theatrical people. He was the great friend and adviser of John Palmer, when he had the Royalty Theatre. He was considered a great republican, and a great rebel. I confess I thought him, from his conversation, a dangerous man, and was fully on my guard before him; he put me very much in mind of the advice of my long-tailed patron at Venice, that a silent tongue maketh a wise head.

I went more than once to the National Assembly; Mrs. Crouch and Johnstone were present at a great debate there, when Mirabeau defended his brother, who was at Berlin, with great force and eloquence, from charges brought against him.

The time however was fast approaching, at which we were to quit Paris; for before I left London, Le Texier, the French reciter, had translated Grétry's opera of La Caravane into English. Mr. Linley had adapted the original French music to English poetry, and it was to be produced at the opening of Drury Lane.—As Mrs. Crouch and myself had principal parts in it, I was very anxious

to see it performed at the Grand Opera at Paris, and to make observations how they got it up. I mentioned my wish to Monsieur Gardel, and he was so polite (though another piece was announced to be performed) to have "The Caravan" performed, for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity. We saw it finely acted, and the decorations and scenery were of the most splendid description; we saw also the opera of "Blue Beard." "Racule Barbe Bleue," is the French title of it: the fine bass singer, Chenard, was famous in "Barbe Bleue;" and Madame Dugazzon, in Fatima, and Mademoiselle Cretue, in Irène, were both excellent: the music, by Grétry, was very good; but so different are the tastes of a French and English audience, that when I produced my "Blue Beard" at Drury Lane, I did not introduce a single bar from Grétry. Mrs. C. was struck with the subject, and wrote down the programme of the drama, with a view to get it dramatized for Drury Lane; Johnstone got the music copied to bring to Mr. Harris, at Covent Garden, and it was got up at that theatre as a pantomime, I believe by Delpini; I never was it in that shape, but have heard that it was not successful.

After bidding adieu to all our kind friends, after a sojourn of six weeks, we left Paris, which I

quitted with great regret, as I found it all gaiety and pleasure, and very different to Rousseau's description of it:—

> Oh, Paris! ville pleine de brouillard,
> Et couverte de boue,
> Où les hommes connoisent pas l'honneur,
> Ni les femmes la vertu.

We made the best of our way, *viâ* Amiens, Abbeville, Montreuil, and got safe to Boulogne, where we were detained four days by contrary winds; at length we got away,—had a passage of four hours, and arrived at the York Hotel, at Dover; not displeased to find ourselves once more in this free and happy country, with good old English fare before us.

END OF VOL. I

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